"My Ladie Dundie"

Katherine Parker

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Conjectural View of the Abbey and Place of Paisley in the Seventeenth Century.

(From a Woodcut by M. M. Parker)

"My Ladie Dundie"

being a very true accompt
of her life death & burial, &
of the finding of her body so
perfect one hundred years
later

All faithfully told by her biographer
& scribe Katherine Parker.
and
dedicated by permission to

Her Royal Highness
The Duchess of York

with a foreword by
Professor Charles Sanford Terry.
M.A.

Printed & published in the Dyer's Wynd Paisley.
by Mr. Alexander Gardner, in the year of
our Lord 1926.

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A FOREWORD

I HAVE read "MY LADIE DUNDIE" with interest, admiration, and profit.

I commend the book very heartily to other students of Scottish history; for they cannot fail to receive from it the vivid impression of actuality which the art of the historian can supply.

C. SANFORD TERRY.

WESTERTON OF PITPODELS.

TO THE READER

"I am affrayed of all readers, for ilk man hes his awin judgement and opinion, quhairof their is als mony contrarieties as diversities of persons."

—John Skene (Clerke of our Soveraine Lordis Register, Councell & Rolles), 1681

AUTHOR'S PREFACE

"LET me know what is become of MY LADIE DUNDIE; if she be in Edinburgh, goe see her, and tell her that the King and Queen almost adore her," wrote Alexander Robertson of Struan on the 9th of April, 1690, and ever since then there have been many who also wished to know what became of my Ladie Dundie.

This book attempts to tell the story of her life as far as it can be gathered from the letters and records of the period. What was she like? How did she live? What were the thoughts of this great Scotswoman whom the King and Queen "almost adored"? These are the questions it tries to answer. We who are but the grown-up children of a later age like to hear, surely, that it was thus and thus, that it all happened; and I have tried to tell quite simply, as a woman should, what appears to me to have been the trend of life in those days. I leave it to the discerning reader to determine between what did happen and what must have happened, but he may like to know that there are no fictitious characters in the book.

To win from the chaos of historical records a kingdom for the imagination, peopled by men and women of like passions as ourselves, though living in an heroic age, seems to me the function of historical romance, and this has been my endeavour. It has brought me friends and happiness and gallant enterprises. The "dear venturous book" will now carry the story to those who may care to read it.

But before I lay down my pen I should like to thank all those who have helped me in this great task, and to whose encouragement and assistance the book owes so much.

My thanks are due first of all to Her Royal Highness the Duchess of York, who, in graciously accepting the dedication of the book, has allowed her name to be linked up with that of another Duchess of York, the Mary of Modena, who occurs in this story, thus completing the historical chain.

Then to the Earl of Dundonald, who has extended to me for many years his friendship and help, I must offer my sincere thanks, and especially for giving me ready access to his family pictures and papers, without which the book could not have been written.

I also wish to thank Sir James Balfour Paul, K.T., K.C.B., C.V.O., Lord Lyon, for reading my MS., and for making many helpful suggestions, and Mr. William Angus for much assistance in searching the treasures of H.M. Register House, Edinburgh, and all those public servants in Record Offices and Libraries at home and abroad whose unfailing courtesy make it possible to seek out corn in Egypt; and especially I would like to pay my tribute to those authors of Dictionaries, Bibliographies, Calendars, Gazeteers, and Statistical Accounts, whose labours, often as dry as dust, provide writers with the bricks wherewith to build the fairy palace of their thoughts.

It is a pleasure to me to acknowledge the great debt I owe to the memory of my dear friend and teacher, the Rev. John Anderson, of H.M. Register House, Edinburgh, for his encouragement and for his faith in the coming of a book he never lived to see completed.

My thanks are also due to Dr. A. H. Millar, LL.D., F.S.A., F.R.S.A., J.P., for permission to make use of pictures under his care in the Victoria Galleries, Dundee,

and to Mr. G. B. Livingstone for his kind permission to reproduce the portrait of William Livingston and the Kilsyth arms; to Mr. Alexander Gardner for permission to use the delightful little drawings of Paisley Abbey and Place; to Mr. R. G. Brocklehurst for the title page and some drawings; to my son for his woodcuts; and finally to Mr. R. Menzies Blaikie for reading the proofs.

And, lastly, I owe more than ordinary thanks to a patient husband and family who, through many sacrifices, secured leisure and opportunity for one who had done nothing to deserve it, and who could give them nothing in return but the book itself.

It only remains for me now to ask the readers of *My Ladie Dundie* to excuse the blemishes they may discover, and to give their sympathy to the subject of the book.

K. P.

High Wycombe,
April, 1926.

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"MY LADIE DUNDIE."

CHAPTER I.

CHILDHOOD.

THE old Scottish Burgh of Paisley lay shrouded in darkness, its bailies and burgesses tucked up in their wall beds behind their shuttered house fronts. It was a soft night in the year 1662; a gentle rain came and went with the wind in sighing intervals, like the breathing of a sleeping child.

The watch on the Abbey Bridge had just rung out the hour of nine. As he moved about, the light of his lanthorn twinkled hither and thither on the surface of the river below him. Stretches of darkness beyond the south bank marked orchards and gardens, while on the north side of the bridge distant lights showed the Place of Paisley, as the dwelling-house of the Abbey was called. Behind that again, loomed the massive building of the Abbey itself, the broken sky-line of the ruined Choir being concealed by the kindly darkness.

All was quiet and serene, for had not His Scottish Majesty been restored to his three kingdoms these two years, bringing peace and contentment to his subjects? The watch had nothing to fear.

Two men, one old and decrepit, the other younger and with a smack of the sea about him, were coming from the direction of Renfrew, wending their way toward the open

space where stood the Market Cross of Paisley. They were talking eagerly, the younger man, who had just arrived from the American Plantations, asking about the burgh he had left many years before, and the old man telling him of the great events which had sometimes impoverished and sometimes enriched their native town.

"I mind the Abercorns at the Abbey," repeated the old man, "indeed I do, and the troubles with the Kirk in their time; and my father could mind the Lord Claud before them,[1] and the visit of King James when he lay at the Place of Paisley. The burgh is a far more comfortable abiding place to all, be they burgess or stallinger, than it was in my father's time. The present Lord is a just man, and his son favours him, though they say there were ill words over the Cochrane Contract before it was signed; but that's as may be, it's signed and sealed now, though it took two years to bring it to the hinder end, and we are a free burgh."

By this time they had reached the Cross, where they stood talking awhile and then separated, the younger man going down Causeyside, and the older man along the High Street and up the steep hill that led to the Grammar School Wynd, where he too disappeared into the darkness.

Inside the Place of Paisley there was much coming and going, caused by preparations for the morrow, for, in spite of the lateness of the hour, servants were still busy in the pantry and butteries, giving a last rub to silver or pewter dishes not always in use, but needed for the festivities of the next day. Opening out of the pantry was "the little dining room," one of the oldest parts of the house; on the walls were leathern hangings and a large oil painting of the present Lord. This room was used by the Lord Cochrane (soon to be created Earl of

[1] Lord Claud Hamilton, Commendator of Paisley, had issue James, first Earl of Abercorn. This family occupied the Place of Paisley for about a hundred years before it was bought by William Lord Cochrane in 1653.

Dundonald)[2] as his closet or office for business, and here he was seated with his son, the Master of Cochrane, giving directions to his Factor. The room was strewn with the papers and parchments associated with the management of large estates such as the Lordship and Barony of Paisley; lists of feu-duties, silver rents, and victual rents were all tied up with the precision and scrupulousness of the business man. The Factor was taking down directions for the work of many days to come.

At this time Lord Cochrane was at the zenith of his power. He was a man of fortune and of great political influence, due in part to a strong personality which, as early as 1637, had attracted the attention of King Charles I. and the Marquis of Hamilton, Lord High Commissioner of Scotland. As a rising man of affairs, he had taken part, though unsuccessfully, in trying to modify some of the clauses and conditions of the National Covenant,[3] an action much criticised at the time, but which had proclaimed him to be a man of parts, at once steadfast to his own point of view and tolerant to that of others. In spite of this rare combination of qualities, he had on more than one occasion come into collision with his party during the long years of "The Troubles." In 1648, he had passionately pleaded against the withdrawal of the Protestant garrison from Ireland for the purpose of augmenting the Royalist forces, and his earnest appeal against this false move on the part of the Crown remains to this day in the archives of the sederunt of the Scottish Parliament. Ironically enough, a year later, a vote, censuring him for having carried through the commission against which he had so vigorously protested, is recorded.

[2] William Cochrane of Cowdown, *b.* 1605, *cr.* Lord Cochrane of Dundonald 1647, and in 1669 Earl of Dundonald, Lord Cochrane of Paisley and Ochiltree.

[3] *Baillies' Letters*, Vol. I., f. 84. The National Covenant, 1638, abolished Episcopacy in Scotland.

On this night of 1662, he was a man still in his fifties, able and alert, who, with his eldest son, the talented Master of Cochrane, was a power to be reckoned with in the politics of the West of Scotland. Whilst he sat at work in the little dining-room, a very different scene presented itself in a distant room. It was known as the "yellow strippit" or striped bedroom, and was approached from the gallery.[4] Here were two ladies of distinction, with their women in attendance. One was Euphame Scott,[5] wife of Lord Cochrane, now about fifty years of age, a woman of great experience and worldly wisdom, deep in her affection for her husband and children, but with very little to spare for others. She was quietly ordering and directing the serving women, who gave her a ready obedience. The other, Lady Katherine Kennedy,[6] spouse to the Master of Cochrane, lay on the great bed, looking blanched and helpless. Her shapely head moved wearily on the pillow, and discomfort showed itself in the lines of her brow and mouth.

These two women, both strong in character and sterling in quality, were nevertheless antagonistic by birth and breeding. Lady Cochrane, born and bred in the East Neuk of Fife, had never acquired the bitter feelings of the West, and, though Episcopalian, she could give some measure of appreciation to each of the struggling parties of Kirk and Covenant. Lady Katherine, on the other hand, a Cassilis by birth and Ayrshire by breeding, was a bitter Covenanter, and, being unfamiliar with any form of city life and the compromises that go with it, to her such questions were of paramount importance.

Force of circumstances had made them mother-in-law and daughter-in-law, and they shared one house

[4] These rooms are so described in a list for probate.

[5] Euphame, daughter of Sir William Scott of Ardross and Elie, Director of Chancery.

[6] Katherine, second daughter of John, sixth Earl of Cassillis.

in armed civility to each other. Both strong in self-control, both devoted to one person, the Master of Cochrane, they were able to attain some success in their difficult relationship, but there were occasions when for a few weeks something more than neutrality prevailed, and human sympathies brought happiness. This was one of those occasions.

The birth of a third daughter to Lady Katherine in 1662 [7] had reawakened in Lady Cochrane some of the warmth of her youth; the helpless babe stirred in her unforgotten memories, and led her to bend to the younger woman in many tender ways and kindly offices.

Against the fireplace stood a low-domed cradle, which had been brought to Scotland from Sweden by Colonel Sir John Cochrane, the child's great-uncle, when Ambassador to the Court of Queen Christina. The cradle differed from any of its kind in Scotland, being made of iron, painted in the brightest of colours, and heavily gilt. In it, under a heavy coverlet of stitchwork, lay the babe, her features entirely concealed by the horse-passant of the Cochrane arms, which were elaborately embroidered on the fine lawn face-cloth.

This nameless little creature was destined from the morrow, her day of baptism, to be known as Jean Cochrane, at first among her kinsmen only, but later in the ever-widening circle of the "friends and unfriendies" who go to make the sum of human life.

Strewn about the room, in a confusion that the women were rapidly putting straight, were the clothes for the babe's baptism. Little lace mittens and a drawn muslin cap, fresh from the ironing-board, hung on a screen before the fire; a christening suit, trimmed with "Hollie" or "Holy" insertion and Mechlin edging, was laid out on

[7] The date of the birth of the Hon. Jean Cochrane is fixed by a bond granted "when she was eight years old" on the lands and baronies of Evandale. (Quoted in *Acts and Decreets:* Mackenzie, Vol. 105.)

the bed; and a quilted satin bearing robe, with cuffs to match for the nurse, were beside it. One by one these precious garments were put away in the press, and a truckle bed was drawn out from under the big bed and made up for the night. The babe was laid beside the mother, and, after a few more homely touches—the adding of a log to the fire, the placing of a posset by the bedside—there followed the subduing of the voices which had been so eager and busy, and Lady Cochrane and the serving women withdrew from the room, leaving the nurse, mother, and babe alone for the night.

The next day the party of neighbours, for whom such great preparations had been made, assembled at the Abbey Place to do honour to Jean's baptism, which was formally witnessed by her uncle, Sir John Cochrane of Ochiltree, and her mother's kinsman, Andrew Kennedy. Thus were set up on the loom of Time the threads which were destined to cross and re-cross each other as the shuttle passed backwards and forwards in weaving the pattern of her life.

During her childhood, Jean Cochrane had companions in plenty. Margaret and Helen were her two elder sisters; John, William, Thomas, and Alexander succeeded her in the nursery. Amongst these companions, but valued beyond them all, and drawn to her by bonds of special sympathy, was her brother Thomas. He was three years her junior, rather delicate and backward, and for some time he shared in her education.

It was a large party then that lived within the walls of the Place of Paisley, numerous and varied enough to unfold to Jean's mind an understanding of the procession of life as it passes from one generation to another, and to reveal both the gay and the tragic circumstances which attend it, and with which she was to become well acquainted before her first seventeen years had passed. The Place of Paisley was a many-sided household, for there

Episcopalianism and the spirit of the Covenant were each represented in its various members, all of whom were unconsciously controlled and held in check by Lord Cochrane, now Earl of Dundonald, whose breadth of mind and wide learning had made him aware of larger philosophic issues than ever reigned over the dissensions of a national Church. It was he that made harmony durable and sweet to the growing children, but it was to their Fifeshire grandmother that they were indebted for tales of thrill and adventure which filled their thoughts with magic and wonder. Euphame Lady Dundonald was overflowing with goblin lore and folk tales come down to her from an earlier generation. It was to her that they owed the story of the " Black Bull of Norroway," in which the heroine, like Jean, the youngest of three sisters, was a young lady who declared she did not mind if she married the Black Bull of Norroway, and was thereupon carried off by that monster, only to find after many days that her dear beast was in reality a true and leal Scotsman.

Children were not forgotten even in the library, as little books were bought for them on the occasional visit of the " paultrie pedlar " or chapman; and to Andrew Kennedy, lately come over from his home in Holland, the book mart of the world, they were indebted for the wonderful *Contes de ma Mère l'Oie,* stories as old as the hills, collected by Perrault from the lips of a child, and for the first time printed.[8] It was Andrew Kennedy, too, who brought to the little Jean a " Flanders Baby " or doll, dressed in black velvet bodice and brocaded cushioned petticoat, like the finest lady in the Hague, and obviously made for the tender worship of little people.

Then to her grandfather Jean owed a debt which she was never able to estimate, but of which she became well aware. The youngest of three grand-daughters, and

[8] It was catalogued in the library of the Place of Paisley.

coming on the scene at a time when the Earl was, owing to the ability of his son, enjoying increased leisure, it fell to Jean to know her grandfather as neither of her sisters did. In the intervals between her tasks at the wheel, she would sometimes search for him in the little parlour where he was so often engaged, or in the spacious offices which then formed an important part of a country house. At other times she might find him in the smiddy beyond the gate-house, watching the shoeing of a favourite horse; or in the garden, so quaintly called the "Mustard Yard," where he would be superintending the planting of a new fruit tree, lately sent from England, of which great things were expected;[9] or, in the year 1675, during the excitement of alterations to the Place of Paisley, she might find him with the master mason, devising means for incorporating the fine finished stone-work of his additions with the rude masonry of the older building.

Wandering round the garden, they would have great discussions. He would tell her of the times he had spent with her uncles in Holland, and describe to her how in Amsterdam at that time men could live at peace with each other, enjoying and exercising their own religions, so that even Papists went freely and without fear, and, as it seemed to him, to the greater glory of God. He thus gave to her that glimpse of the other side without which no education can be complete. The first Earl of Dundonald, with a weighty sense of spent years and completed tasks, was arriving at the mellowness and humanity which adorn advancing years and bring that larger tranquillity of mind for which the young pray and find so difficult of attainment. To Jean he represented the stable elements of life.

"But why is it, Gudsir, that you are not more concerned for my election and grace?" she said one day, in a fit of mischief. She was quick, however to discern the rebuke

[9] *Dundonald Letters.*

William Cochrane, First Earl of Dundonald.

(From a Portrait belonging to the Earl of Dundonald)

that lay in his silence, though presently reassured by the faint twinkle in his eyes that accompanied the tardy answer:

"Your Mother is concerned with your election and grace!" These were words that hardly ever left Lady Katherine's lips.

As Jean grew older and great confidence grew up between them, they talked much of the religious life of the country, and his mind would travel far back to days of long ago. His father, Alexander Blair, who in 1601 had married the heiress of Cochrane and had assumed the name and arms of the family, was a sturdy reformer, and one of the leaders of the opposition in Paisley to the introduction of Laud's rubricate "Service Book," the liturgy that brought anathema to the Scottish Church. Dundonald could remember as a boy many who had no sympathy with the Reformed Church, for in his school days there yet languished in the Tolbooths of Paisley and Glasgow brave and tender-hearted priests, who from their dim cells had issued the beautiful "Catholic Tractates." To them it seemed that their countrymen, like sheep, had gone astray and fallen "into an unspeakable rage and hatred against the Catholic Church," [10] a rage expressed in the destruction of symbol and fabric, and even in the stabling of unreasoning beasts in holy places.

Paisley Abbey Church had suffered much, but it had never, like St. Giles in Edinburgh, been given up as a place of public exchange for "the restlesse resorting of people treating of their worldlie affaires, some writing and making of obligations, contracts and discharges, . . . and drinking and courting of women." [11] Before destruction, the Abbey was a brave and fair building, one of the glories of Scotland; and Dundonald would tell Jean how since

[10] "Catholic Tractates": Scottish Text Society.

[11] *Ibid.*

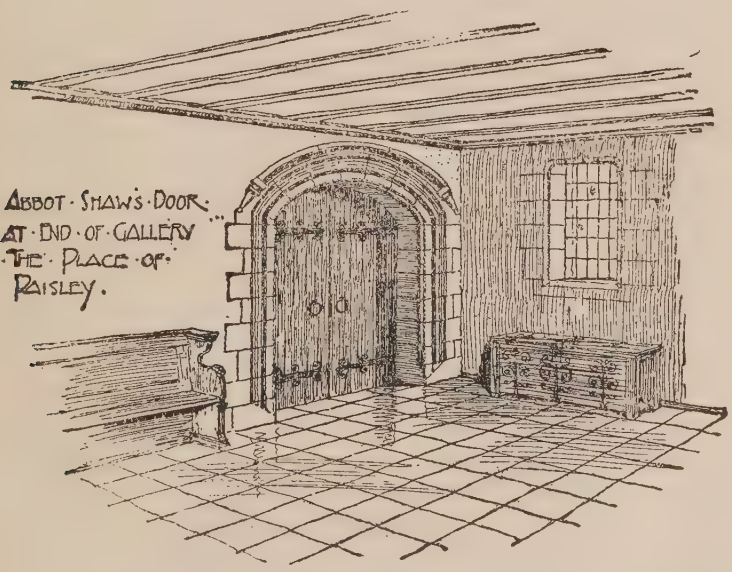
the days of their earliest known forbear, Waldeve de Cochrane,[12] it had been their parish church, whose priests had wedded their forefathers, baptised their sons and daughters, instructed their bairns in Latinity and singing, and buried their dead, some of whom had rested these four hundred years in graves long since forgotten.

To William, first Earl of Dundonald, the Abbey of Paisley had been an inspiration; and when, in 1653, circumstances allowed him to buy the Lordship and Barony, he was well content to think that he might live and die there. He had done much to preserve the torn fabric and dismembered choir, though often at the cost of strife with the apathetic heritors; and, moreover, he was filled with curious learning connected with its history, and it was owing to his care of the original cartularies that much of the early history of Renfrewshire came to be written.

During Jean's childhood, there were long intervals when all the men of the house were away, engaged in business in Edinburgh or London. These were times of great domestic activity—brewing, candle and soap making, and spinning and weaving. When the wheels were silenced and tasks were finished, she and her two sisters would steal away across the courtyards, and then, kilting their coaties or petticoats, they would run swiftly down the avenue to a favourite corner in a far spot under the wall with which, in 1484, Abbot Shaw had encircled the deer park. There, regardless of the *fesse chequers* representing the Great Steward of Scotland which stood out on the stone wall above them, heedless to "pray for his soul's salvacioun who made this noble foundation," or of the march of time which had paved the way for bairns to play unmolested in that sunny spot, the girls would settle down to the undisturbed enjoyment of a leisure hour.

[12] Waldeve de Cochrane, 1262.

Helen and Margaret, the elder sisters, would let Jean listen to their gossip of the big world, and to their speculations as to the husbands who would soon be provided for them. The "wynde of white linen" which had but lately received from Margaret's hands the last threads of its woof, spoke, as she knew full well, of the approaching event of marriage, for were not "shroud shift and abuilziment" nearly completed and stored away in the great carved kist that stood in the gallery of the Place of Paisley? Margaret's marriage to Alexander, Lord Montgomery, son of the eighth Earl of Eglinton, with its attendant pomp and circumstance and cloud of witchcraft, was one of the first memorable events in the childhood of Jean Cochrane, and perhaps among all other experiences the one which contributed most to her knowledge of good and evil among the men and women around her.



(From a Drawing by the late P. MacGregor Chalmers)

CHAPTER II.

Her Sister's Marriage—Witchcraft.

"That there are witches, divines cannot doubt, since the word of God hath ordained that no witches shall live; nor lawyers in Scotland, seeing that our law ordains it to be punished by death."

—Treatise on Witchcraft: Sir George Mackenzie of Rosehaugh, 1678.

Over the unexplored land that is the world of childhood there hung in the seventeenth century one cloud from whose lowering shadow youth is now free—the cloud of witchcraft. Children, however wisely and tenderly brought up, could not escape its malign influence, for it was an integral part of life as then understood, and it was firmly believed in by all the best minds of the day. To children playing together, the touch of blemish on the living rosy cheek, the deep-seated pain of an elder, the blight on the ripening crop, or the unexplained accident, however small, would assume a mysterious and sinister meaning. Nothing happened which did not carry within it the possibility of a deeper significance and of the malign presence of "ane muckle black man" who ruled over human affairs.

Young women, on the occasion of their marriage, were solemnly warned by their mothers against the employment of any but highly accredited midwives, since many such women were infamous in their dealings with the devil, and would secretly baptise the babe in his name, at once producing those stigmata which were the devil's seal-mark. An outraged tenant or a dismissed servant would often

try and enlist the help of the devil against their lords and masters. The daily gossip of hall and kitchen would be about the supposed doings of the devil among their neighbours, from which few escaped. When such things occurred in the neighbourhood of Paisley, it was Lord Dundonald who, among others, administered the Act of Queen Mary which regulated the apprehending and trial of witches.

So it was that Jean, watching with wondering eyes the events surrounding her sister Margaret's marriage, was confronted by the unmistakable conflict between the powers of good and evil, and by seemingly assured prosperity assailed by disaster, which neither the united efforts of law, medicine and divinity, nor even, as she realised, her own grandfather's authority, could wholly control or avert.

There had recently met at Paisley a committee of neighbours to arrange a contract of marriage between Margaret and Alexander, Lord Montgomery,[1] but, owing to a hitch, the negotiations had fallen through. Sir George Maxwell of Pollok, a neighbour and cousin of the Earl of Dundonald, had, however, persuaded the principals to give way on the outstanding clauses, and so brought the proposals to a successful issue. The contract only awaited signing, and the young people were asked to meet the committee at the Place of Paisley. It was a great occasion. Alexander, who had only left college at Lammas, and Margaret, who was about fifteen years of age, had been friends since childhood, and there did not appear to be any drawback to the proposed marriage.

Alexander, bravely attired in a new velvet coat with buttons of paste, and with that quizzical look which he kept all through life, advanced to meet the lady, and led her to the table. Margaret, aware of the momentous issue, regarded him half apprehensively; she had not seen

[1] Afterwards ninth Earl of Eglinton.

him since he went to St. Andrews two years before, but his good looks at once attracted her, and she in her turn added to her very plump charm a rosier hue than ordinary. Both young people answered in the affirmative to the interrogations that were put to them as to their mutual willingness, for both had been duly primed by their parents, and the occasion passed off amidst neighbourly congratulations.

Jean, now over twelve years old, knew that just such a ceremony awaited her in due season; but she was made of very different stuff to Margaret, and she experienced a hot wave of feeling, making her wonder what schoolboy would be put forward to claim her lifelong allegiance, and whether she could tolerate it when the event proclaimed him. A note of stubbornness rankled somewhere in the deeps of her nature. When Sir George Maxwell, well satisfied with the success of his neighbourly offices, "kittled" her under the chin, saying that it was her turn next, and should he do as much for her, she answered:

"Nay, Nether Pollok, I'll no trouble ye: the hinder end and a free choice shall be my portion!" Whereat the child caused unexpected amusement throughout the room, and she was reminded of her aunt, Lady Margaret Kennedy, whose extraordinary marriage when well stricken in years was in everybody's mouth.[2]

A few days later, and before the marriage was celebrated, there arrived one morning at the Place of Paisley Sir George's son, John, who was accompanied by a serving-man, both evidently having ridden at great speed. After crossing the Abbey Bridge, he galloped down the avenue, flung himself off his horse, and, racing up the outside stair, entered the library unannounced, demanding of those he met the whereabouts of the Earl. His person showed signs of haste and disorder, for he was

[2] To the young Dr. Gilbert Burnet. *Vide* Appendix I.

wearing his own hair under a broad-lipped hat of the latest fashion. The deep concern and agitation of his appearance quickly spread an atmosphere of dismay among the family, who, children and all, crowded into the hall to hear what was amiss.

"Sir," he said to Dundonald, "you saw my father a week bypast on his way to Glasgow, and how hearty he was. You will never credit all that has happened since. He lay there that night, seized by a fiery distemper, but managed to return to Pollok the next day. My mother, however, fearing for him, sent back to Glasgow to fetch Dr. Brisbane, and he, coming quickly, desired my father would keep his bed, and, fearing a pleurisy, opened a vein; there is great fever with a pain in his side, and he is like to be in bed many weeks. Now, Sir, we have at Pollok a wench who is a dumbie by reason of a sore swelling in her throat. Her name is Janet Douglas, and she is scarce thirteen. She never wrought for her living, but depends on the kindness of her neighbours. She is much attached to my father and to our ladies, who give her harbour among the kitchen maids. Well, Sir, this girl has signified to us in her dumb fashion that my father is bewitched of a charmer, and indeed I do not see how otherwise this sickness could have come about.

"The girl showed us with a little beeswax that was taken from my sister's closet how an image of my father hath been made and pricked with pins, and she has revealed to us that it is the work of one Janet Mathie, a woman whose son had robbed our fruit yard this summer bypast. Two of my father's servants resolved to adventure the truth of this information, and, taking the dumb girl with them, they went to the witch's house, and there found the waxen effigy with two pins in it, the pin in the right side being just on the same spot as the pain that ails my father, and they brought the image to us. Of course I have not told him, but have come straight to your Lordship

to ask what to do. This evil woman cannot go free, for my father will not recover till she be apprehended."

After the exclamations of wonder and sympathy that filled the room had abated, the Earl answered with much sincerity:

"John, I had truly hoped that this countryside was now free of charmers and wizards, for, as you know, the Council has done much to exterminate them, but your father's case indicates the devil's own work. The course you must take seems quite clear. I will give you an order for the apprehension of Janet Mathie, and will summon two prickers who shall search her for marks. If she is a charmer, these marks will prove to be insensible to the prick of the longest pin; but I doubt not she will confess, and so relieve your father's sickness. Meantime, I implore you, haste with your search for further effigies, for, as long as one remains unfound, your father's distemper will continue. I cannot move in this matter alone; you must ride on to Hawkhead to get my son-in-law's signature as well. Ross is a Privy Councillor, and he will suggest judicious persons as witnesses to the pricking, which can be done at Paisley as soon as the witch be apprehended."

The young man was pressed to take a cordial drink, but he would have none of it, and, returning to his horse, he mounted and rode off.

This event, coming as it did a few days before Margaret's wedding, cast a gloom over the family. Lady Katherine was specially loud in her protests that so just a man—a Covenanter too—should be the victim of the devil. The Earl and his son, always attached to Nether Pollok, and so recently indebted to him in regard to Margaret's coming marriage, left no stone unturned; and, two days later, the witch was apprehended and appeared before the Justices at Paisley. The two "prickers" tested her with pins, but she was sullen and indifferent, and refused to confess; and it was said that a pin, passed

three-quarters of an inch into her spine, elicited no animation. Evidence was given by her little daughter, aged fourteen, as to the visits of the "muckle black man" to her mother's house, and three women supported the child's statement. One of them, Margaret Jackson, over eighty years of age, admitted having assisted Janet Mathie's son in the making of images, and also added that her own spirit's name was "Locas." With sufficient evidence so rapidly procured, the witch and her accomplices were confined in the Tolbooth of Paisley to await trial. There was some abatement in Sir George's illness, "but to no observable degree, so low was he brought." However, with the witch in prison and the images found, people breathed more freely. The story, however, does not end there, but further concerns the events of Margaret's wedding, as will be seen.

The date was fixed, and the marriage arranged to take place at Eglinton. Complete new furniture of blue and silver was ordered for the great coach and its horses, while the little coach was to be furnished with fringed and tasselled leather. The time approached, and the lady was convoyed in state to Eglinton, where the family were to join her on the allotted day. And here, since such mysteries are recorded as no modern writer can unravel, it is best to give the account as it was written by a contemporary:

"The Earl of Dundonald with his coatch and himself and his lady, goeing to the marriage of his grandchild to the Lord Montgomerie, from Paisley to Eglintoun, (O.S. 1676) in December, was stopped by the way at the said Janet Mathie her daughter's house (the witch, now a prisoner in Paisley upon that account); the horses of the coatch refused to go by that door and turned their heads homewards; whereupon the gentlemen that rode with the Earl dismounted themselves and yoked their horses in the coatch but by that door they would not goe.

On which occasion the Earl causes yoke his horses again in the coatch and so drives homeward with his lady and all that was with him to Paisley. A very remarkable passage as has been in our dayes." [3]

The difficulty, however, must have been surmounted, for the marriage was duly celebrated.[4]

The nine days' wonder of the trial continued to be a subject of interest for some time. Janet Mathie, confounded by fear at being defamed for a witch, knew that there was no longer meat and lodging for her in this world, and, outwearied by prickers who had orders not to let her sleep, sullenly met the fate that law and divinity had provided for her, and was hanged with the others concerned in February, 1677. The images were broken up, put in a napkin, and burned for the greater safety of the public; but in spite of these precautions, Sir George Maxwell, worn to a shadow, died in the autumn.[5]

Lady Katherine, according to her wont, improved the occasion by references to the tree of knowledge of which no man or woman might eat, and least of all enquiring bairns. Jean and the younger children, like their elders, thought it was well that the evil had been discovered before further mischief was done, and that it was a great mercy that so many witches were caught and killed.

[3] *Law's Memorials*, p. 126.

[4] *Vide* Sir W. Frazer's *Montgomeries of Eglinton*. The pictures of Alexander, ninth Earl of Eglinton, and Lady Margaret Cochrane, his first Countess, still adorn the walls of Eglinton.

[5] John Maxwell, who had ridden in such hot haste to Paisley Abbey to get his father's illness relieved, wrote some years later a leisurely account of the whole affair to Mr. George Sinclair, Professor of Philosophy in the College of Glasgow.

CHAPTER III.

"The Order of the Funeral of the Lord Cochrane."

The illness of Lord Cochrane in 1679 was an event of far-reaching importance in the history of Jean, since, by its fatal termination, it changed for her and her brothers the whole circumstance of their lives. In the spring of that year, Lord Cochrane, as a Privy Councillor, with other west-country noblemen, had gone to London on a mission of great political importance,[1] but, assailed by obscure illness, he had been compelled to return to Paisley, where he lingered on through the summer.

To-day, under the tribulation of illness, we sail hither and thither on a strange sea truly, but it is charted by the skill and science we can now summon to our aid: so that we can form but little idea of the consternation caused by it nearly three hundred years ago. Then, even more so than now, there were kind friends eager to give advice. Invalids were counselled not to try adder broth because it was too heating, that pounded emeralds taken in white wine relieved the bowels, or that crabs' eyes [2] allayed fever —a bewildering list of panaceas which was but the outcome of frenzied anxiety. It is a question how much weight the physicians called in from Glasgow and Edinburgh gave to their own advice, passed on to them, as much

[1] *Vide* Appendix II.

[2] "Crabs' eyes" are the little pellets of lime found in the stomachs of lobsters and crabs.

of it was, from darker ages still, yet illumined here and there by knowledge that use and wont had made certain, and by the dawn of science which even then was bringing light to the dark ages of superstition.

Lady Katherine, Lord Cochrane's wife, having none of the faith in the doctors that she gave so unhesitatingly to her ministers, was far more concerned with the election and grace of her husband's soul than with the welfare of his body. It made her hard to bear with in those anxious days, for, in spite of the deference that she generally conceded to the Earl of Dundonald, on this occasion she braved his displeasure, and ushered into the sick room an "outed minister," who, it was said, actually prayed for those in rebellion against the Government! The significance of this incident was but little understood by Jean, but the comments of the neighbours, recorded by the diarists, must have added much to the difficulties of that sorrowful period.

Lord Cochrane died on the 25th of August, and more than four weeks of unceasing preparation were needed to effect the burial, which was to take place at Dundonald, with all the pomp and circumstance necessary to the funeral of a nobleman. Those four darkened weeks lived long in Jean's memory. They followed on months of anxiety, but were separated from them by the great gulf which divides Hope striving from Hope fled. To her young eyes and to those of her brothers, a changed world was suggested by the altered countenances of their elders; the deep lines which they had never noticed before, the less frequent smile, the absence of laughter—all took on a strange, new meaning.

Their grandfather and grandmother kept their own apartments; their mother was not so much distracted by sorrow as on edge with imaginary grievances; their brother John, now Lord Cochrane, seemed to have become removed from them, and suddenly to be grown

up. Everything served to keep the younger children in the most secluded corners of the garden or in their favourite retreat in the deer park. There they played with each other, forgetful for a time of the grown-up world that was obtruding itself so sorrowfully on their notice.

The funeral, however, brought interests of its own. The house which had been so silent under the dominion of approaching Death now became filled with busy sounds: it was as if Life, protesting, reasserted itself, and spread out in new directions, insurgent and clamorous. The courtyard rang with the brisk trot of post horses bringing new arrivals every hour. The neglected and depleted larder was filled with fresh killed meat, and the "pettie larder" with the chickens and ducks whose fate was so obscurely wrapped up with that of a Privy Councillor. The game sent by friendly neighbours was hung in the leafy recesses of the fig trees, long ago planted by the monks of Paisley Abbey for the purpose of maturing and adding flavour to these delicacies.

In the Place of Paisley, rooms were being made ready, aye, and attics too, to accommodate a large number of relations rarely seen, but now expected to be present with their serving men and women.

Blazoning clerks arrived from the Lyon Office in Edinburgh, and were given a room apart, where they set themselves to make the dead speak in the language of heraldry, and to proclaim them as yet living in the veins of those boys and girls who in far-off corners discussed the strange anxieties which filled the air. In this room, once the Scriptorium of the monastery, were laid out the banners or "gumphions great and small," pincells or pennons, the standards and mourning banners, and the pall which must needs be richly emblazoned before the pageant would be ready. Two heralds superintended, and the room was strewn with the apparatus of their painters; brushes, pigment, gold leaf, and braids were set out on a

side table, while the different emblems were being made each to tell its own tale in the bright colours of their art.

On the wall above their heads was pinned a whole list of directions received from Edinburgh, entitled "the order of the funerall of the Lord Cochrane." Near the window, so that all might see, was a coloured presentment of the armorial achievement of the dead lord, which was differenced from that of the Earl of Dundonald by the usual "label." A chest with its lid thrown back displayed the pierced ironwork of the three ingenious and beautiful locks that guarded the treasure of the comital coronet. This also had a label of difference, and was swathed in crêpe.

On the table was spread the great pall of black velvet on which the artists were busily engaged. It was to be "richlie adorned with coronets and pouldered with small escutcheons," and figured with mort-heads and cyphers in the usual form. An antique helmet and shield, taken from the family armoury at Cochrane Castle, was on a stand at the door, together with the suit of armour which was the ceremonial dress of the gentleman of the period, and which, as typifying the Christian knight, was a fitting symbol to take its place among so much that was emblematic.

Crêpe, both black and white, was strewn everywhere, and a boy, seated on the ground, was twining with deft fingers the coloured ribbons that encircled the poles of the pennons and banners. Everyone seemed busy, engaged to all appearance on the most material of things, but in reality with their minds fixed on building that bridge which heraldry spans between past and present. Ancestors on both sides were speaking from those gay banners, laying claim to recognition and remembrance.

Into this room Jean was taken by her brother John, and, on her admitting ignorance of one or two of the

Dundonald Arms.

(From a rare Bookplate)

heraldic coats, he told her to whom they belonged. She saw that to him these beautiful colours and antique forms were as an open book—that her brother, although so near to her in age, was in this matter the educated man of his day. Whether it was the sudden realization of this, or owing to the presence of the blazoners, he seemed to her to speak with a new urbanity and graceful authority, unobserved in him before. This was very apparent when one of the heralds approached him with technical enquiries: "Would his Lordship prefer the Cochranes of that ilk quadrated with Blair, or should a separate achievement of that family be hung by its side?" The matter was duly discussed and settled, and the herald, bowing, retired to give directions to his clerks.

During all those days, Jean saw but little of her grandfather, as she was kept constantly employed by her mother on housewifery, whilst, in such intervals as there were, guests claimed her attention. When for the first time the Earl of Dundonald left his room, Jean noted with dismay how the shadow of age had deepened upon him, how mutely he turned to his grandson for support, just as a child will raise his eyes to his mother for silent reassurance.

When the day of the funeral arrived, just as the rising sun gave life and warmth to the ancient building, forty-five "saulies," or professional mutes, one for each year of Lord Cochrane's age, filed round the walls of the Place of Paisley. Smothered and hooded in black crêpe, the sight of the mutes sickened the hearts of the watching children, to whom they seemed to be the ghoulish harbingers of decay, as indeed they were. Drawn from the lowest class, men of obscure and often obscene lives, riff-raff to whom few occupations were open, they formed in those days a necessary background to the funerals of the great. To each man, before he took up his position, a glass of cordial and a wheaten cake was given. After

this refreshment, the leading saulie was handed a small banner or gumphion to carry, and the rest formed up behind him, two by two, each one carrying on a staff the arms of the dead lord, and wearing a cypher showing his name and age. A trumpeter in Cochrane livery followed next, and on his banner was blazoned the heraldic achievement of the deceased. As the procession lengthened, the saulies moved slowly on towards the gate-house on the Abbey Bridge, while from a neighbouring courtyard came a kinsman, mounted and dressed in armour cap-a-pie, who was followed by seven footmen, the first three displaying on the end of a lance my lord's colours or livery, also his spurs and gauntlets, while the last four bore his corselet, helmet, shield or targe, and sword.

From the stableyard came the tread of the saddle horse, who, missing his master's hand, and too richly caparisoned for his comfort, struggled restively, and pulled at the two lacqueys who led him out. Then came standard after standard in full colours, and two more trumpeters, followed by another horse, contrasted with the first one by its sable furniture. The customary mourning banners, of which there were three, were carried by gentlemen of the name, the "great" mourning banner making a black note in the moving pageant. Then followed the important heraldic banners of eight branches of the family, carried by representatives of each line, and followed by two more trumpeters, who were the punctuation marks of the procession.

Next there rode forth in all the glory of their tabards two pursuivants, the one on the left hand bearing the escroll and motto of the defunct, the one on the right his crest. They were followed by two heralds, also in their tabards, the one on the right carrying an ancient Cochrane shield and the one on the left another helmet, both shield and helmet being shrouded in crêpe. These impressive emblems were followed by a relative clad in solemn black,

and bearing on a black cushion "the comital coronet, differenced with a label and covered with crêpe." [3]

The hearse, which had been standing all this time beside the arcaded stair of the house, now had the coffin laid upon it, on which was spread the velvet pall. Footmen took the heads of the six horses, the signal to move was given, and the chief mourners descended the stairs two by two, clad in long robes and hooded. The line was brought up by coaches, to be utilised later when the procession should reach the boundaries of the Burgh of Paisley.

As the cortège crossed the bridge, it was met by the Provost, Bailies, and Burgesses of Paisley. There were but few of these townsmen who had not a good word for the dead lord, from the Master of the Grammar School, who had clouted him as a bairn, to the Provost and Bailies who, in graver years, had argued their way through the clauses of the well-known Cochrane Charter. This group of citizens, together with the four doctors and some members of Parliament, received the procession, and stepped into their appointed places to escort it through the burgh. It moved on at a foot pace in fine form and unbroken line past the Market Cross and on to the verge of the Burgh, where it halted. There the Provost and Bailies, gravely saluting, stood aside, the saulies and footmen stepped out, and the coaches were brought up for the accommodation of the mourners. Horsemen and coaches then formed into line again, and moved on quickly towards the open country, for they had many miles to cover before they could reach their destination at Dundonald.

Meanwhile the women folk, including Lord Cochrane's

[3] Sir James Balfour Paul, Lyon, writes: "So says the official account: but Lord Cochrane, not being a peer himself, had no right to have any coronet, far less a 'comital' one carried at his funeral. It was no doubt 'differenced by a label,' though how this was done is difficult to conceive. Coronets were not subject to the rules of 'differencing' as applied to coats of arms."

mother, wife, and daughters, had been standing under the mourning canopy erected over the stair-head, high above which hung the hatchment. From this balcony they had watched the assembling of the procession, and from there, with mournful eyes, they had followed its movements as in stately solemnity it passed down the avenue, through the arched gatehouse, to the further bank of the river.

To one who stood that September day on the neighbouring hills, as doubtless many did, the spectacle would have been a strange one. A warm autumn haze lay over the sleeping landscape, all the colours of which were softened by its rosy glory, and in and out between the landmarks that went to make the picture there came and went the pageant of the funeral. Splotches of black, streaks of gold, the flutter of scarlet and of "vert," the synchronous movement of men and horses, gave earthly honour to one whose soul, untitled, unadorned, and alone, had passed to his Maker.

. . . . . .

During the next few days, summer seemed to take its departure; heavy cold mists from the forests and rivers came up to the very windows of the Abbey Place, from which could be seen, as shadows only, men and horses on the move. Reality was veiled by the white mist, and it was as if Thursday's pageant was being re-enacted by shades in a shadow land, infinitely dreary and depressing.

Jean remembered with longing the grandfather from whom she had been separated for so long, and a great compassion for old age welled up within her. Then, too, there came the thought of her mother, the woman who had the right to grieve, but whose mind was already busy on life-rents, maintenance, and the exaction of her dues; and Jean intuitively shrank from the contentious future that she knew loomed near at hand.

CHAPTER IV.

Auchans: A Journey to Edinburgh.

"To Edinburgh gone or coached or carted."—*Dryden.*

The next year found Lord Cochrane's family removed to Auchans in Ayrshire, which was henceforth to be used as a dower house for Lady Katherine. Auchans had been the seat of the family before their occupation of the Place of Paisley. During his early married life, Lord Dundonald had lived there, altering and enlarging an older building to his requirements.[1] Auchans stood in a large park, and was not more than a mile from Dundonald Castle, which even at that date was hardly habitable, the remaining roof serving to cover a few dependents who made it their home.

In this smaller household at Auchans, Jean settled down to a period of domestic duty, and as each month brought her nearer to womanhood, she became more aware of her own disposition, and of her mother's also. Lady Katherine was harsh and dogmatic in her dealings with her children, demanding the broken spirit and contrite heart from all offenders, however youthful they might be. In Jean, however, she met a like inflexible spirit, though tempered by a more kindly disposition, which remained serene even under the terrors of maternal authority. As a child, Jean had always been able to turn to her grandfather when yearning for justice or mercy, and this had formed an

[1] On one of the close-cut gables he placed a stone bearing the initials "W.C.; E.S." (William Cochrane and Euphame Scott), which still exists and tells the story of bygone days.

intrenchment which had been very annoying and irritating to her mother. Now, in the seclusion of Auchans, mother and daughter had a fair field, but Jean was well able to take care of herself and to protect others. Thomas, who was always delicate and timid, owed much to her intervention; indeed, the whole family owed more than they knew to her even temperament.

Jean was entirely indifferent to the attractions of a conventional marriage, such as was the custom of the day, and rebellion against any suggestion of that holy estate was a frequent source of contention between her and her mother. Moreover, the girl had social qualities, lacking in her mother, which made her long for wider spheres in which they could develop before binding herself by marriage. She seemed equally impervious to the gloomy doctrines of her mother's religion, all problems concerning which she stored in her mind, only wondering what her grandfather thought about them, and there such questions remained, indeterminate, waiting for further illumination. Her loyalty and affections centred about her grandfather and Thomas, and were as yet only a budding force, whose growth would necessarily be the work of time and circumstance.

One day after a boyish escapade of Tom's, in which Jean had taken his part against his incensed mother, she fell to thinking of life as it then presented itself to her. She suddenly saw it as a whole. It was not the thought of homely and sometimes dreary tasks which dismayed her, but the limited outlook of a household composed entirely of women and boys. She wondered whether it would always be like this—a round of duties varied only by family contentions.

There was no school near Auchans for her brothers, and a neighbouring minister had undertaken their education; they liked him but little, and the truancy of Thomas had been the cause of that day's disturbance.

Thomas was a refined and gentle lad, willing enough to learn, but one who found it impossible to do so under a master whose personality was distasteful to him. Alexander was different: the greasy person and unkempt wig of the tutor did not trouble him; he would as soon learn under one person as another, and did so with ease and success. But Thomas missed the Latin school at Paisley, missed his companions and the dominie whom he loved. Though life at Auchans was dull for Jean, she knew it was worse than dull for Thomas: it was distasteful to him, and he visibly failed in health under it. What could be done? What could she do to alter it? A long time she pondered, piecing together in her mind the needs of the boy, the embarrassments of his life, and his physical condition in contrast to that of Alexander. In her survey of the difficulties, the problem was more than half solved, because the main facts, having become disentangled, stood out clearly and could be conveyed to others.

Even as she was thinking, the clatter of hoofs struck her ears, and, looking up, she saw the approach of her grandfather. Oh, welcome sicht for sair een! How often had his coming banished threatening clouds and brought down the disgraced child from the attic! In an instant her wits were at her command: she would talk to him about Thomas; something should be done.

But her turn was not yet. Her mother was at the door, the red flame of anger still on her cheeks, her tale on the tip of her tongue; with dismay Jean realised that she must wait for her opportunity, and that perhaps poor Thomas's fate would be settled before she could mention him. She heard her mother talking volubly, and so did Thomas from his attic, where an oaten bannock was doing duty for his dinner. The Earl, however, was short and annoyed. This manner of greeting from Lady Katherine was but too common on the occasions of his visits to Auchans.

"My Lady, you are regardless of my hunger," he said; "Master Thomas can wait till I have eaten," and, giving his horse to his man, he strode indoors. The angry woman silenced her feelings as best she could, and returned quickly to her maids to see that their serving of the jowl of cod did her credit.

It was not till the meal was over that her grandfather's welcome "Come awa, lass, I must go out!" called Jean to his side. Hastily donning her hood, she passed out to accompany him on his visit to Dundonald Castle to inspect the books kept for him by his factor. Her natural steadiness of outlook, which had come back to her under the influence of his presence at table, did not desert her now, though her instincts held her in check, and she was too wise to begin a conversation that must shortly be interrupted by the business at the castle; so they climbed the hill together silently, with growing contentment in each other's presence. Arrived at the castle, the Earl disappeared into the factor's room to examine his accounts. Jean talked to the guidwife, and played bogle with the bairns under the castle wall till he returned. Afterwards, while slowly pacing up and down under a grove of planted trees, she talked of Thomas, wisely leaving out the occasion of the day's trouble, whilst dwelling on its deeper causes.

"Thomas maun go!" she said. "Canna he bide with you at Paisley, or go to the College at Glasgow?"

"I think I have a better plan than that, Jean," replied her grandfather; "and, had it not been for the passion of to-day, you'd have had it sooner. I didna need the telling, lass, to know what was happening," and then he unfolded to her willing ears his plans for them both.

The Duke of York, brother to the King, was shortly returning to Edinburgh as Lord High Commissioner, and consequently he himself must go and stay there on several counts, among others for the business of the Privy Council. He proposed to rejoin their grandmother, who was waiting

for his return at their "lodging," as he called his house in the Canongate, and his suggestion was that Thomas and Jean should travel with him. Thomas should go perhaps to Edinburgh College, and Jean, under her grandmother's auspices, should see the world and be presented at Holyrood Court.

Nothing more delightful could have been planned for an eager girl, and Jean's face shone as she expressed her pleasure. It only remained for them both to acquaint Lady Katherine and secure her consent. Thomas was sent for from his attic; his truancy was not overlooked, and his grandfather ordered him a birching by his tutor. Lord Dundonald then proceeded to explain his plans for Jean and Thomas. Thomas, who from his attic window had watched his grandfather and Jean returning from their walk, already suspected his sister of intervention on his behalf, but he was not prepared for such a change of fortune as the plan involved. As a feeling of gratitude swept over the boy, he looked apprehensively at his mother: "Does it suit you, Madam?" he said respectfully, and it did suit Lady Katherine. She knew that some of the outed ministers of the West were making their way as instructors of youth in Edinburgh, and she hoped to hear that under one or more of them Thomas would be placed.

Looking at the Earl, she said that she had heard that Alexander Strang was teaching in Edinburgh now, and asked whether he would be Thomas's master. Dundonald quickly perceived the drift of her thoughts, and replied sagaciously that indeed there was more than one school to serve in Edinburgh, now that the city was so grown. He could not say for sure, but he would see to it that the lad was well bred in his Latinity. In regard to Jean, Lady Katherine knew that the time must rightly come when the girl should go out into the gay world; it was no use fighting against it, and, after all, if Jean was to be

presented to princesses, and one of them a Popish one, the other at any rate, Princess Anne, was a good Protestant.

The great event decided upon, the conversation tailed off into lighter channels. It was unanimously agreed that the tailor from Irvine should be summoned to make suitable garments for Jean and Thomas as custom was for both men and women, but that the most important items of their wardrobes should be left for their grandmother to get, since dressed materials, such as damasks, fustians, and striped cloth, were only to be obtained in Edinburgh, Glasgow not having yet started to manufacture them. Thus the day ended better than it had begun, and when the children saw their grandfather off the next morning, it was with bright hopeful faces and minds set on an early re-union.

It may be imagined that the days which followed were not lacking in excitement, and that confabulation with the tailor, who came to work in the house, receiving fourpence a day and his food, filled most of the time; a pleasant atmosphere reigned, clouded only occasionally by maternal advice and sighs over the Popish princess. For Thomas, it was necessary to have a suit of Scotch cloth and a cloak of Irish frieze to travel in, but it was reserved for George Livingstone, the fashionable tailor in Edinburgh, to make his better suit of fine English cloth,[2] not only on account of the superiority of the material itself, but because he made for many English gentlemen, and his patterns and cut were of the latest style. The worsted stockings that accompanied the suit of Scotch cloth were of course home made, but Thomas should have some imported silk ones when he reached Edinburgh. For the Court, he had to his hand the clothes worn at his sister Helen's wedding the spring before,[3] which he had not yet outgrown. Jean

[2] Much of it was smuggled into Scotland.

[3] Married at Paisley, 28th April, 1680, to Lord Strathnaver, afterwards fifteenth Earl of Sutherland. Her tocher was £30,000 Scots.

would need "gounes, mantois, undresses and nightgowns," which last might be worn in the street, and they were made of very varied and beautiful material, flowered, figured, chequered, and striped.[4]

At last the day fixed for the journey arrived, and Jean and Thomas were committed to the care of the factor and to the recesses of the chaise that should convey them as far as Glasgow, where they would meet their grandfather.

As they left the rather gloomy house, their spirits rose, and Jean especially became racy and voluble. To Thomas, his sister stood for all that was clever, and her sallies were received by him with sympathetic acclamation. Nothing was too small that morning to provoke their mirth; Elschinder, the factor, who rode alongside, had continually to answer their questions, but after a time he wearied of their interrogations, and rode ahead so that he might the better examine the local potato rigs and estimate the value of the coming crops; so Jean and Thomas fell back on the passers-by for their amusement, and many a decent old carle, or sweetie wife, travelling from one cried fair to another, became unknowingly the object of their jests.

"Hooly, hooly, Tom," said Jean, "here come the bairns skailing from school; throw them some comfits!" and before Elschinder could turn his head, the chaise was surrounded by a clamouring throng of weans and callants, striving one with the other for a comfit or sweetie.

Elschinder, hearing the noise, turned back in wrath to scatter the offending host, and his indignation was not lessened by the shrieks of laughter that came from the depths of the chaise. Nothing abashed, the children, for Jean and Thomas were but little more, sought new amusement in all they saw and heard. They were not long silenced, even when at the town-end of the straggly

[4] Four years later, the Sumptuary laws were re-enforced, and those beautiful fabrics were destroyed by order of the Privy Council.

village of Pollokshaws they listened to the ringing of a passing-bell, and heard the Crier proclaim the decease of a faithful brother, "lately departed out of this present world at the pleasure of Almighty God." Not even did his invitation "to gang to the burial on Thursday at two o'clock" sober them, for the bellman was part of the scenery, and the burial the play. It was with a sigh of relief that Elschinder deposited his charges at the house of Dr. Brisbane in the Brig Gait Wynd of Glasgow, and took his horses to the stablers for the night.

By sunrise, Jean and Thomas were out to see the sights of Glasgow, and, going up the High Street, soon found themselves near the Cathedral, from which opened out before them a beautiful view of the woodland and moors of the surrounding country. Glasgow in those days was good to look upon, and the town was well described by Defoe when he wrote of it as "one of the cleanliest, most beautiful, and best built cities in Great Britain." So, indeed, it seemed on that early morning in June, 1681, to the two young people, eager for life, who, realising that that day ushered in for them a new era, surveyed with boy and girl eyes the scene which lay before them. They stood hand in hand, picking out in the landscape the landmarks of familiar places. Paisley, nearly seven miles away, and almost lost among the trees, was shrouded by a blue haze of wood smoke; it spoke to them of their childhood, and reminded them that even at that early hour their grandfather was probably afoot and making preparations for the journey. Pollokshaws, through which they had passed the night before, lay to the south-east, and the silver ribband of the Clyde wound its way in and out between familiar spots. As they stood there, a hush of expectancy seized both of them and stayed their talk. Thomas was thinking that his sister had delivered him from a tyranny that was now bypast and could never be his again. Jean was exulting in a new sense of freedom, and, as Thomas looked at her,

it was a sparkling face that he saw. The wind stirred the brilliant hair and laid it lightly on the ruddy cheek; the arched eyebrows straightened out in firm resolve, and the eyes looked far beyond the scene that lay before them. Standing in the open, detached for a fleeting moment from outward circumstance and responsibility, the world symbolically at her feet, she felt gloriously free. Soon, too, it would not be the familiar street of Glasgow on which she looked, with its droves of cattle and pigs, but on the High Street of Edinburgh, the metropolis of rank and fashion of all nations, where lords and ladies were wont to pass up and down, going their ways. She would hear as they went the clipped endings of the English words, the sibilant accent of the Highlander, and the douce French and Italian tongues. It was coming, this freedom to move among her fellows, to get to understand them, and to give or withhold as she chose the hand that ere now should have already been claimed in marriage.

How quickly thoughts travel! It was only Thomas's hand on her arm that brought her back to where they were standing. Thomas had had his dreams too, and it was with an abashed and conscious stare that they looked at one another and laughed.

"Let us speer our way to the College," he said; "the new forecourt maybe is finished now." But they stood there a few more moments, reluctant perhaps to step off that magic carpet on which for a little they had each of them been standing.

It was both a new Glasgow and an old Glasgow upon which Jean and Thomas gazed. The fine clock in the Tolbooth tower, which had been injured in the fire of 1677, had not yet been restored, and an ugly scar marked its place in the wall. The fire had to a large extent depopulated the town, and there still remained raw spaces not yet made seemly by the erection of new buildings. Old thatched and boarded houses stood in strange contrast to

the new ones, which were built of stone both back and front to comply with the recent laws for the safety of the town. The timbered houses that had survived the fire were not at all like timber-fronted houses further south; ugly fir weather-boarding was laid vertically on the rough face of the building, and, as sash windows were unknown, there were only round port-holes which could be opened from the inside, and through which enquiring heads might be thrust to question the watch or bandy words with the passers-by. As it was now long past five o'clock, the watch had gone, but occasionally a woman's head came through a port-hole to search the street for criers of haddock or whiting. In spite of the devastation caused by the fire, they were beautiful streets which, stretching away before them, carried the burden of man and beast through the West Port to the inclement Highlands or through the Gallow Gate eastwards to Edinburgh, or southwards over the Great Brig, whose eight arches of "square hewen stones" had spanned the Clyde for so many hundred years. On the river, lighters were coming up from Greenock to discharge at Broomielaw the treasures of the Indies, pelts from the plantations, and woollen goods from Ireland. By the side of the Great Brig was the small Water Port, consisting of a single arch, where the tacksman was already on duty taking the dues on the agricultural produce that came to Glasgow from Renfrewshire and Ayrshire.

As the sun rose higher in the sky, the mists lifted from the distant moorland and forests, and the noises of the town increased. "Whaur buys sour milk?" came and went in musical cadence down the wynds; women came out to the draw-wells, and, unshod, crossed lightly the stepping-stones that raised the pedestrian above the muck-heaps, which, in spite of the Town Council's orders, still disfigured the streets. The town herd with much shouting was collecting the privately-owned cows which had been tethered in the street during the night, and which now,

after milking, were released to be driven to Cowcaddens Park for pasturage, and would be seen no more till he brought them home at eventide.

Thomas and Jean crossed over the road, and found their way to the College, guided by the scarlet-gowned students who jostled their way to the new buildings. They were striplings who had already been abroad playing golf and archery outside the city gates, and were tumbling over each other to get to the class-rooms before the bell tolled the hour. They carried their duodecimo Latin books in the pockets of their gowns, and just now their gravity was a little unwonted because of the exercises of laureation that would overtake them in July. The College communicated directly with the High Street, and as they approached the archway Jean and Thomas saw the Scottish arms above their heads. Looking through the dark, shaded arch, they could see in the sunlight beyond the great outside stair that led to the fore-hall. The College was a noble building, and interested them the more as Jean remembered how their father and grandfather had talked of the Dundonald Bursaries which they had founded between them in grateful recollection of their own education, and which now secured £80 Scots per annum each to four students in philosophy and three students in theology.[5]

Although there was as yet no clock in the new steeple, the general air of bustle reminded them that the world was fully awake to its business, and that a meal was probably waiting for them at the house of Dr. Matthew Brisbane, to whose hospitality they owed their night's lodging. Dr. Brisbane, who was Dean of the Faculty of the College, had been one of the four doctors who had attended their father in his last illness. He was a well-known man, and had a large practice in the west of

[5] The money was obtained through a mortification of the lands of Milntown and Ariotshall in the Parish of Kilbryde.

Scotland. The children, however, felt that, as a doctor, he probably knew more about them than they did about themselves, and was therefore to be avoided; but the sudden realisation of hunger, excitement, anticipation, and the amenities due by two young guests to a friend of the family, carried them back to the house.

Meals, however, do not last for ever, and at long last there came the golden hour when the Dundonald coach, in all its bravery of tasselled trappings, stood by the door, and they and their grandfather, who had arrived in it, were making their "Good-byes" to their hospitable friends. The sun was now getting high, and the journey to Edinburgh, which was a full day's drive, was before them; cloak-bags which contained their luggage were stowed away in the rumble, and, with much shouting and urging of the horses, the vehicle was got under way, the postilions guiding its heavy momentum out of the narrow Brig Gate Wynd.

They soon found themselves passing under the Gallow Gate, leaving the walls of the town behind them. Just outside the gates, they came to the little Chapel of St. Mungo.

"They do tell as that kirkyard is haunted," said Tom, as he turned to look back at the building.

"And why do you suppose that?" returned his grandfather.

"Gud faith, sir," said the boy, "why not, seeing it was an evil Popish place?"

"And so was Paisley Kirk, lad," rejoined Dundonald: "and your evil Popish ancestors worshipped there—gif you're pleased to call them so." And Tom fell to thinking, staring at his grandfather, whose words had let a new light into his mind.

Jean and Thomas were in a very different mood from the previous day, the presence of their grandfather holding their spirits in check, and the rumble of the great coach

and trot of the outriders set a droning accompaniment to the events of the day which no doubt tempered their thoughts and tuned them to a lower note. There was much to watch—packmen with their horses going forth of the burgh on their way to Linlithgow and Edinburgh, or returning therefrom to adventure their trade in Glasgow; chapmen bringing the latest Edinburgh broadsides to be hawked in Glasgow, and lilting the chorus of the last song that had been written to welcome the Prince; postrunners, too, bringing in the letters; the coach, drawn by six able horses, in which at this time of the year one could travel to and from Edinburgh, under the care of one William Hume, for a fee of eight shillings sterling, though in winter weather it would be nine shillings sterling. There was everything to show that they were travelling on "the King's High Street or common passage twixt Glasgow and Edinburgh."

They made a detour in order that their first stopping-place should be at the gate-house of Bothwell Bridge, so recently made famous as the scene of the Covenanters' defeat at the hands of Monmouth's Royal Forces. Thomas tried to draw his grandfather on this subject, but he was peremptorily silenced, and the Earl lapsed into a deep gravity. The glory of the day and the beauty of the scenery as they passed the reaches of the lower Clyde kept their heads at the windows of the coach until it stopped on the brow of the brae at Bothwell Bridge, so that the horses might draw breath before they attempted the much steeper road to Bellshill. They all got out to look at the bonny view. Dundonald talked in an undertone to his aged coachman, while Jean and Thomas, looking back towards the vale of Clyde, traced the undulating road by which they had come. Looking ahead, they could see the Calder where it empties itself into the Clyde, and Thomas knew that those trees overhanging the rocky bed of the stream sheltered many a shiny-headed otter; there,

too, the quick rush of the kingfishers and the killieleepies, or sand pipers, would add allurement to the chase or to the search for nests and eggs. But these thoughts were in the background: to-day he would rather enquire on which side of the stream had stood the Covenanting force of four thousand men, and which way the English guns had pointed. He talked to one of the serving men, trying to realise through him the battle in which his uncle, Sir John Cochrane of Ochiltree, and his cousin, Cochrane of Waterside, had taken part.

Resuming their journey, they came back to the high road, where the scenery was strangely varied—here a beautiful panorama, like that at which they had been gazing, and there an ugly coal-heugh, making a scar upon the face of the country. "Ten feet or women's coal" was being "wrought by females and children," who were bought and sold as if they were part of the heugh.

As the coach was passing a bend of the road, Thomas, who was seated on the hammer-cloth with the coachman, called out, "Whisht! Sir, a horseman awaits us at the crown of the hill!" and Jean, popping her head out of the window, saw, silhouetted against the sky-line, a fine horse, from whose back the rider was undoubtedly scanning their approach and awaiting their arrival. The way was steep up Bellshill, and there was no possibility of going faster in the heavy coach, but the outriders hastened on to discover the meaning of what seemed to hold a menace. Thomas held his breath; Jean felt her pulses bounding; to both of them it spelt some unknown adventure: but what they expected to happen no one but themselves ever knew, for the next moment the old coachman, turning on his perch, called backwards:

"An it please you, my Lord, it's juist Ochiltree himself."

"You needna be overly scared of your uncle, lad," said the old man, smiling down at the boy beside him.

A hearty laugh at this mistake passed from one to the other as the outriders stopped and the postilions heard the joke. The rider then came towards them with a word to each as he passed, and, catching sight of Thomas, he called to the lad:

"Come away now and stretch your legs on my horse while I talk to my Lord," and, dismounting, he handed the horse over to the willing Thomas, saw him into the saddle, and got into the coach with his father.

Sir John Cochrane of Ochiltree was Dundonald's second son. He was a spare man of a dreamy, Celtic nature, unlike the more reasoning, objective-minded Lowlander, and strangely removed by temperament from both father and mother. He was no stranger to hill conventicles, and on this account was a stubborn and consistent law-breaker. The hot-headed son of a moderate father, he was nevertheless very dear to his parents, whom personally he had never failed; he was one of those to whom the expression of love came naturally and graciously, and at times even passionately. His greeting to his father was a silent pressure of the hand, but he turned to Jean and said:

"Hey, lassie, and ye're no greeting at sic an exploit as to be going to Edinburgh? It's a fine lady ye'll be the morn's morn."

A radiant smile answered him, for Uncle John knew how to please, and was worshipped by his nephews and nieces. Father and son soon fell to talking, and Jean gathered something of the anxieties under which they both laboured. The names of Moray Secretary for Scotland, Lauderdale the ex-Secretary, Monmouth, Argyll, Claverhouse and others kept coming and going. Jean discreetly turned her head out of the window, which was the easier done seeing that glass had not yet been introduced into carriages, and what did duty in the gilded window-frame was a perforated shutter, which was only pulled up during the evening hours or in wet weather.

"It's clear I must flit to Holland," said Sir John; "Edinburgh's no place for the likes of us now. It's past telling what a retinue of ill-favoured priests the Duke and his Duchess have brocht with them, and when Parliament meets, everyone will be searching for holes in other men's coats. So I'll away to join my son, Waterside, and see what can be done for the Kingdom of Righteousness in Holland. The only thing that holds me back is my parcel of land in the Carolina scheme; if that comes to a maturity, I would mak my home there."

Sir John was referring to the scheme for the settlement of the Carolina plantation which he and others were trying to put through, with a view to having a freer and happier home in America.

"Bide a wee, John," said Dundonald; "it's an ill day for your mither gin ye're away."

"Yea, it's an ill thing," replied Ochiltree; "but what isn't an ill thing in these times, when all braid Scotland groans under the heel of oppressor, and her offices are full of placemen and pensioners? The Duke's word is a long halter now, but it can be pulled full short when Prelacy and Popery are established in our midst. I mistrust him: Lauderdale we knew the worst of; he was no Papist; but Jamie's a dark horse; his lenity is for his priests and no for the likes of us."

They watered horses at Blackburn, and then went on again, the Earl and his son talking deeply, the presence of Jean completely forgotten.

Meantime Thomas, who was with the outriders, was asking questions about the new country that opened out as they left the upper Clyde behind them. They were now in Linlithgowshire, and would soon be passing Livingstone, where, his companion told him, was a wonderful garden containing, it was said, over a thousand species of plants collected by that great student of botany, Patrick Murray.

"You can see the garden," said the man, "if you raise

yourself in your stirrups, for it comes right down to the road; indeed it is said that the laird has petitioned Privy Council to allow him to divert the road so as to be able to extend his garden, but that surely is not to be credited." [6]

A few miles further on, the nature of the country became quite changed. The houses were poor cabins of miserable aspect, built on the undrained moor of heavy retentive clay that lay at the foot of the Pentland Hills. Dundonald, looking out of the window for the first time since Sir John entered the carriage, and anxious to close a conversation that was becoming irksome, remarked on the poverty-stricken appearance of the countryside as they approached the Capital. There was no trace of any division into fields, and the land lay in run-rigs or little lots owned by individual workers, to whom rheumatism and ague from the marshy ground brought a premature old age.

"When will we learn," said Dundonald, "that it is necessary to drain land before cropping it?"

Sir John compared it with the greater fertility of Holland, where prosperity had been achieved under much more difficult circumstances.

In the vicinity of Colinton the scenery became more pleasing again. The sun was now setting, and its splendour was reflected on the distant Pentland Hills, lighting the near height of Craig-Lockhart, while through the lower slopes flowed the Waters of Leith, assiduously turning the many barley mills that stood on its banks. As they rested, their eyes were delighted by the distant view of the city of Edinburgh, where the Castle and spires glowed in the reflected glory of the sunset, and informed the scene with thoughts of human interest.

To the young travellers it was like a fairy vision, a golden city to which kind fate was taking them. To the

[6] It was the origin of the Botanical Gardens, now in Edinburgh.

others it wore a somewhat different aspect: it was the centre of affairs, the home of intrigue. But they all came under the influence of that June evening, each heart in its own way claiming kinship with its native land, and feeling loyalty to some aspect of its inherent life. They were tired by now, for a day passed in the coach of that period was not one of ease or comfort. The swinging motion of a vehicle suspended by leather braces from four posts became before nightfall almost unbearable, and the brocade cushions of the inside did not make up for the lack of steel springs outside, such as were introduced later. It was Jean's second day of this unwonted exercise, and her young limbs felt the restraint of the limited space. Ochiltree stayed on with them, meaning to enter Edinburgh under the cover of Lord Dundonald, and to spend a few hours with his mother.

The lights of the town became observable as the twilight deepened, and when they passed through the West Port they knew that a few more moments would take them under the Nether Bow and bring them to the door of their lodging in the Canongate, where, in the comfort of her town house, Euphame, Countess of Dundonald, awaited the arrival of her husband and grandchildren.

It was with a sigh of relief that they dismounted, and, somewhat dazed by the strange cries and crowded jostling of the streets they had passed through, Jean followed in the footsteps of her grandfather up the stair that led them to their "land." As the door opened, showing a fire-lighted interior, the little Fifeshire lady came forward, smiling and alert in spite of her seventy odd years.

"I've been fain to see you," she said; "and here you are at the long last, and it's a blithe day that brings you to my door, children."

Amidst a clamour of greetings, the party were relieved of their cloaks and cloak-bags, and set down to an evening meal, until, quite wearied out, the brother and sister were

sent off to their beds while father and mother talked to their son far into the night.

When they got up the next morning, Jean and Thomas were told that their uncle had left at daybreak.

CHAPTER V.

EDINBURGH: THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF YORK.

"For Scotland's Royal Royal, Loyal, Joyal,
Jemmy's our joy, the Whigs we defie all,
We mighted him, righted him
When England flighted him,
Tan ta ra ra ra, Boys, now we'll delight him.

"In spite of Whig's feasts, made to oppose him,
Who with loud rabble strive to outnoise him,
Great Jemmy shall prosper muckle well.
In spite of the factious, his virtue doth excel.
The more they hate him, spite him, flight him,
The more loyal subjects strive for to right him,
Expressing, confessing
Their joy for the blessing,
Tan ta ra ra ra, Boys, now we'll delight him."

—Printed, 1682.

THE appointment of James, Duke of York and Albany, brother of Charles II., as Lord High Commissioner of Scotland, was a good one, for as early as 1673 James had been made Lord High Admiral of the Scots Navy, and had held that office to everybody's satisfaction. His arrival as Commissioner, with his Duchess, the Princess Mary of Modena, was the occasion of much rejoicing in the northern metropolis, and not the least of the blessings realised was the fall of the unpopular Lauderdale Government. Scottish pride in the coming of a Stuart Prince and the prospect of a revived Court at Holyrood combined to stir the enthusiasm of the burgesses of Edinburgh to give the Duke and Duchess a right royal welcome.

The preparations were many. The Keeper of Holyrood received instructions from Whitehall to empty the Palace of all its ancient plenishings, so that it might be prepared

anew for the Duke and Duchess and their retinue. Further, he was to take down the cloth of state and suit of hangings which were then adorning the Parliament House, and to set them up in the said Palace "with all possible expedition."

In Whitehall the "withdrawal" to Edinburgh was looked at very differently, and the whole Royal Family felt it to be an occasion of personal grief and sad separation. It was especially so to the Duchess, who had to leave her only child, Madame Isabel, then five years old, lying mortally sick at the Palace of St. James.

The Royal couple, after a voyage of about eight days, arrived in the *Charlotte* at Leith. On landing, they drove in the Lord Justice Clerk's coach through lines of delighted people from Leith to the Watergate, where they were met by the Lord Provost, the Magistrates, and the Town Council in their best formalities, and the Duke was presented with a silver key of the City.

From the Watergate to the Palace they were escorted by a guard of honour of two or three hundred of the best citizens with gilded partizans, and by trained bands and companies of the Militia, the people shouting with great joy and cheerfulness. On arrival in the outer court of Holyrood, they were received by the companies of His Majesty's Guards, the Archbishop of St. Andrews, the Bishop of Glasgow, and other Lords of the Clergy. The bells of the city rang out most of the night, and there were bonfires in the streets, where many citizens repaired to drink the health of their Royal Highnesses, "nor was there anything to be seen but a universal joy in the countenance of all here at the happy arrival of so excellent a Prince, and so dear to this Kingdom." [1]

Life, however, can hold but little happiness to those who are in the vortex of a political intrigue. Charming as

[1] *Macpherson's Papers.*

the Duchess was, it was a pity that she talked of their visit in terms of exile, and it was no less to be deplored that the very warm welcome which they received from all classes did not prevent James from looking upon the political intrigues at Whitehall about his succession as the matter of first importance, and the sufferings of the Scottish nation, for the alleviation of which his presence might have done so much, as of quite secondary consideration. He thought of his stay in Scotland as ill-disguised exile from the Court of Charles II., as indeed it was, but no Prince ever had a better opportunity of identifying himself with his race. His brother had in terms given him a free hand, and if he could have detached himself from the atmosphere of mental worry which was so characteristic of himself and his Court, all might have been well; or had he shown any constructive ability, he might, as Commissioner, have accomplished much during his stay in Scotland to strengthen his position in both kingdoms. His negative attitude and his fear of giving offence gradually dried those springs of loyalty which had welled up on his first arrival. Temperament marked him out as sombre and distrustful, and a sweet but often tearful Duchess did not help to inspire confidence.

Their arrival in Scotland was quickly followed by news of the death of the infant Madame Isabel, and soon after this by a second misfortune—the birth of a stillborn child. And again they were racked with anxiety on hearing that the Commons of England had passed a Bill for the exclusion of the Duke from the succession to the throne. Mary's letters to her friends in Modena tell of sore griefs both in her family and in her public life. Nevertheless, in spite of all her troubles, she strove to maintain an attractive Court, becoming daily more beloved by the people of Edinburgh. Indeed the Court at Holyrood could be compared favourably with the Court at Whitehall, by reason of its greater purity and religious sincerity.

It was at the opening of the Scottish Parliament of 1681 that Jean was introduced into the world of affairs. The girl was an apt pupil, and nothing escaped her notice; tags of conversation heard in the arcades of the High Street and the informal talk of visitors gradually furnished her with various items of current gossip and with notable names. Neighbours, hitherto thought of as quiet country gentlemen, re-appeared as grave and weighty officials, intimate with the affairs of State in two kingdoms; even her grandmother seemed to be transformed and to manifest hitherto unobserved graces of person and manner, wearing her white hair curled where curls never grew before, while the appointments of her dress became unwontedly handsome.

Jean was of course completely in the hands of her grandmother, who would not allow her to make any public appearance until she was properly informed and equipped, and many weeks were given over to preparation. She had to submit herself to the Court fashioners and experience the penalties of whalebone, but, as she was a young unmarried girl, her hair was allowed to be worn naturally. She had also to be taught the Court dances, and it was necessary to enquire of Captain James Fountain, the Master of the Revels in Scotland, as to the best dancing masters, and to discuss the rival merits of a French or a Scottish instructor.

Accustomed as Jean was to large, rambling, country homes, her grandfather's house was at first very strange to her, but, though it seemed cramped, it was self-contained, which was possible only in the spacious suburb of the Canongate. The house had been built during the Commonwealth, and the steep roof and dormer windows showed that even then the tradition of castle building still ruled over the ideas of Scottish architecture.

From the front windows could be seen Salisbury Craig, while from the two turrets, which were supported on

corbels at the east and west angles of the south front, the open space fronting the gate of the Palace of Holyrood was visible, and provided constant excitement.

In a corner room, from which one of these turrets was approached by a narrow little stair, Jean was accommodated; it suited her very well, for from that height she could watch the comings and goings from the distant Nether Bow to the Palace at the foot of the hill; nor were she and Thomas easily tired of the diversion this afforded them.

The house stood on the street, and a projecting outside stair led up to the front door on the first floor; underneath it was the archway or pend which led to the inner court, where were ranged the one-storied offices and stables. Beyond that again, and sloping northwards towards the little stream which ran from the Nor' Loch, was the garden, laid out with ornamental parterres and formally planted trees. It was a great contrast to the ancient walled gardens of the monks of Paisley Abbey, meet and fit for God to walk in during the cool of the day. This city pleasaunce, so differently conceived, and designed after the Dutch manner, needed the Court ladies and their spaniels to complete the picture it suggested.

The first excitement to be enjoyed from the turret window was on the Sunday after their arrival, when the Duke, attended by many of the Court, went to "hear sermon" at the Tron Kirk. Looking out from the window, Jean and Thomas could see the little crowd gathered together on the sunny paving stones of the Abbey Strand, where people were awaiting the arrival of the Duke, who was still engaged at Mass in the Chapel Royal. It was too far away to distinguish persons, but as the group closed up and moved in their direction, they knew that the Duke was on his way up the hill; they had only to wait and he would pass under their window. At length he came, walking with the Chancellor. James, who had great

dignity of carriage, was dressed on this occasion in a black cloth coat with paste buttons, and wore a flowing periwig that accentuated the curious length of his narrow face, which had been much disfigured by smallpox. His expression at the moment was one of dreaminess and absence of mind, as of a man just called from his prayers.

Lady Dundonald, who was at her grandchildren's side, pointed out the celebrities, and her caustic comments gave zest to the scene.

"There goes Rothes—the dark man by the Duke; he's no lang for this world by the looks of him, and had best no put his trust in princes. Aye, and there's Geordie Mackenzie, the Lord Advocate; weel, now, Thomas, your grandfather might be standing in his shoon gif he had only taken to the law; and look, Jean, there's John Graham of Claverhouse. Ah, Clavers', while you're at kirk the Whigs will praise God in another place, I'm thinking, and they'll worship the Lord in peace to-day!" But this remark was lost upon Jean, who had no eyes save for the Duke.

At this moment Dundonald stepped out of his house and joined the little procession, and the gazers at the window thought it more discreet to withdraw their heads. When the church-goers had passed up the hill, the young people were carried off by their grandmother to hear sermon in Lady Yester's Chapel, which, since the Duke had handed Holyrood Chapel over to his priests, served as a Parish Church to the Canongate. On the way, their grandmother told them that, next month, Parliament would meet, and they should see the "riding" from their stair-head, above the balcony of which a canopy would be erected to protect the company she would invite to take seats there.

The Scottish Parliament had not met for nine years, and, owing to strong party feeling, the excitement in Edinburgh during the next month was intense. Nearly two years had passed since the battle of Bothwell Brig

between the Covenanting rebels and Monmouth's Royal forces, and the contentions between Kirk and Covenant had become deepened by time. The presence in Scotland of a Roman Catholic Duke with his long train of priests, both Italian and English, and the setting up of Holyrood Chapel for the purpose of Mass, were all contributory causes to the apprehensions of the Presbyterian Party. By the Sanquhar Declaration, the extreme Covenanters had excommunicated the King, describing him as "a tyrant and usurper," and had given over to Satan all those in opposition to themselves. This manifesto justified even murder, for it was maintained that the command against murder only applied to Christians, which, in their opinion, those against whom the Declaration was directed had ceased to be! So said the Covenanting extremists. After hearing sermons in the fields, the listeners formed themselves into drill companies for military exercises, in preparation for an encounter with the Royal troops. The brutal assassination of old Archbishop Sharp while driving across Magus Moor unarmed, and with his daughter beside him in the carriage, had incensed the supporters of the Government. On the other hand, the extraction of evidence by Privy Council authority by means of torture was a tyrannous act that incited the rebels to further outrage. Some of the Covenanting leaders, including the prophet and preacher Cargill, were at that very moment imprisoned in the Tolbooth and under trial. Edinburgh had much to say in the matter; and, to add to the excitement, three important events followed each other in breathless and startling succession.

First came the sudden death of Chancellor Rothes, an event which had been prophesied by Cargill to take place before his own; then followed the hanging of Cargill, with several of his followers; and, on the day after, came the assembling of the Estates and the opening of Parliament.

Little love had been bestowed on the late Chancellor,

for, though good company, he was devoid of learning, and his indecorous living had alienated even his friends. James and Mary, however, remembered him kindly, for he had once entertained them lavishly at his house at Leslie. The poor dropsical body, whose presence should have been so prominent in the coming Parliamentary procession, was conveyed with hasty pomp to lie in state at the High Kirk. On its way up the Canongate, through the Nether Bow, it passed under the tarred head of his latest victim, the Prophet Cargill, whose remains had already been pickled and impaled on the spikes of the Towers. Men said, as they shook their heads, that they could never remember a Parliament meeting, as this one would, without either Chancellor or Treasurer.

For some weeks previous to these exciting events, and before the Riding of the Estates, the only restful spots in Edinburgh were the back gardens that spread behind the houses of the Canongate, and the pleasant surroundings of Holyrood. In the former, men sat quietly and discussed the prospects of the coming Parliament, whilst in the latter the courtiers played tennis by the Watergate, ladies-in-waiting walked in the shady groves of the Park, and the Duchess herself rode out in the early mornings. She rejoiced in this, which was to her a new and exhilarating exercise, in spite of the fond protests and apprehensions of the Duke, who amused himself by playing golf. The Italian envoys, Ronchi and Montecuculi, and the priests of the Royal Chapel, were somewhat mollified by the warmth of the brief Scottish summer, though they still wrote long grumbling letters to their friends, complaining of the cold spring.

The city itself, as may be imagined, was thronged. The Lady Anne had already arrived from the south, completing the Royal party; the Duchess wrote to the Marchioness of Huntley, saying that even Holyrood was "perfectly crowded." Peers from both England and Scotland flocked

to the Northern capital; Highland chiefs with long trains of followers, Bishops from their different dioceses, and country Barons had come to take their seats in Parliament. Lawyers filled the Parliament Close, whilst soldiers were passing all day long to and from the Castle. All the coffee and chocolate houses were crowded, and hummed with the gossip of the town.

Amongst the Highlanders there was much jealousy and disputing as to the order of precedency, so much so indeed that a special Committee was set up to adjust the difficulties. The Marquis of Douglas produced his charter showing his right to carry the Crown, Mar his to carry the Sceptre, and Argyll his to carry the Sword. The Lyon King-of-Arms and the Heritable Usher both claimed the right to go next to the new Commissioner, the Duke of York. Every place in the procession along the narrow streets was disputed, and had to be settled beforehand, and the heartburnings at the decisions of the Committee were many.

It was a cloudless day when the Riding of the Estates took place. The streets had been cleared of all coaches and wagons, and were lined with the Constable Marshall Guards, in conformity with Privy Council orders; all untoward noises were silenced, and beggars sent without the gates.

The houses of the Canongate were hung with gay fabrics, and had their stair heads staged for the accommodation of sightseers. Huntley House and Argyll House had crowded balconies, and friends seated there waved greetings to each other.

The stair head of Dundonald's house had been canopied and decorated, and Jean and Thomas, attentive to their grandmother's guests, flitted hither and thither, plying them with cakes and oranges to help pass away the waiting hours; but when the procession appeared in sight at the foot of the hill, they settled down to the enjoyment of the spectacle.

Peers and officers of State rode in their robes, and the Archbishop and Bishops in their gowns and tippets with their foot-mantles. The honours were borne by nobles of high degree, their heads uncovered, immediately before the High Commissioner, who was followed by the Master of the Horse and the Gentleman Usher, carrying the White Rod. Noblemen were followed by an apportioned number of lackeys, who wore their master's crests and mottoes embroidered on their velvet coats. The black and scarlet gowns, the coloured plaids of the Highlanders, the glittering emblems of royalty and power, all displayed under the genial rays of the summer sun, greatly delighted the Duchess and the Lady Anne, who, with their ladies, were the first women who had ever attended the opening of the Scottish Parliament.

After the King's Speech had been read, commending "our well-beloved brother" to the Scottish people, a successor to the late Chancellor was appointed, and after other formalities were over, the House rose, and the procession, with some variations, re-assembled and set out for the return journey to Holyrood.

In the evening the Duke of York gave a banquet to the whole Parliament, at which the Lords and Commons were again arranged in their respective orders at different tables, while the Duchess received their ladies in her own rooms. Among the ladies was Jean, following in the wake of her agile grandmother, and, in spite of an unexpected shyness, she felt that her social armour was now complete. She kissed the hands of the Princesses, and passed on to a group where Lady Dundonald established herself, and whence she was able to make her observations.

She saw in the Duchess a girl not much older than herself, though already five years married to a husband twenty-five years her senior. Mary was taller than any of the ladies of the court, and by contrast with her plump

and rosy step-daughter, Lady Anne, she was slender and willowy. Lady Anne was second in succession to her father, for no son of James had yet lived; she was seventeen years of age, and when for a moment her merry, roving eye rested on Jean, there flashed between the two that intangible but inevitable recognition of kindred spirits which so often leads to friendship. Jean blushed to think that she had been found staring, and momentary confusion caused her to avert her eyes, while the Princess turned to a lady-in-waiting and very obviously asked who was this girl. Jean recalled the episode a few days later when a summons from Lady Anne had to be obeyed at an hour's notice.

Throughout the evening, Jean was alive with intelligent interest, and her bright appearance attracted many friendly observations. She was soon engaged in conversation by Lady Susannah Hamilton, and they were joined by Jean's brother, Lord Cochrane. Then Duke Hamilton came up to talk to her, and her uncle, Sir John Cochrane, with his daughter Grizel also joined the group, and very merry they were, for they had known each other all their lives.

It was a very interesting occasion, for on that day at least quarrels were laid aside. Bishops were friendly with Presbyterian Lords, and Episcopalians fraternised with Covenanters, while lawyers were shrewdly polite to members of all parties.

When the party broke up, those of the guests who had wives and daughters went to seek them and take them home. The long daylight of the north illumined the night with an air of unreality as the Cochrane party stepped out into the courtyard, and their liveried servants came forward to put the ladies into their chairs, while the men, guided by quite unnecessary flambeaux, wended their way afoot. On reaching home, the ladies went straight to their rooms, glad to be relieved of their weighty dresses; Jean herself was not long in seeking her bed.

As she lay down, thoughts of what seemed to have been the longest day of her life circled and recircled through her mind, but the intoxication of her senses gradually gave place to sober reflection. What did all this pomp and panoply of State in 1681 mean to a young girl, country bred, but well nurtured, who felt her generation to be the heir of all the ages? To her it was a noble expression of life and order, blazoned by authority both divine and regal. Surely life was good, she thought, when man could share with his Creator the ordering of it, ennobling the virtuous and punishing the unjust. Thus had her grandfather spent his many years, and so in due course her brother John might, if he wished, serve the realm. . . . Oh, it was good to be a man! But what, she wondered, had ailed her Uncle John? His face that day had lacked his usual jollity; he had walked among men with an anxious air, speaking earnestly to some, but shirking others. She did not realize that he might be called to account for having been in arms amongst the Covenanters at Bothwell Bridge. Then again her thoughts wandered to her dress, and she wondered, as she had done many times before, whether it became her. Where had the Duchess obtained that beautiful orange scarf, and where the dog she had fondled, the like of which had surely never been seen in Edinburgh before? She thought even of the pattern of the carpet on which she had fixed her eyes when overwhelmed by shyness. The . . . . . but sleep claimed her, and the gentle movements of bleached linen sheets and gauffered cod bespoke a balmy rest.

Not many days elapsed before Jean received an invitation to attend the Lady Anne. Youth called to youth, and all trace of nervousness disappeared in its invisible bond. Jean found Anne gossiping frankly with the ladies of the Court, her jollity infectiously pervading the atmosphere. They were seated in the shade of the old oak trees, which at that time were the glory of the Park.

Anne welcomed the Scottish girl, chatting with great sympathy and ease, and, before the conversation became general, they talked for a little while apart. Knowing that Jean was from the country, she realised that there were many things she could show her. Had she seen the new chapel? No? Then she must do so, for the carved wood was wonderful. Had she ever been to London? Well, she must come some day to the Court of St. James. Did she know her countryman, John Graham of Claverhouse? Only by name. She would be sure to see him shortly, for he was in high favour with the Duke: they hoped soon to hear that his addresses to Lady Helen Graham had been accepted, for she was a fine girl, and heiress to Menteith.

Jean responded naturally to all these friendly advances, and then Anne went on to tell her how intimately they all knew her uncle, Dr. Gilbert Burnet, and what a surprise it had been to them to hear of his secret marriage to her aunt Kennedy. Anne had evidently a great admiration for his splendid, manly person and his persuasive, courtly ways, and she wanted to know more about the aunt, who, though a Presbyterian herself, had so boldly married an Episcopalian. This reminded her of another secret marriage, that of her friend and lady-in-waiting, Sarah Jennings, to Colonel John Churchill,[2] a marriage which, she told Jean, had been performed in the presence and with the sanction of Anne's step-mother, the Duchess. Mrs. Churchill was at this time in London, and brought to bed of a daughter.

"I am lonely without her," she added, "as we have been much together, and she's as free with me as one friend with another."

Anne also said how much she and the Duchess had enjoyed the feast given by the Corporation of Edinburgh,

[2] Afterwards Duke and Duchess of Marlborough.

and expatiated on the wonderful dishes provided for them, such as they had never seen in the south. Nothing could have been in better taste, she said, than the wonderful turkey pie masked with ruby jelly, or the salmon pasties and other gold-fringed delicacies.[3] They had been quite taken by surprise, Anne said, by the entertainment the city had given them, and by the beauty and adornment of the tables. She had never seen more beautiful crystal glasses than those provided for them by the manufactory at Leith; she hoped to take back some stemmed plates as a present to her uncle, the King.

Then Lady Anne's attention was caught by a ripple of laughter among the ladies, and, moving across the sun-lit grass, she joined the group and introduced Jean by name. During a pause, Jean looked attentively at the faces of the four Italian ladies, noting their olive colouring and dark soft eyes. She remarked the generous lines of their necks and busts, wondering if this were peculiar to them or common to all Italian women. Two of them in particular arrested her attention; they were Madame Montecuculi and her daughter. The winsome seriousness of the younger, and the restful, motherly care in the countenance of the older woman, reminded Jean of a picture relegated to the garret of Paisley Abbey, which, she had been told as a child, was a Popish presentment of Elizabeth and the Virgin Mary, painted in a former age by an Italian artist, and said to have been saved from the destruction of the Abbey during the Reformation. Hitherto dismissed by her as "painted images," and devoid of interest, they suddenly came back as living, breathing characters, making in an instant of time a complete revolution in her thoughts.

[3] The sum of twenty pounds was paid to George Porteous, the Marchmont Herald, for the gilding and painting of the ham, salmon and potailzie pies that were made for the occasion. (Treasury Accounts, quoted by Mrs. Strickland in her *Lives of the Queens of England*.)

As the afternoon lengthened, other persons joined the group, one of them being the Duchess' confessor, Father Antonio Guidici, who was greeted in an easy and intimate way. Jean realised that they were gradually assembling for the hour of office, and knew that her visit must soon draw to a close. As the party was breaking up, the Duchess, who was taking the air, arrived, her Italian greyhound stepping proudly by her side as if he at anyrate dissociated himself from all meaner companions.

The Duchess was dressed much more becomingly than she had been at the reception. Her dress was soft and clinging; and her hair, no longer stiffly curled, was simply confined by a blue fillet. She spoke to Jean, who for the first time made her curtsey without being prompted, and the Duchess told her how pleased she was for Lady Anne to have found a friend of her own age. She hoped the two girls would meet often, and she also desired to see Lady Dundonald at one of her evenings. On Thursday next, she said, she was going to have a "making of tea," followed by cards, and one of her ladies should write an immediate invitation. She was proud of her Bohea, which had come to her through a servant of the British East India Company, and she was pleased to find that it was new to the northern ladies. At length, adieux were spoken, with what struck Jean as an altogether foreign grace; and when she left, accompanied by her gentlewoman, she was as dazed by the soft voice and beautiful eyes and hair of the Duchess as a lover who had parted from his mistress.

Since her arrival in Edinburgh, Jean had been provided with her own attendant in the person of a poor kinswoman, Elspeth by name, daughter to Alexander Melville, indweller of Maybole. Elspeth had been creditably reared by her mother's brother, a fashioner in Edinburgh, and was delighted to act as gentlewoman to her cousin. Being well accustomed, through her trade of mantua-maker, in the ways of the gentry, she was a really useful companion

to her girl-mistress, who, as custom was, shared with her both bed and board.

The two girls walked past the sentries in silence, and it was not until they were beyond the tennis players at the Watergate that either of them spoke, for the wonders Elspeth had observed that afternoon with her searching eyes had taken her breath away and temporarily stayed her tongue.

"Whiles they play at ba', and whiles they say their prayers. It must be vera perplexing—on a weekday too!" she said at last.

CHAPTER VI.

Music and Plays: Claverhouse.

1681.

"*MUSICA MEDICINA EST.*"

"*Nature,* which is the vast Creation's Soul,
That steady curious Agent in the whole,
The Art of Heaven, the Order of this Frame,
Is only *Music* in another Name."

(Attributed to Mrs. Katherine Phillips in her encomium of Mr. Henry Law's *Second Book of Ayres.*)

The quickly changing circumstances of the next few months were only matched in pace by the rapid growth and change that took place in Jean's own mind. The feeling of being an interested spectator gradually gave way to the larger consciousness of being one of the crowd. Little by little her personality came to her, rounding off in its growth the angular individualisms of the country-bred girl, and reaching out towards the beautiful equipoise of the grown woman.

The grandparents watched her with pride. No details of her dress or appointments escaped the watchful care of her grandmother, while to Dundonald there came the conviction that in Jean he saw repeated something of the true genius of his race. The quick response that had always existed between them became charged with a greater brilliance, and it stirred the old man's blood to meet shaft with shaft, making him feel young again.

"A conversible lassie!" he would say proudly after one of their verbal sallies.

"But her heart is aye with us," responded the grandmother, who felt womanly comfort in the girl.

Nevertheless, there was a price to be paid for Jean's growth into liberty. Ominous communications were being received at intervals from Ayrshire. Accounts had reached Auchans of the gay doings in Edinburgh, not diminished in detail, perhaps, as Dame Rumour travelled through the provinces. Lady Katherine did not really desire the presence of her head-strong daughter, but she was irritated to think that the girl should be enjoying what seemed to her the unlawful pleasures of the Court, without let or hindrance, and without her permission.

Deprived of the income which she would have received for Jean, had the girl remained at home, her annoyance at last found expression in a Court of Session process against the Earl of Dundonald for the equivalent in money of the "meat, drink and entertainment of my daughter Jean." Such a law-plea caused some amusement among the advocates, but it had an edge of steel for the grandparents.

A letter from Lady Katherine, beginning "The proper regard that I have for you obliges me to write;" was followed by anathemas against those whom Jean had learned to love, and stabbed the girl's heart. A fierce defence of the characters and motives of her friends quickly welled up, but could only be expressed with difficulty in response; so Jean found it better to be guided in her replies by her grandfather, who, no less than her mother, was her appointed guardian. Each letter from Auchans widened the breach, and this lawsuit, entered into on the impulse of an angry, grasping woman, abruptly terminated all correspondence between Jean and her mother. John and Thomas alone maintained amicable communications. This trouble made Jean realize that home life had been bounded by an artificial horizon, and that for good or evil that horizon had been swept away. Her growing mind sought wider fields.

More startling to her than anything else was the discovery, close to her, of the world of Beauty. The revival of the fine arts at the time of the Restoration had been slow in finding its way to the north, but in Edinburgh it was helped by the establishment of the Duke of York's Court, and found expression in the rebuilding and decorating of Holyrood Palace and Chapel.[1] The Earl of Dundonald, as a Lord of the Treasury, was intimately concerned with this work, which was still going on; but it was not until Jean saw the Palace for herself that she realised what all the talk of panel and plaster, wrought iron and French glass, had stood for.

Dundonald was a keen builder, as were so many men of his day. He had built his own house in Edinburgh on the foundations of one that had belonged to his kinsmen, the Semples, and had occupied himself with it during the years of the Commonwealth, when active political work was denied him. He would point with pride to the plaster ceiling in his chief "fireroom" where the pattern broke off, due to the cessation of work in a year of plague, and was renewed with appropriate symbol when the visitation was over.

It was, however, the art of life itself, as revealed in its manifold expressions of colour and movement, that claimed Jean's closest attention, for it opened a new and pulsating world to her, a world which is surely created anew for each and all as they grasp its significance. Beckoned by Terpsichore, she soon learned to fashion her steps to new dances, and the sweeping triumph of musical feeling held

[1] Robert Mylne, King's Master Mason in Scotland, had been entrusted with the carrying out of plans designed by Sir William Bruce of Balcasky, which necessitated taking down all the work in the Palace that had been put up by the "usurpers" of the Commonwealth, and rebuilding much. The work of the Palace was classical in conception. The King had himself directed the use of Ionic, Doric, and Corinthian pillars respectively on each of the three stories of the façade, and this combination was much admired at the time.

her captive as she listened to Court concerts. Her enthusiasms, so often held in leash by convention, bounded at each fresh discovery, and the patient Thomas listened with a tinge of brotherly scorn and amusement to the avalanche of her talk.

She envied those of her friends who could perform on the lute or spinet, so she insisted on having lessons, and for some months there was an added joy to Tuesday mornings in the anticipated arrival of an old Dutch musician, who, accompanied by a boy carrying a pair of virginals, came to teach her. The oblong instrument, which he called by its Dutch name of Clavisingel, was drawn out of its decorated case and placed on a convenient table, while the master proceeded to teach musical notation and the use of the manual from John Playford's text book, *Music's Handmaid*.

"Mademoiselle," he would say, "I can teach you the use of the manual and the rules of harmony, but it is life that teaches you to understand that, when words fail, thought and feeling can still be expressed in music."

Thomas would hover round, risking being late for school, in order to acquaint himself with the mechanism of the jack and plectrum that twanged the short strings to such effect. The courteous Dutchman, who used his virginals merely for teaching purposes, would sometimes descant on the wonderful new harpsichords that had been made by his countryman, Rucker at Antwerp. The old man's admiration for the newer instrument was justified, and would have been unbounded could he have foreseen that Domenico Scarlatti would write sonatas for this youngest child of music. But it was still the virginals and spinet that accompanied in fettered thorough-bass the airs of Scotland.

If Jean never learned to play well, there being no instrument at home on which to practise, she at least learned to listen to music with greater discernment, and

she looked back upon this effort to express herself in a new way as a joyous excursion into the unknown, such as youth loves to make, even though the wax-bound wings will not sustain a longer flight.

On one occasion, under the guidance of Lady Anne, she listened unseen to the rich music of the Duke of York's Chapel as the choristers sang a mass by Palestrina. The two girls, neither of whom dared be seen at the Romish Mass, found a hiding-place in one of the clerk's closets, where, holding back the hangings of the wall, they listened to the music. A sense of heavenly devotion came to them in the rise and fall of the voices, as the striving tenors, now soft, now loud, sustained their part against the altos, which in turn were drowned by the liquid flood of the trebles, and when all the parts, dropping their individuality, merged into a soft harmonious cadence, there fell upon the two eavesdroppers the hush of music's end, and Jean could hear no sound but that of her own full-beating heart. To Lady Anne, however, this excursion into that quarter of the Palace was more of an adventure than anything else, and, replacing the hangings with a contented smile, she returned with Jean by a turnpike stair to her ladies.

There were at that time in Scotland many fine players of the older instruments, such as viols, lutes, and cornets, and private musical societies were springing up in Edinburgh. Sometimes they consisted entirely of amateur players led and instructed by recognised masters, such as Monsieur Louis de France, who had lately removed from the celebrated Sang School in Aberdeen in order to teach music in the City.

The chamber music given in the Duchess' rooms brought many of these interesting people together. On one occasion an orchestra was about to give an evening performance of national music before the Duchess, and as Jean entered the room, the Royal group was being

addressed by Andrew Fletcher of Saltoun,[2] who had organised the concert. He was a little man with a dark, lean face, and he wore a brown periwig. His expression as he discoursed was full of fire, and his talk was eloquent and interesting by reason of his learning. He was under thirty, but looked older; he had travelled much, especially in Italy, where he had been at the Court of Modena, which made his presence very acceptable to the Duchess. Among the Royal party was Doctor Waldegrave, the Court Physician, who was said to be the best lutenist in Europe, and whom Fletcher had known in Padua.

"Music," Fletcher was saying to the Duchess, "early found its way into the Greek theatre, where, Philo tells us, some people would become so excited on hearing it that they unconsciously joined in, thus uttering encomiums without knowing it. Others, by contrast, were so unmoved that it would seem as if there was not the least difference between them and the marble seats on which they sat. In so much," he added, with a humorous smile, "some of us may still be said to resemble the Greeks of Philo's time. But music preceded the theatre, and I like to think that it originated from woods and lawns, for the most ancient Scottish songs that have been preserved to us still speak of zephyr-filled valleys, and are of sylvan measure like the pipings of Pan." He doubted "if the airs had ever been played instrumentally; they were more probably sung or whistled, but if they were played at all, it would be on a shepherd's reed, an instrument of few notes and devoid of semitones.

"If you will recall some of them, you will observe that they end like this," and he played a few soft airs on his flute-a-bec, ending with one called "Hap me with thy petticoat," and pointed out how it ended on the sixth of the scale.

"It is likely," Fletcher went on, "that you have all

[2] Parliamentary Commissioner for East Lothian.

heard that, which is yet being sung in its original simplicity by the nursemaids and midwives of Scotland to still the babes on their knees; but I doubt if you would find it so set out in a teaching book! It is quite likely that some of the melodies of our ballads have come down to us from King James the First of Scotland, for his compositions were held in high esteem, and, though they are said to be lost, they are probably still among us, and frequently played by our instruments to-day. They may be attributed to other composers, but what matter so long as they are here to charm and divert us! King James's sacred music was preserved to us by the Sang Schools of the monks, and some of it is to be found in John Knox's Book of Psalms, which was the first music in Scotland to be printed in the modern notation. It is probable that it was the skill of James the First on the lute and his use of the seventh of of the key as a leading note which caused Tassoni to say of him that his music was plaintive and melancholy and unlike any other."

The Duchess, who had listened with very great interest to what Andrew Fletcher had been saying, although without understanding it all, here repeated to herself in her own language the last phrase he had used, "Lementevole e mestra differente da tutte l'altre musica."

"It is true," she said, "for I, too, find Scottish music different from all other."

Fletcher bowed, saying, "Some hold, madame, that Italian music owes much to Scottish melody. It may be so, but we all admit that music was greatly developed by Italian ecclesiastics, among whom the rules of harmony took their rise. Palestrina is sometimes called 'The Father of Harmony,' and yet," he added, with a deprecatory smile, "I miss in Palestrina's madrigals, canons, and masses the sprightly melody peculiar to the music of my native land."

The other musicians, who had by this time entered the room, were listening with pleasure to this discourse.

"And now," said Fletcher gaily, "that your Royal

Highness may be further acquaint with our Scottish melody, we will with your permission play a few of our national airs."

He led the musicians, playing in unison, in the song of "Through the Wood, Laddie," repeating it first in an octave higher and then in an octave lower. Suddenly, at a hint from him, the instruments began a descant on the theme, until at last, by imperceptible gradations, "Through the Wood, Laddie" was transformed by absurd Italianised elaborations into a furore of sound, in which the musical notions of each player found a part. All at once the audience realised that in this fantasia they were listening to some of the humours of music, and it was received with shouts of laughter and applause. This greatly puzzled the Duchess, who only remarked that it went merrily.

When the concert was over, Andrew Fletcher asked to be presented to Jean, and entered into conversation with her. He told her with warmth how much he was indebted to Gilbert Burnet, her uncle, who had been his tutor as a boy, and had given him his taste for learning and the arts, and his love for classical literature.

"To-day," he said, "I have talked of Scottish music, but my leanings take me further back."

At this moment the Duke came up and conveyed to him the thanks of the Duchess for an interesting and entertaining evening.

"I wonder to see," he said, "how the older instruments hold their own in Scotland, while in Whitehall they are rapidly being replaced by violins, tenors, and basses."

He then went on to tell them about a new organ which was being built for him, and which had all the latest devices, and was portable, so that even when he was travelling, mass could have a full musical accompaniment.[3]

[3] This portable organ was last heard of at Hounslow, where the Duke, then James the Second, camped with the army after the landing of the Prince of Orange.

Concerts were varied by dramatic performances, which were given in the Queen's Chocolate House by the Watergate, where a stage was provided. In the time of Queen Mary, the citizens of Edinburgh had enjoyed several forms of dramatic art, and the music written for the masques of that day was still in use. But public feeling about the drama had considerably changed, and there was much supporting reason in Lady Katherine's denunciation of the stage, which she, with many others of her generation, looked upon as a direct incentive to vice.[4]

There was at that time a company of players known as "Sydserf's" which was performing comedies in Edinburgh. The Duke of York had also brought to Scotland a company of actors drawn from the London theatres, who produced plays at the Chocolate House for the entertainment of the Court. This was a great advance on "a stage erected in the High Street for the accommodation of comedians and tight-rope walkers," which, during the last few years, had been the only form the diversion took. So the setting up of a theatre and the somewhat pagan decorations which adorned the proscenium stirred up antagonistic feeling, and aroused fears lest new and strange devils should take possession of the swept house of Puritan Scotland.

In October, the Duke went west to stay for a few days with George, Lord Ross of Hawkhead, Jean's uncle by marriage. In order to greet him on his return to Edinburgh, it was arranged that the Court should act a play among themselves, and Jean received an intimation that Lady Anne would require her services in a performance in which she and her ladies were to act the principal parts. This led to a discussion in the Dundonald family as to the propriety of the Court pastimes. Jean, whose conscience was uneasy, talked the matter over with her grandmother, while

[4] Sir John Lauder only expressed the general feeling when he wrote in 1681 that all scenic stage players were declared infamous, and should not be admitted to the Lord's Supper.

Thomas, who more than the others stood for his mother's point of view, joined them in coming to the conclusion that Dundonald himself must decide the right course for his grand-daughter to pursue: so it was referred to him.

"Ye have no choice!" he said, angrily. "Either ye must go your ways hame and stay there, or ye must gang the gait of the Court with the interests of which this family is engaged." And on this occasion he did not show his usual patience towards the feelings of others.

This concluded the discussion, and not many hours elapsed before Jean found herself anxiously conning the declamatory lines of a part assigned to her in "The Indian Emperor."

By the time the evening came, the conflict in her mind, which had already caused her so much uneasiness, was not over, but she was prepared to play her part; indeed, she could not do otherwise.

The Chocolate House offered every facility for the play. The Duke and Duchess sat under a canopy of state at the side of the stage, and the slanting floor of the auditorium was filled with people of quality. The stage itself was raised, and had a short stair running down into the hall. The scenarium was flanked by twin pillars and two niches containing statues. One of these was a female figure lightly draped, who wore on her head a naval coronet, out of compliment to the Duke. In one hand she held the rudder of a ship, and in the other a little figure of Mercury carrying a garland of victory. Her companion in the other niche represented "Right Government" in the figure of a man in a gilded cuirass, treading under foot the serpent of sedition, and bearing in his hand the sword of Justice.

Above the proscenium was a painted frieze representing a turbulent sea, in which were displayed the maritime fancies of curvetting sea-horses and scaly Tritons on which naked children were riding, blowing horns and

shells, whilst sportive fish put their heads out of the water to see what was going on. A crimson curtain, hanging down in folds behind the pillars and across the stage, set off the design. The music for the play had been written by Pelham Humphrey. There was no scenery, but when the curtain rose, the audience was informed that a pleasant Indian country was the scene of the play, and that the Spanish fleet could be seen in the distance.

Lady Anne appeared as the daughter of the Emperor of Mexico, whilst Jean, as Princess Alibach, one of the daughters of an Indian Queen, was pursued with amorous passion by a Spanish conqueror. Her part being a small one, she had learnt her lines easily, and was able to speak them with some vigour of declamation and persuasive charm.

While standing aside during one of the frequent stage murders, her eyes wandered over the audience. Foremost were the Catholic Lords and their ladies, to whom plays were nothing new. A few young men, including her brother, Lord Cochrane, stood about the doorways, genuinely interested in the story of Cortez and his conquest of Mexican princesses, and enjoying the progress of the play. There were Presbyterian notables, who presented inscrutable faces to the stage, reserving their comments for the coffee-houses and taverns the next morning. Between the acts, the conversation turned on the author of the play, Mr. John Dryden, who had dedicated "The Indian Emperor" to the Duchess of Monmouth and Buccleugh. It was now being played in Scotland for the first time.

After the play was over and the Duke and Duchess had withdrawn, Lady Anne and the other ladies came down the little stairs and mingled with the audience. Jean talked to Sir John Foulis of Ravelstone, a friend of her uncle, Sir John Cochrane. He was a keen playgoer, and had brought quite a party of ladies with him, who were

consuming the oranges and sweetmeats which seemed to be an inseparable part of such long entertainments. He introduced Jean to his wife and to his sister-in-law, Lady Colinton, and to his son Archibald, who went by his grandfather's name of Primrose. His daughters were already known to Jean, for she had met them at Captain Fountain's school of dancing. They gave her a reassuring welcome, encouraged her first efforts, and, what helped her more, took her presence among the actors for granted. She saw that in their eyes she had committed no sin, and she was much surprised to see the close attention with which they had followed the drama, and by the comparisons they were able to make between it and other plays.

Sir John was a kindly soul, and, knowing the Cochrane family and the views of some of its members, he took much pains to countenance and encourage Jean.

"You will have observed," he said, "in what a clear voice the Lady Anne supported her part. She is a great credit to her teacher, Mrs. Betterton, who was for many years the principal actress at the King's Theatre, and who trained the Princesses, giving them a charm of diction and clear speech that will serve them all their lives. It has been a very important part of their education, and the Court entertainments owe much to the group that she trained. Princess Mary, Mrs. Churchill, the Duchess of Monmouth, Lady Harriet Wentworth, and others all acted together at Whitehall very charmingly, and their familiarity with the writings of our great poets and playwrights gave a solid basis to their art. You will do well," he said, "to watch these ladies whenever they should be acting, and learn from them what you have had no opportunity of learning in the West."

It was Jean's first experience of the inevitable necessity of compromise. She had flown, as she thought, in the face of tradition and moral sanction, and, lo! the skies had not fallen; here she was, sitting amongst friends,

sharing their sweetmeats, and being courteously advised by a pleasant and worthy gentleman on how to improve her acting. She was also recommended by him to read Shakespeare's plays and to go to see them on every possible opportunity. As Jean listened, her amazement gave way to timid apprehension. The occasion, which up till now she had thought of as a predicament, suddenly emerged as a part of life, and, instead of feeling herself to be a shame-faced hussy as she had expected to do, she felt humbled by the realisation of a vista of effort in which she might fail, and of a world of interesting things of which she was ignorant.

Meantime Lord Cochrane, who had been standing among the groups around the doors, was now talking to John Graham of Claverhouse, to whom Jean had never yet spoken, although his personal history was well known to her. He was dressed in the uniform of a Captain of the Guards, and was conspicuous by reason of his quiet and detached bearing. Lord Cochrane, on seeing his sister disengaged from the party with whom she had been talking, brought Claverhouse up and presented him to her, which gave Jean the chance to observe him more closely.

Claverhouse was at this time in his thirty-fourth year, but his long period of military service abroad had made him look older than he really was. He had been very beautiful in his youth, but his face had become tinged with a melancholy which conversation did not entirely dispel. The shadows of little crows-feet gathered round the grave eyes as he said banteringly that he was honoured to be presented to so renowned a Princess, who had left her gilded palace to come among the common herd. But even this allusion to her acting did not bring back any weight of self-consciousness to Jean, who, since her conversation with Sir John Foulis, had completely recovered her equanimity. As her brother talked on and helped to put the introduction on an easy footing, both she and

JOHN GRAHAM OF CLAVERHOUSE, VISCOUNT OF DUNDEE.

(From a Mezzo-tint by R. Williams, in the Bodleian Library, Oxford)

Claverhouse rapidly found their way into each other's good graces. Cochrane soon left them to themselves, and Jean drifted into a conversation on the lighter topics of the day.

Claverhouse was in no sense a "coffee wit," and his bearing towards women had none of the loose freedom common to the age. Concentration of purpose distinguished him in everything he did, and he had arrived at that point in a man's life when the desire for home becomes imperious. He was known to contemplate marriage with Lady Helen Graham, heiress to the earldom of Menteith. His vision for himself was that of a man rising high in his profession, whose public distinction should win suitable provision for his private estate, who should marry well and advisedly, and found a family to inherit such honours as he might attain. There was nothing unworthy in the end he looked for, and indeed it had the sympathy of all his friends. But though astute and zealous in politics and war, he had not managed his courtship with the same foresight he gave to public affairs. In the first place, he had entrusted the most delicate and intimate part of the negotiations to the Marquis of Montrose, a man younger and more attractive than himself, who in a sense became his rival; and, secondly, he was far too patient in the diplomacy that he considered necessary to the achievement of his object. This was dictated perhaps by a natural hesitation in forcing his attentions on a lady who brought with her the title to an earldom. So he became at the mercy of his agents, and when he should have been courting the lady, he was occupied in writing long, reasoned letters to her guardian, in which his affections and the Menteith estates were incongruously intermingled.

He told Jean that he had just returned from Stirling, where a day or two before he had been presented with the freedom of the Burgh, the first public testimony he had received in appreciation of his three years' service in Scotland, and, he added, he was now going on to his own

home, which lay north-east of Dundee. Claverhouse spoke of the Duke of York in terms of intimate attachment, and as Jean watched him warm to his subject, she divined that in this man there was a deep purpose in life, which raised him in her thoughts above the younger men whom she habitually met about the Court. When he went on to speak of his regard for her grandfather, she in her turn laid aside the wonted armour of her wit, and answered him in simple words that betrayed a depth of feeling which rarely found expression.

As the autumn drew on, plays and masques were frequent, and some literary taste gradually grew up in Jean's mind as she became familiar with the passionate, tender language of Nathaniel Lee, the courtly, political satire of Dryden's prologues and epilogues, and the pastoral charm of Milton's "Comus" in its setting to Lawe's music. Her English became more certain, and an appreciation of metre and rhythm developed. The art of music, too, showed in a new relation as it was seen to co-ordinate with drama. She had frequent talks with her two friends, Fletcher of Saltoun and Sir John Foulis, fascinated by the broad, classical learning of the one and the urbanity and social qualities of the other.

Her grandfather watched with keen amusement this choice of friends, but he could find no fault with it, since both men stood high in his regard.

When the autumn months changed to winter, Edinburgh assumed a chill aspect, and friends drew together in the closer intimacies of the fireside. Men came to and from Dundonald's house, and Jean met them on an equal footing, no longer as if they were actors in a play that she watched from behind the footlights, but as flesh and blood contemporaries with whom she shared life. She did not sort them out or divide them into sheep and goats, but she became aware of the variations in the background of their thoughts. She saw that Saltoun had a passionate

devotion to his country but none whatever to the King or the Duke, while to others King and country were convertible terms, the *summum bonum* of the national spirit being expressed for them in the King's person and the majesty of the Privy Council.

The sense of the over-ruling law and order, which had been so impressed upon her at the Riding of Parliament, was fast giving way to a perception of deep and swift undercurrents that swirled round the hidden rocks over which the ship of State had to sail, and, under the surface of Court entertainments, she became conscious of the presence of Tragedy hovering wraith-like round familiar and much loved persons.

Perhaps it was this deepening consciousness that held her back from thoughts of self. The old people wondered as they watched her that none of the men whom she met on such easy terms of wit and banter had attracted her maiden fancy; but Jean had Thomas to talk to, her grandfather to listen to, and her grandmother to give her that sure sense of home and approval, without which no life can be truly happy. This for the time brought her contentment.

In an age when women were married willy-nilly to suitable husbands, the council of wisdom would have dictated caution towards romantic marriage; but circumstances sometimes produce the very results convention is designed to frustrate.

In Lady Anne, for instance, Jean watched the flutterings of a youthful passion for the Earl of Mulgrave, whose poems, addressed to the Princess, were sometimes handed round for the envy and admiration of the Court ladies, but from which Anne herself could snatch but a fearful joy, for she was shrewd enough to know that her destiny did not lie in her own keeping. Lady Anne would sometimes talk of her sister Mary, who by royal command had been married at a fortnight's notice, and would tell how

the King himself had drawn the curtains of the bridal-bed on a weeping bride and a sulky bridegroom.

The royal Duchess, now so tenderly concerned for her Duke's welfare, would recall quite frankly her arrival in England, a mere child under the charge of her adored mother, to be left the bride of a middle-aged widower, whose visits she had always greeted with tears. Sarah Churchill, on the other hand, was a happy young wife and mother, having made a successful love match with the sanction of the Duchess. There were many friends in whom Jean could see, if she cared to observe, all the traits of conjugal devotion and anxiety, husbands and wives mutually devoted to the cause of Kirk and Covenant or of Episcopacy, and others again who found life worth living for its own sake without greatly concerning themselves about either.

On all of these Jean gazed with candid eyes, and remained fancy free.

CHAPTER VII.

Stirring Events.

1681-2.

Among the group of friends who drew round the Dundonald fireside were some who figured prominently in the national life of Scotland, and amongst the most intimate of these were the Earl of Argyll and his wife, Anna Mackenzie, both of whom had always been closely associated with the Cochrane family. Argyll, a devoted Presbyterian, was "that little Lord" whose power and jurisdiction as master of the Western Highlands gave him a right of regality so immense as to be considered by the Duke of York unbecoming in a subject. His wife, also Highland bred, was the widow of the Earl of Balcarres, and one of the most remarkable women in Scotland. The alliance between these two persons of large experience and mature age and character produced an atmosphere of completeness and charm not often met with. They would come into Dundonald's house together in the morning without ceremony, she in a taffeta hood, and Argyll in what was then called his "nightgown."

Argyll would take a tankard of ale with the Earl, while his lady would bustle upstairs and downstairs calling "Effie, Effie," as, much to the children's amazement, she styled the Countess of Dundonald. They had been friends since girlhood, for as an orphan Lady Anna had been brought up by her cousin, Lord Rothes, in his house at Leslie in Fifeshire, and Euphame Scott, whose father was of Elie, shared with her many recollections of those early days spent in the East Neuk of Fife. Now, in their later

years, they drew together in the same intimacy, and nothing lacked interest to them that concerned either household. If "Effie" were found ordering in the kitchen, Anna would follow her there, giving a friendly word in Gaelic to the barefooted Highland cook; or if upstairs in the wardrobe room, she would go thither and with equal zest advise on the grandchildren's clothes. Anon she would be found in Lady Dundonald's closet or boudoir, speaking with sweet gravity and sympathy of those religious truths that life had made so real to her; for Anna Mackenzie had both sown and reaped in the bitter harvest fields of the Covenant, and when she talked of those times and of her first husband, the Earl of Balcarres, it would be of "that dear saint of mine, now in glory." Jean watched this elderly but still beautiful woman, whose unfailing joyousness and serenity made home life sweet and gracious, and wondered that the trials of poverty, exile, and bereavement should have been the handmaids to so great a nature, and that the eyes which had seen such sorrow could look out from under so clear a brow.

Argyll, father and step-father of a family of girls and boys, knew better than anyone how to make merry with them, turning apt verses to celebrate all festive occasions, and enjoying his witty, irrepressible step-daughter, Lady Sophia, as if, it seemed to Jean, the stern background of Kirk and Covenant did not exist. Time, however, was soon to prove to her what that background, representing nearly a century of Scottish history, stood for in the lives of those dear, gay friends.

When the hour of noon made departure imperative, the two would leave, discussing to the last stair the intimate concerns of all.

"Ye'll mind, William, to send again to the Coffee-house for those letters, and keep me informed of what that trimmer at Whitehall is doing," said Argyll.

And from the Countess:

"Jean, ye'll bring your seam to-morrow and sit with Sophia, who will show you a new mantua looped with silver, and a letter from Madame Sommerdyck at the Hague, telling of how goes the Princess Mary, and of the bulbs she is sending me from her garden."

This was in the summer months of 1681; but as the year progressed, neighbours and friends became less noisy in their confidences, for they realised that events were carrying them along to an unknown end, causing all who had foresight to walk warily.

Yet the footsteps on the stair were not less frequent, and Dundonald's closet still filled with his friends in the early mornings; young men would come to him for advice, and old friends by common consent found their centre round his fireside.

"It's not to be told, Dundonald," said the wheezy voice of Doctor Matthew Brisbane one morning in October, as the door opened to admit him, "It's not to be told how your grand-daughter is improved since that day last summer when she and her brother lay at my house in Glasgow. I've just met her at your stairhead. Hech! but she's a bonnie, weel-favoured lassie, and maybe ye'll soon be marrying her to your mind. And Thomas, too, he'll be leaving the callant ahint him and be growing into a prettie gentleman; but his blood's puir, and he's tender yet, and mebbe will never make auld banes."

Dundonald hailed the doctor's entrance with the delight felt on seeing a familiar neighbour from home, and Matthew Brisbane was not merely a neighbour but in a sense a kinsman, through the marriage of a forbear with a Lindsay of Dunrod. Like the Cochranes, he could claim descent from the group of Shropshire explorers who ventured north in 1262 as followers of the little company of Cluniac brethren who set out from Wenlock to found

the Mission Church at Paisley, which was the forerunner of the Abbey.

"Aye, Matthew, ye're a sicht for sair een. I wish I could think it was any concern of mine that had brocht ye, but I ken well that's neither here nor there in your mind at present, neither I nor my grandchildren, but juist your anxiety for the new College."

Both men laughed as they gripped each other by the hand, and, rising readily to the bait, Doctor Brisbane began to give his views on the erection of the College of Physicians, and to lay all his cards upon the table, while Dundonald listened with a stateman's guarded silence.

"Aye, ye ken weel what has brocht me to Embro' this day, and I am obligated to you for keeping me informed as to the particularities of the new Charter for incorporating a Royal College of Physicians. It is overdue, and should have been made lang syne, and, but for the gaffing of the chirurgeons and barbers, it would have come about ere this. It's an extraordinar thing, Dundonald, that the erection of a college so necessitate for this kingdom has brought about the opposition not only of the surgeons, whose interests it *may* encroach upon, but even of the burghs, the Bishops, and the Archbishop, who, God knows, are always agleg to secure their own liberties. It's just a scandal that our young men should go to Leyden or Utrecht for learning when we have colleges in Scotland. As long as I'm here, I'll no let an opportunity pass such as this present Bill makes, but I'll do my best to see to it that the Charter does not restrict the jurisdiction of the College to the town and suburbs of Edinburgh. It should oversee the right administration of physic in all pairts of the Kingdom of Scotland."

"Weel, Matthew, I'll no say ye're wrang, but ye'll no get your will, man. Whatever pairt the College may play in Scotland in the years to come, Embro' men will see till't that it carries Embro' in the title, with a reservation

in the interests of the town. And why for no, seeing that this city is the Capital of the Northern Kingdom? But tell me now, while we're alane, how goes the signing of the new Religious Test in the west? Argyll was here this forenoon, and he is much exercised about it, and considers the severity of our Kirk discipline to be running to an extraordinary height. I hear that all the Bishops have accepted the oath, but that, in spite of that, some of the conform ministers refuse it."

"Aye, Dundonald, we've all got to sign it or lose our place and office, whether it's Sheriff or Bishop, or Dean of Faculty like myself; moreover, having conformed ourselves, we must administer the oath to others. It'll make the deil's own wark, I'm thinking, for Claverhouse and the rascally lawyers."

"Argyll," continued Dundonald, "was strong in appearance against it, especially against the exemption of the King and his brother from the oath, since that allows the Royal Family to differ in their own religion from that of the realm. When it was before Parliament, members pressed for delay, but no delay was granted, although, owing to the number of corrections, the Clerk could hardly read the draft of the Bill. Argyll's protests will come home to roost, I'm thinking, and I am wae for him. As you say, Gossip, this act of imposition exceeds all others that have been passed, and will bring death and outlawry at its heels. Ca' it a releegious test!" said the old man with rising excitement, "why, it's no releegion ava: it's a political wile to secure uniformity of opinion, and to prevent men from foregathering! Whiles, Brisbane, I could wish we had the King of Scots here and no his Catholic brother."

"Aye, it presses hard on the Northern Kingdom to have a Commissioner and lack a King, and has done this many years," said Brisbane; "but I maun awa to the Parliament Close before the sun gets lower. Ye'll give my duty to

your Lady, and tell her I brought her a salmon from the Falls of Clyde, the last that'll be taken before the close season," and Brisbane gathered his scarlet gown about him and set out to climb up the hill to the High Street of Edinburgh, looking out for such of the King's lieges as he might know.

He soon found himself on the new roadway which was in the course of construction betwixt the High Street and the Parliament Close, a road thirty feet in width, for the making of which the town had removed the Goldsmiths' Stalls that had previously blocked the way.

When he was gone, Dundonald sank back in his chair in depressing reverie. He realised that his advancing years, for he was now seventy-six, would debar him from any great activity in the cause of his friends. He was feeling attendance on Committees and at Privy Council to be too much for him, and he had been forced to leave many matters of interest to Lord Cochrane. At home by the fireside, he was still very much his old self, but there was a gnawing heartache in the feeling that not so long ago he would have accompanied Brisbane to the Parliament Close, and with him have challenged the oncoming events which were first rumoured there. Now, it seemed, he was better at home by the fire, awaiting the will of his friends to bring the news to him. It had been very pleasant, this stay in Edinburgh, for much had been done to re-establish life in the city as he could remember it before "the troubles." But on this afternoon, fast settling into winter chill and darkness, he was conscious that the fabric of national life was being insidiously destroyed, and that no man went in safety. The arm of the law was being stretched as far as the sleeve would allow, and therefore men must walk warily and women's tongues be heedful. He could not dismiss the mournful thought that misfortune might befall Argyll, and

his own son John too, who rowed, as he knew, in the same galley.

The strokes of Fate fell in quick succession. Argyll was by no means the only protestor, but, as he was one of the most formidable men of the Protestant party, the Government went in fear of him. Some men, such as Duke Hamilton, frankly resigned their offices rather than be signatories to the Test. Then, again, others refused to sign, but arranged matters so cannily that they were able to farm out their offices and still receive a share of the emoluments. Fletcher of Saltoun, who had spoken against the Test even more strongly and much more eloquently than Argyll, took a hurried leave of his friends and left for Holland.

Argyll, not easily disturbed by popular approval or disapproval, kept on his way; but as a Commissioner of the Treasury he was at last summoned to take the oath that he had hitherto disregarded. He would take it, he said, only as far as it was consistent with itself and with the Protestant religion, and after making this "verbal explication," he signed, and took his place on the Council. He sat next to the Duke of York, and, as business proceeded, the two men were observed to whisper together in friendly conversation; it might have been thought that the incident was ended. Argyll's enemies, however, were not appeased, nor would they allow their designs to be frustrated. On the very next day, the Duke was forced to call another Council, and Argyll was informed that he must take the Test again, and this time without any qualification whatever. As anticipated, he refused to do so, and thereupon his places and jurisdictions were summarily declared void. Every man present knew that the hour of the chieftain had struck.

In answer to Dundonald's enquiries the next morning, Argyll answered lightly that he had passed his time getting in and out of his chair at the Privy Council, but

that shortly he was like to have no seat at all outside the Castle Rock.

It became a question of hours, and on November 8th an order was issued to secure the Earl's person in the Castle. The next day Argyll surrendered to the authorities.

Jean naturally followed every detail of this tragic event, and she talked long and earnestly about the Test to her friend, Fletcher of Saltoun, when he came to take leave of her before going to Holland. She had grown fond of the Earl of Argyll, not through personal intercourse, but through her friendship with his step-daughter, Lady Sophia, and other members of his family. It came as a shock to her that a person of so great urbanity and spiritual wisdom should be incarcerated on so slight a pretext; for she could not live among lawyers without knowing that the indictment for treason on which he surrendered was preposterous law. The women-folk of both families gathered together in their sorrow, and while the men discussed Scottish law and Roman law and any law that could make the impossible seem possible, they took up the threads of hope and wove and re-wove them into the fairy texture of their wishes.

Lady Sophia, red-eyed and tearful, betook herself to flights of fancy, in which the Castle walls should fall at the sound of her trumpet, and the hero step-father come forth a free man at her call.

"Sophy, dinna talk nonsense!" said her mother, as she caught the idle bravery of her words; "ye're like to find yourself in the Tolbooth if ye talk fey!" and the elder women turned again to each other in less noisy sympathy. If dismay were present with the Countess of Argyll, her even voice did not betray her; it was only discernible in the increased speed with which she pursued her knitting. Her sound sense and clear mind came rapidly to her aid,

and she was soon discussing with her step-sons every detail necessary for a proper presentment of her husband's case.

The public stir caused by these occurrences may well be imagined. Popular feeling was outraged by hearing of a jury on which sat Montrose, the hereditary enemy of the Campbells, and Claverhouse, the official persecutor of the Kirk. Lawyers were scandalised by the illegality of the proceedings, and eight or nine of them went so far as to send a signed protest to the Privy Council; but nevertheless Argyll's trial was hurried on, and to quell opposition, the King's sanction and approval was sought and obtained from London.

The Judges were so divided in their opinion on the relevancy of the charge of treason that midnight found the Court, already wearied by two days' sitting, still undecided; and a decision was only secured at last by rousing the ancient superannuated Judge Nairn from his bed to give a casting vote. By this means the conviction for high treason and leasing making was obtained. As was said in Edinburgh the next day, the Earl's enemies had successfully "lowed him," and never again, they thought, would he be head of the Protestant Party: his jurisdictions and regalities would be annexed by the Crown, and his lands parcelled out. The populace, which had hitherto frowned on the Earl, swung round, and saw in him a great martyr going to prison for upholding their religious liberties. It was now not so much the Privy Councillor who strode to his fate as it was "Mac Callum Mor," the chieftain of Clan Campbell. It touched the hearts of the crowd that filled the High Street, when, accompanied by many of his Erse-speaking Highlanders, Argyll breasted the Castle Hill with the full pomp and pageantry of his clan, and surrendered his person amid acclamations and groans of sympathy.

But the excitement at the arrest of Argyll had hardly subsided before it was re-awakened by an unexpected sequel. Up to a certain point, neither the Earl of Argyll

nor his family had felt alarm for his ultimate safety, but when intimation came of his probable removal to the Tolbooth, or felons' jail, it became clear that execution awaited him, and they knew that the illegalities of his trial held no prospect of a dependable course of justice. The family took alarm, and heads were drawn close in council, but without a gleam of hope.

When, however, the city awoke on the morning of December 21st, Privy Councillors, Judges, Advocates, Provost and Bailies alike heard with amazement that the prisoner had escaped! Lady Sophia had assumed a rôle, not unknown to the women of that century, and had become the deliverer of the captive.

This news spread like wild-fire, and the Dundonald family hastened to their friends at an early hour of the morning. Lady Anna, who had spent much of the night in prayer, was not to be seen at the moment, but Lady Sophia, in intervals broken by alternate tears and laughter, told them the amazing story of her exploit, to which Jean listened with mantling colour and glistening eye.

"Ye may know, Madam," said Lady Sophia, addressing the Countess of Dundonald, "of that dour Hieland laddie that was son to auld Nannie who nursed me when I was a wean; weel, he loves all of us, as we do his mither, and he has been weel educated by our family. In this great venture he has served me truly, for he lies a prisoner in the Castle, and mebbe will do so for mony a day. He is a lackey here, and varlet to the coachman. Weel, I sent him in the forenoon of yesterday to my walnut-wood escritoire, saying 'Ye'll find a note in it: carry it to the person to whom it is addressed!' And Sandie went, nothing fearing. It was addressed to himself, and contained my instructions, and nae doot but they flichted him at the first, but he's quick in the up-tak, and keepit his ain counsel. Then I sent to the Governor of the Castle, saying I would fain see Argyll, but couldna be

free to do so till the gloaming, and would he give me a permit, which he did; but it was nae gloaming but the full murk of night when I ordered the coach with Sandie to come as lackey on the boot of it. Meanwhile Sandie, who is of the same stature as my step-father, had gotten a sair tooth, and his face was tied up a perfect fright, and his head powdered and frizzled up to his lugs like a valet-de-chambre.

"I sweepit into the coach as if I didna see him, but weel I knew by what I did see that Sandie's heart was as big as my ain, and that he'd no be daunted in that which I had set him to do, but would be sharp and apt. Jean, it seemed to me that all Embro' was in the causeway that night, and I fearrit every man of the town guard who carried a pole-axe. Natheless, I was blithe that my woman, to whom I had not mint a word, was greeting by my side, which was proper; and as the beasts slowed down for the hill, I became more composed, transported though I was with the prospect of my venture; and, though I should have been greeting too, it was but a dry 'kerchief that I held to ma een. When the coach won through the Castle yetts and they clanged to behind me, I thought we had come on a gouk's errand, and that the morn would find me in the Tolbooth. My woman wiped her een, and concernit herself with the train of my gown, for I had pit on claithes of great length and heavy to be borne; and as I steppit forth to go up to my lord, she motioned to Sandie to be regardful of the brocade, and he bore my gown carefully above the stane of the stair.

"My dear stepfather was surprised to see us at that late hour, for when I had shown the guard the pass frae the Governor, they let us a' in, Sandie and my woman too; and after the jailer heard me speer at my father and say it was na pleasure jaunt that had brought me, he withdrew, leaving us alane. Then I telt the Earl the occasion of my coming, nor would I let him argie-bargie about it till he

had accorded to go with me, and he with many jests changed claithes with Sandie. Puir Sandie! it was a real curiosity to see him in Argyll's claithes! I had but just placed the curled wig fra Sandie's head on to the grey locks of my father, and had fastened a swathe round his features when the jingle of the heavy keys broke on our ears, and we knew the warder was coming. I was in a panic of laughter, which I did my best to change to tears as the key turned in the lock, and the sneck lifted.

"Then I gave Sandie, who was now in my lord's claithes, and with his back to the door, such an onslaught of kisses as will make him blush to his deeing day, and said 'Fareweel, fareweel, dear heart!' and, covering my face with my 'kerchief, I took my woman's arm, and she led me away weeping, while my stepfather, who was now a serving lad with the toothache, picked up the tail of my gown, and we all passed out thegither, leaving Sandie a broken outlaw, bent down with grief.

"But I was in a consternation as we passed the guards! Ane of them, a Hielander too, turned my varlet father aboot so that he might see him the better, but he lookit and let him go free, and anither was about to do the like when I caused twitch my shoulder, which made my father drop my gown in the mud of the Castle yaird, and he had to stoop down to recover it, while I fleached him about the lugs for an awkward fellow, which made a diversion. My breath fair stoppit when I stepped into the coach at the lang last, and the Earl mounted behind me. As we swung down the Castle Hill, I fell a-crying in my woman's arms and never dried my een till I found myself at our ain door —and my lackey nowhere to be seen! for the Earl had slippit away as we slowed down, and I hope is now gone forth of the Kingdom and is free fra the jaws of jeopardy."

There were no dry eyes in the room when this tale was ended, and, as Lady Sophia paused with a slight shiver of excitement, the doors were thrown open and the

Countess of Argyll entered with slow and weary steps. Her sleepless eyes were ringed with black shadows, but her dress showed no signs of the disorder of the long night.

"Dear friends," she said in a grave, loving voice "you've come for news of my husband, and I can give you none, for it will be long before we can be assured of his safety, but 'Though gripes of grief and pangs full sore have lodged with me all night,' the Lord has restored me to joy in the morning, and I doubt not His will who has ever kept me through the unquiet fever of persecution. I am pained to the very heart when I think of my poor lurker, but the showers of heaven and the cauld blasts of the tempests are far kinder than is man in his strife, and I doubt not but that he will be preserved.

"I am more agitate this morning for the safety of this dear servant of the Lord, my Sophy, who has so weel done His bidding in face of all difficulties. What think ye, my Lord? Will she be whippit through the town?"

"Na, na," said the Earl of Dundonald, "let her go to her bed this very minute, and send for a physician who kens ye weel. Her prostration after her venture will maybe preserve her."

And Sophia was reluctantly led away.

. . . . . .

"Wheesht, Jean," said Thomas's voice through the keyhole a few mornings after this. "Wheesht, and let me in," and his face, flushed with excitement, came round the door cheek. "Pit on a hood and plaidie, and bring Elspeth and come awa'. Ye'll never see the like of what I'll show you at the Cross this morning. But we'll no breathe a word of it, and juist be away by our ain selves. It's Argyll's doom that's to be proclaimed by the heralds."

Jean's blood surged in response to the excitement. Knowing how cold would be the December wind, the two girls quickly muffled and shrouded themselves in their

wraps and followed Thomas down the stair. Once away from the house, they knew they could not be recognised.

Already the streets were thronged, and it was a rough crowd which jostled them; the same elements were present that would have been there on an execution morning in the Grassmarket, and there was not much space to move in the straightened High Street. The little group secured a good situation in the shelter of an arcade from which they could see everything, and they had no sooner taken their places than the sound of the trumpets broke on their ears as the heralds came out of the Court of Justice to proclaim the doom in the open square. The Lyon King-of-Arms took up his station with his back to the Mercat Cross, attended by his brother heralds. Once again the trumpeters raised their instruments, and the tiny coloured flags depending from them beat a tattoo in the wind as the notes flared forth to call the crowd to attention. While his coat-of-arms was exposed in a reversed position, Argyll, the Mac Callum Mor, was pronounced guilty of treason, forfeit, and outlawed; his name was ordained to be expunged out of the books of heraldry, his posterity and blood tainted and declared incapable of all honours, dignities, and offices. Amid a silence almost as great as if the outlaw himself had been present, the Lyon King-of-Arms tore up the reversed shield and scattered its emblazonments in the mud of the causeway. It was a curious tension which followed on the declaration, one in which apprehension and doubt, constancy and affection, and a superstitious reverence for the chief of the Campbells were mingled: it had been a black day, and the luck of the Campbells was out.

As the three truants made their way home again, Thomas remarked:

"Weel, Argyll's dead in point of law anyway; but let us hope he's more alive in England this day than he is in Scotland."

The declaration of Argyll's forfeiture was followed by a few days' imprisonment for Lady Sophia, but the brilliant girl had a good friend in the King's advocate, Sir George Mackenzie, and the Duke of York himself intervened to make her imprisonment merely a formal one. It was a price she was very willing to pay for the success of her venture.

Meanwhile, the fugitive had not lost his sense of humour. By devious routes, and with the assistance of tried friends, he arrived in London. While the High Justiciary of Scotland was being attainted at the Mercat Crosses of the Shires, Argyll, as a little stepfather, with a twinkle in his eye, was composing the following lines to his daughter Sophia, the receipt of which by his family in Edinburgh was the first intimation they had of his present safety:

"Daughter, as dear as dearest child can be,
Lady Sophia, ever dear to me!

. . . . . .

The noble friends I found here greet you well;
How much they honour you it's hard to tell,
Or how well I'm us'd, to say it all
Might make you think that I were in Whitehall!
I eat, I drink, I lie, I lodge so well,
It were a folly to attempt to tell;
So kindly cared for, furnished, attended,
Were ye to chalk it down, you could not mend it.
I want for nothing, ye can't wish me better
For folk and friends. I have now filled my paper,
To tell the rest would need another letter.
I thank God I'm in health; I wish that you
Be well and merry; and, my dear, adiew!"

This was not sent as a post-letter, lest it should have to bear the scrutiny of the Coffee-House, but was delivered by an old and tattered Highlander, a veritable Ulysses, who in some strange manner silenced the fierce dogs of the outer yards and sought alms from the kitchen wenches of Argyll's house in Edinburgh, and it was observed that

my Lord's steward spoke kindly to him and pressed a bawbee into his hand.

. . . . . .

There was no doubt in the minds of those who watched him that the shock of these proceedings against Argyll had a very profound effect on the health of the Earl of Dundonald. For days he could not rouse himself, and it was in vain that his sons and his grandson Lord Cochrane ministered to him. A heavy pressure seemed to descend on the family. The women were fully alive to the possibilities that lay within the march of events, and the men faced them with cautious, reasoned thought. But the immediate anxiety was for the Earl, and it was the Countess of Dundonald who finally settled the order of their going.

"William, I'm ettling to be hame," said she one night, as with the sleepless eyes of old age they lay and watched the smoky wick of the rush-light that glimmered through a chink in the curtains of their bed. "Ye ken weel that Brisbane said that the spring months in Edinburgh would be too cauld for an auld body like me, such a hoast as I have too; but ye take nae tent to my ails, though my cough may be heard fra here to the Tolbooth!" and Lady Dundonald proceeded to match the cough to her words.

"Ye've a' the physicians in Embro' to choose from," said the Earl when the noise subsided.

"Aye, what do these new-fangled physicians ken of *my* constitution, that's been the care of Matthew Brisbane since I was lying in of my last bairn," said the indignant lady, "and that's thirty years sinsyne. If ye'd but turn your head on your cod, William, and pay attention to what I say, my ails——"

"Wheesht, woman, let me sleep!" said the old man, uneasily turning himself round under the heavy leathern coverlet that surmounted the English blankets of the bed. "The deil take yer ails!" he added with the irritability

begotten of a sleepless night and the early hours of the morning.

"Aye, ye may weel say that, wha kens the cause of them," said the old lady oracularly. "But it's hameward I would turn, for it's far milder in the west kintra, though I should not praise it that was born in the East Neuk of Fife. But it's hame, William, and the clishmaclavers of this city life suit me but ill the noo."

"Aye, it's hame," said the Earl in mollified tones, and his thoughts, becoming itinerant, wandered in and about the messuage of the Place of Paisley and its familiarities—among old servants, the welcoming bark of sporting dogs, the whinnying of a favourite horse, or the sly looks of a trained hawk. "I'd fain be there mysel'!" he added, and, turning once more in his bed, the old man sighed heavily and soon after fell asleep for the first time.

His anxious bed-fellow, whose own eyes were heavy with sleep and sorrow, listened for a few moments to the breathing of her gudeman, and no cough of hers was allowed to disturb him. At last, muttering to herself "He's sound a'ready," she too put on the grey mantle of dreams and fell asleep in full assurance that the cold morning light would find the settlement she wished.

It was arranged that Lord Cochrane should stay on in the house in the Canongate and represent the Earl whenever possible; Thomas, too, was to remain with him; while Jean, who was now barred from her mother's house by permanent estrangement, naturally accompanied the old people on their homeward way.

Dundonald felt the circumstances of his return keenly. To him it meant the end of his political activity, and Edinburgh and the Council would know him no more. Fifty odd years is a long reckoning, and it was more than that since he and his brother John had first arrived in the Capital, two young men from the west, to seek their fortunes with the incoming reign of Charles I. John

was long since dead, and he himself could find no fault with the good fortune that had brought him to an honoured old age and high estate. Argyll's fall, however, was full of menace, and he would say to himself from time to time, "Friends or unfriendies, I can neither help the one nor frustrate the other." The ache in his heart made him turn the more readily to thoughts of home.

They were ill times for travelling, those early days of January, 1682, but every mile brought them nearer to the shelter of their own fireside. The sun was westering as they neared the Burgh of Paisley, and as they passed through the gatehouse of the Bridge and turned into the avenue, the ruined Choir of the Abbey glowed in its fading light, and the windows of the Place of Paisley flashed a welcome. The familiar steward met them at the foot of the stair, disturbed pigeons circled round the courtyard before they went to their roosting, and the door opened to the weary, numbed travellers with the living, tender welcome which only home can hold.

THE PLACE OF PAISLEY.
(South-west view.)

CHAPTER VIII.

Two Letters.

Still stiff and aching from the long journey, Jean awoke late the next morning. The outside wintry cold and darkness, contrasting with the inner warmth and softness, tempted her to an extra hour in bed, but the sense of home so stirred in her sleepy veins that the surge of life quickened her pulses. She sprang up, eager to see and to touch the dear familiar things about her room, and to answer to the mute appeal of small material objects that had stayed in their places, as it seemed, just to welcome her. All around there breathed the spirit of order, recollection, and fondness.

She knew that in the left hand drawer of that little chest lay the discarded "Flanders baby" of her childhood, and in the right hand the velvet-bound metrical Psalter that had been the reward of her repetition, word perfect, of the 119th Psalm. In another drawer was a collection of curious stones and shells that she and her brothers had picked up in early childhood, and which had not yet been swept away by the ruthless hands of older folk. She came face to face with herself in a new and loving way: the child self was gone, the woman self was present, yet she was not too far removed by time to send a backward greeting to the fading image of the child. Stern questions awaited the answer of the woman; this she knew, but the moment was not yet, rather it was the hour for pausing, and for joining up the threads of the kindly past by a deft twist to the new strong cords of the present.

Not many hours passed before she quite naturally took her place at the head of the spinning maids, and examined the work that had been stored away for approval. The hum of the wheels, the respectful glances of the newer maids, the warm greeting of the old dame who controlled the room, gave her a sense of intoxicating happiness, and she experienced a glow of pleasure in the sense of service that it was now her part to render in the ordering of the household.

It was many days before she cared to look backward on the events of the past year, and but for a strong motherly instinct which was now developing itself in the care of the old people, she might have found time dull indeed. The Earl and his wife, released from immediate strain, sank back into a contented apathy, hugging the fireside, and talking but little; so the steward was told to postpone his accounts till Lord Dundonald could be troubled with them, and some time elapsed before the neighbours realised the return of the family.

It was on a wan wintry afternoon, when the old people were dozing after the solid mid-day meal, that Jean began thinking for the first time of the past months. Her duties for the day were over, and, with frowning, close-set brows and hesitating pen, she addressed herself to writing a letter to her brothers in Edinburgh:

"Dear Bros.,

My Lord has not yet recovered his spirits. Dr. Brisbane was here sinsyne and prescribed a potion which Grandmother was to give him, but he will have none of it. He takes a good night-cowl of strong waters, and says he sleeps the faster for it. I wish Grandmother would take the physic he only spews out, but she says she ails nothing——"

Here the letter ceased and the ink dried without the aid of sand, as, with body stilled and head supported on her arm, inrushing thought rendered Jean unconscious to all around her.

Without there lay the beautiful winter world, unheeded by her. A fall of fine snow had occurred the day before, and, wind-swept, it had drifted towards the corners of the deer park, covering with a white sheet the close-nibbled grass and stark brown moss in which the deer were nosing for a scanty meal, and had left bare spaces across which an occasional rabbit scurried in hot haste for his supper. Hares made themselves little forms among the snowy bents, and the whitened stoats wormed their way through the undergrowth. The whole scene had that aloofness and air of detachment which belongs to the landscape when at its coldest, and before the breath of spring has stirred it into life.

Within, the rays of the westering sun slanted into the room, conflicting with the firelight, and the dogs slept on the hearth, their backs to the fire. The old people, leaving the threads of life in nature's hands, slept too, oblivious of their many years. There was a warm smell given out by the leather bindings of the books. The little close-set stairway that led to the gallery withheld its creaks for the footfall of the next comer. Jean, lost to the purpose of her letter, surrendered to the sanctities of the silence, admitting to her confidence that deeper self with whom sooner or later she must try conclusions.

The friends of yesterday and the events of that wonderful year began to pass before her in slow succession, the curious gait of one, the high-pitched voice of another, the play of a face that always pleased, or the unconscious movements of a hand which betrayed the workings of an eager brain—all those quaint and curious manifestations by which mind indents itself upon matter, and by which

heredity proclaims the distant forbear through the bony framework that underlies the tender cheek.

She particularly recalled the last visit paid to her by Andrew Fletcher of Saltoun on the eve of his flight to Holland, and she remembered the note of wistfulness that showed itself in his farewell. She knew that she had aroused strong feelings in this strange man, but she had gazed wide-eyed and unmoved, thankful that his usually eloquent tongue betrayed him only by unwonted silence. His views differed from those about her too notably for her to be able to reconcile them to her way of life. She liked to think about them, to toy with his preposterous visions that her grandfather denounced as "only fitted for a platonic Government, and not suited for the present corruption." It was all so new and strange, that notion of his, which took away the power of princes; and yet, he told her, they were views shared by many others. She made, however, a good listener to his passionate pleadings for a world safeguarded by justice. His republican theory of government could not include that high note of personal loyalty which to her was so well expressed in the word "kingdom," which summed up the drudgeries and toil of government in the beautiful symbol of the crown, drawing sympathy and reverence to the person who bore the weight of it.

Then her thoughts became more personal. It was true that the piercing eye and eloquent tongue of Andrew Fletcher and his lightning decisions and clever repartee had aroused in her a quick response; his ideas, too, interested and enthralled her because of the new thoughts they awakened, but his personality evoked no answering thrill in hers. Over the high wall of her virginity she looked at him undisturbed, though feeling the warmest friendship for this little brown man of meteor-like qualities, whose thoughts ran so constantly upon justice. Her reverie had reached this point when the sun, reddening in

the heavy sky, flashed almost horizontally on to the table where she was sitting, and the light began to fail, so Jean hurriedly added a conclusion to her letter.

. . . . . .

Meanwhile, as the light was fading on Paisley Abbey, in a far place and in other surroundings, a man who had been writing long and laboriously rose to find his tinder box and to light a wax candle that he might further continue his letter. Here was a writer who had already solved for himself in a binding and conclusive way the problems of loyalty. He was no intellectual like Andrew Fletcher, but just a soldier whom kindly Fortune had not neglected, though now she was withholding that which should be the fruits of a man's toil—the wife of his choice to grace the home of his making.

Once more Claverhouse, for it was he, was pleading with the Earl of Menteith to arrange the proposed marriage with Lady Helen Graham. Once more, for the correspondence had already continued nearly two years, he was stating the mutual advantages of the suit, promising loyalty to the family into which the marriage would bring him. Darkness, and the necessity of moving to get a light, made a break in his thoughts, and when he sat down again and the clanking of his spurs and the creaking of his riding boots had ceased, there was no shrill answer from the movements of the bitten pen. The train of thought had been broken, and he fell a-dreaming. Cold Reason too had temporarily left her throne, and lightly-clad Fancy reigned in her stead.

In the shadows, now intensified by the lonely candle, there lurked a hundred unshapen thoughts, whispering low to each other, flinging undreamed-of ideas into the empty corners of the mind. Both arm and pen remained fettered to the heavy oak table by the Lilliputian threads of thought, and as he sat there motionless, the minutes sped by in twos and threes and tens and twenties. At last,

slowly and of set purpose, he again dipped the pen in the ink, and would up his letter with these words:

> "My Lord, you see by this and many other things how prejudicial it is for you not to come to some settlement in your affairs either one way or the other, and in the meantime my age slips away, and I lose other occasions, as I suppose the young lady also does." [1]

. . . . . .

It was in April of that year that Jean was sitting by her grandfather's chair, so busy with her needle and thread as to be heedless of the conversation among his morning callers, who themselves, their first salute over, were but little concerned with her presence. It was when a knot in the thread apparently engrossed all her conscious faculties that her ear caught the name of Graham.

"Ye'll never jalouse the last crack," one man was saying to another, "the news that cam through fra Edinburgh this forenoon. Lady Helen Graham has given Captain Claverhouse the go-by, and is off and away with Captain Rawdon for her Jo. They were married a fortnight sinsyne. It's served him a trick his enemies will be pleased to see."

"Weel dune, Helen," said another; "that's one conventicle Clavers 'll no overtak!" and a laugh followed at the sally.

"Is that so—Lord Conway's nephew, Arthur Rawdon?" said an older voice. "Weel, I'm no surprised. Clavers is a modest man with weemen, and fra what I ken of his courtship, he never so much as looked over the castle wall at the lady, and she was a Southron Irish lassie, and needed a more prevailing laddie to catch her fancy."

What had happened? What was it that had happened? What was there in those few words to create a tumult in Jean's blood? Conscious thought she had none, but,

[1] *Red Book of Menteith*, Sir W. Frazer, Vol. II., p. 203.

slipping off her stool, she was away up the little staircase before her flaming cheeks could be noted. Away she went to her own room, and there, with her back against the door, she realized the tempest within her.

"Oh!" she gasped, "oh, what has happened? I daurna think on it!" and sitting down to her toilet table, she waited for the physical storm to cease.

It seemed to her that it was an outrage, this derisive act of Nature, this moment of revelation in which the heart, taking command, beat furiously at the closed portals of the brain. That her feelings should have so slipped the leash of her everyday mind was as inconceivable as it was unexpected. Ashamed, as any Scotswoman might be, at her loss of self-control, Jean toyed with the things before her. The distant footsteps of Elspeth as they approached her door made her wish the earth would swallow her up, and, to hide her confusion, she hastily disordered her carefully-dressed hair and brushed it.

"I heard ye come whittering up the stairs," said Elspeth, as she entered the room and glanced sharply at her lady. "And what for do you look as blate as a sheep? Ye'll no tell me your hair's doon, or are your locks no braided to your mind that I've spent time eneuch on a'ready? Come bye, then; I'll redd it for you."

Elspeth of the forenoon was a busy person, very unlike the confidante of the evening hours; her voice boded no patience with an unexpected interruption to the morning's work, and she gave the pliant neck a twist that might have adjusted a carpenter's vice as she set to work with nimble fingers to straighten the disorder.

"Do you think it's bairn's play, braiding your locks at this time of day? Don't jee your heid noo or ye'll have it a' doon, so wasterfu' as ye are of my time!"

It was only the necessity of pursing up her button mouth over the hairpins she had just placed between her lips that at last stayed Elspeth's tongue.

Jean let her take her will of her and submitted, for her own wits had flown, but when the hair-dressing was over, she took her little plump gentle-woman by the waist and swirled her round, saying, "Never mind, Elspeth, it's no taken ye a blink to do," and whisking out of the room, she left the maid wrathfully mumbling.

The moment of betrayal was over; and it was a perfectly self-possessed Jean who descended the stairs a little later and picked up the threads of intercourse, vowing to herself that never again would she yield to a like foolishness.

(From a Drawing by the late P. MacGregor Chalmers)

CHAPTER IX.

A Visit to Hawkhead: "The Settling of the West."

> "Most Governments are framed for conquest,
> That is to disturb the peace of mankind."
>
> —*Andrew Fletcher of Saltoun.*

Out of all the long, closely-written letters that Scottish archives have preserved, there emerges a John Graham of Claverhouse who is still but little known to-day. Claverhouse the man became lost, first in the stories of his supposed persecutions, then in the copious whitewashings of a later date; but, in spite of both his detractors and appreciators, he lives most truly in the fond words of his close associates, which come to us through the halting metre of verse that was directly inspired by his personality. In the minstrelsy of war he was the Trojan of that day, loved by his troops, the warm friend of his royal master, and the trusted administrator of the Privy Council.

Claverhouse had matriculated at St. Andrews University, and was probably familiar with the Aristotelian philosophy as it was then taught; he was well versed in Latin authors, and was inspired by Roman ideals. He was under the patronage and encouragement of Archbishop Sharp, whose influence may have had much to do with the Episcopalian principles which he maintained throughout his life. It is easy to see how the brutal murder of this Archbishop by the Covenanters in 1679 would have seized upon the imagination and compassion of the younger man, and confirmed and strengthened him in carrying out his military duties against those fanatic rebels.

In due course, and as was customary, his education was completed by military training abroad, where he served first in France under the Duke of Monmouth and afterwards in Holland under William of Orange, in whose campaigns he was closely associated with other Scotsmen. When, after the death of his mother in 1675, he turned his face homewards, it was an experienced sword that he had to offer for service in Scotland. He surely felt the disparity between campaigning under commanders of European fame and harrying the Whiggamores in the morasses and mountains of the Scottish shires, and his unexpected defeat by the Covenanters at Drumclog must have opened his eyes to the ironies of civil war. By 1682 the mortification of that defeat by his fellow-countrymen had been lived down, and he was rapidly climbing into favour with the Government. At this time he was Sheriff of Wigtown, engaged in settling the south-west counties. He proved to have higher qualities than were necessary for the mere policing of disaffected shires, in that he was not content with "orders," but thought out an administrative plan of conciliation, and followed it up with some success.[1]

He wrote many letters in which it is easy to trace an embittered mind. He was young enough to feel the rebuff he had experienced at the hands of Lady Helen Graham, and, for the time, that had coloured his views. "Woemen," as he spelt the sex, are frequently mentioned in his despatches as the recalcitrants who presented most difficulty in the pacification of the district. He wrote from Dumfries, "This country now is in perfect peace, ... not only all the men have come, but the woemen have given obedience"; and in the same strain he wrote to his brother David, "particularly concerning the *ladies*, of which I know some are yet obstinate." In another

[1] *Vide* Privy Council Records.

letter he stated that the men were laying all their own blame on the women who, unknown to them, smuggled in their favourite ministers to baptise the bairns. "But I am resolved," he said, "that this jest shall pass no longer here, for it is laughing and fooling the Government." [2]

In spite of having insufficient forces at his command, and of being kept very short by the Treasury, the work of pacification in the south went on satisfactorily, and by May, 1683, he had practically finished the work, and earned the expressed thanks of the Privy Council. The settling of the west next came under consideration.

In the western shires, Claverhouse was closely associated with Jean's first cousin, William Ross, whose father, Lord Ross, lived at Hawkhead and died there in the spring of 1683. The bereavement of the Ross family made a break in the home life at Paisley, as Dundonald, taking his family with him, immediately went to Hawkhead to wind up the estate, and to establish his grandchild in his heritage.[3] The late Lord had been so intimately concerned with Dundonald in the affairs of the west that a lifelong friendship had continued between them. To Jean it seemed as if the two men were much of an age, and she had found it hard to realise that the grey head of Uncle Ross represented to her grandfather the youthful lover and husband of his daughter.

There was a good deal of excitement in the visit, because it brought together so many first cousins. The castle itself was an interesting place; it stood on a hill, which was formed into an island by the encircling waters of the Cart, and it was said to have been the home of the first Steward of Scotland, who retired there after he had established the Shropshire monks at Paisley and set them to build the church which was destined to become that famous Abbey.

[2] *Vide* Privy Council Records.

[3] His daughter Grizel Cochrane, wife of George, eleventh Lord Ross, had long been dead.

The grounds were now beautifully laid out into gardens, lawns, and terraces, with long avenues of stately trees.[4]

Lord Dundonald, saddened by the loss of his old friend and son-in-law, watched with quiet eyes the stream of young life flowing over the old landmarks, and, as he watched, he knew it to be good, discerning in each one some promise for that future which he was bound to leave to his successors.

Day after day he would spend interesting hours with his grandsons exploring the contents of the late Lord's charter-chest, until at last, growing weary, and looking out on the sunlit lawns, he would say:

"William, we'll let this list of feu-duties bide a bit; take your leash and gauntlet, and go your ways to the falcon lawn."

Then William Ross and his cousin Cochrane would call for their sisters and younger brothers, and in a few moments steps would be heard on the gravelled walks, and an onslaught of gay voices would arise as with boyish hearts the young men debated the rival claims of this or that bird. Jean was a very acceptable companion, for she was rapidly developing that quality of being "marvellous good companie," for which she became renowned among her contemporaries.

Occasionally Claverhouse would come to take a meal, or spend a day or two with them. He would talk freely of the success of his doings and of the approval of the Privy Council, and would enlarge upon the wickedness of rebellion against the King's reverence. He was often closeted with Dundonald and other Ayrshire Lords, discussing plans for the quartering of his troops when they should come to Ayrshire. As a brother officer of Lord Ross, he held a special place in the esteem of the young people, and they gave him a wholehearted admiration. Sometimes

[4] James, Duke of York, had stayed there in the previous autumn.

he would join them in an hour or two's sport or in some game. He told himself that he had no eyes for "woemen" now; they did not concern him. Jean, on her part, had recovered her balance so completely that the recollection of the surcharged moment of emotion, which had assailed her in the spring, was apparently forgotten: she had persuaded herself that it had never happened, never in reality. So these two, thrown together in the sunshine and glamour of early June mornings, found a common interest in the small things of life. With deft fingers, Jean would help to untie the strings of a jess, or would handle with sympathy a hood-shy falcon. Gradually there came to them both a sense of quick, mutual response in whatever the moment called for, whether it was in the pursuit of sport, the conduct of games, at open-air meals, or in any of the thousand and one activities that were devised. Unnoticed by either, the barriers of conventionality were breaking down, setting free something within them that accorded with the universal harmony that pervaded the glory of the summer. It would be safe to say that neither of them thought of themselves or of each other, for the blue vault of the heavens and fresh green foliage filled them with joy in living.

In the late evening hours the party would stroll in the garden and divide up into friendly pairs, who ceased their talk to watch the stars leap to their places, or to listen to the comfortable sounds of nestlings that mother wings sought to cover as the hush of life deepened into silence. At last, driven indoors by their own sleepiness, they each went to rest, whilst the earth, moving on its eternal way, brought on the morrow the rising sun to beckon them again with rosy fingers to fellowship and play.

The days of this visit to Hawkhead lengthened into weeks, and the weeks brought the glory of full summer. Claverhouse often came over, and would sometimes bring

his younger brother David with him, and sometimes his friend, William Livingston of Kilsyth, a man older than himself and a Lieutenant of the Scottish Horse. David was a fair, freckly youth, whose hair was bleached almost to whiteness. He shared in the admiration given to Claverhouse, though he took a youthful delight at being able to beat his elder brother in the rivalries of sport. Livingston, on the other hand, was a man of quiet bearing, whose eyes expressed a friendliness his tongue failed to utter; but though he was the silent member of the party, he watched with a pleasant smile the interplay of wills, taking his place at the exact moment that called for it, being neither forward nor lagging in his interest.

When Lord Dundonald had completed the business that had called them to Hawkhead, the summer party drifted apart, leaving only the memory of a hey-day not yet recognised by the young people as past and over. The Earl and his family returned home. Time flew; the golden summer crimsoned into autumn, which in turn gave place to pale winter. The women spent their time in baking and brewing, in soap-boiling and candle-making, in salting beef and herrings, and for long hours they sewed seams in newly-woven linen.

Claverhouse paid a visit to England, and was promoted to the rank of Colonel. The sons and daughters of the Covenant, so satisfactorily dealt with in the south, still continued their "evil" practices in the west, which yet remained to be "settled."

Jean wondered whether the quartering of the troops at Paisley would not be more disturbing than the field conventicles they were sent to scatter. The arrival of the troops, however, proved to be a welcome diversion.

The large landowners, fearing for their privileges, and always uncertain lest their estates should harbour unknown recalcitrants, necessarily took a very forward place in assisting the royal troops. Claverhouse's troop of horse

was the special care of the Earl of Dundonald. He and his officers were frequent guests at the Place of Paisley, while the troopers were accommodated in the old gate-house on the Abbey Bridge, which at one time had served for the guests of the Cluniac monastery.

Jean and her brother Cochrane spared the old people all the fatigues they could, and consequently Claverhouse was often to be found in close discussion with them and their steward, talking about the watering of horses, the cooking for the troopers' mess, the nursing and attention of a sick dragoon, or devising precautions to relieve the old people of the noise that the crowding of mounted men within the gates occasioned. The horses were tethered in the park, where little footpaths leading down to the water's edge were rapidly being formed; the rasp of handles on buckets and the creaking of the windlass of water-wells echoed all day. Straw and hay wisped about the court-yards, and unsightly barrels of salt beef and herrings obtruded themselves in unexpected places. Jean felt that it was good to be in this moving, active atmosphere; she rose to her new responsibilities with a swing of goodwill, and no details that were necessary for the men's comfort were overlooked. Sometimes the whole crowd would suddenly melt away, called out to overtake a conventicle on the far hill-side, only to return a few days later, weary and sodden, but content in a duty done. The rebels had been found, led perhaps by a white-haired preacher, with whom Claverhouse, always convinced of his own eloquence in pleading the King's cause, had remonstrated, but, alas! he had proved to be a very wicked fellow, well worthy of jail.

"He should have justice, but the King's reverence *must* be held in awe," said Claverhouse.

By force of these circumstances, Jean was made strangely familiar with the officers and men of the troop, and as she watched Claverhouse, honoured alike by

grey-haired officers and the last joined boy, she perceived in him something that stood for quality. She realised that his loyalty was of a deeper nature than that of those striving Scotsmen who begged for royal smiles from the alien Court at Whitehall without being willing to give an equivalent in service.

In Claverhouse, devotion to the dynasty assumed a religious aspect, for it sanctified and dedicated his manhood. Jean also could understand this, since she, too, whilst in Edinburgh had learned to love and appreciate the Royal Family, and she knew how sincerely they desired to serve their subjects, in spite of their ever-changing fortunes. Gradually she began to look at life through his eyes, and he, in watching her move about, performing the woman's office of the right ordering of that large household, knew that in her he saw a queen among women, one whose mind was free of littleness, who was indifferent to the lure of fashion, and not yet narrowed by setfast opinions. In silence their eyes would often rest on each other, and they were content to know that manhood and womanhood held such qualities. The conventions of education, the confusions of self-analysis, were all cleared away by the one great discovery of the meaning of life as revealed to them in each other, and whilst they found their way into the deeps of each other's hearts, it seemed to Jean as if Time stood at gaze in a seventh day's rest, knowing the work of his hands to be good.

. . . . . .

Dundonald, old and weary, sitting even on a summer's eve by the fireside in his own room, limited his intercourse with Claverhouse to that of a well-concerned host. He praised his discernment and activity, ordered small difficulties to be removed, and gave all the encouragement he well could. Only those who remained with him heard the anathemas against the Government that followed on the closing of his door to the disturbers of his peace. He

really knew little of what was going on, as care was taken that he should not be worried by details. He tried to busy himself with his post letters, and to forget his annoyances by answering them at great length. Perhaps it was this detachment that caused him to be taken by surprise when one evening Lord Cochrane came in with Claverhouse, saying that the Colonel wished to wait upon him on personal affairs. The old man had just laid down the pen with which he had been inditing a letter of sound counsel to his son, John Cochrane of Ochiltree; and probably it was auspicious to the callers that they had not intruded their business sooner, for with the end of the letter the writer was relieved of an irksome duty, and was ready to be entertained by whatever chanced.

"Come awa and be seated," he said warmly as the two young men entered. "Ye'll no be weary of well-doing yet, Colonel?" and, rising heavily from his seat at the table, he turned to his armchair in the chimney corner and waited for the subject on their minds to be opened.

It was a very different Claverhouse to the one who had addressed himself to Menteith, for now, sure of himself, he was equally sure of the altar on which he had placed his offering.

"My Lord," he said, "I would be married upon your grand-daughter Jean, and, as I have occasion to know that the young lady herself has made choice of me, I make bold to believe that I may become an acceptable member of your Lordship's family, for whom, as you know, I have the highest regard."

Dundonald, who had been gazing into the fire, whisked round in his chair, and his old face puckered and worked as he gazed speechless at this new form of intrusion. Presently a queer, guarded smile appeared.

"Hech! and that's your will to-day, is it!" he said. "No content with taking my stables for your horses, my barns for your troopers, and searching for rebels among

my cottars, ye'd like to tak my grandchild for your wife, eh?"

A hearty laugh from Lord Cochrane greeted this speech, and put them all at ease. Cochrane had been the first to receive the confidences of Claverhouse and his sister, and had offered his goodwill in furthering their approach to his grandfather. It was a surprise to him that smiles had come before frowns, and after a few words, in which the Lieutenant championed his Colonel, he left the room, confident that all would go well.

The old man listened attentively while Claverhouse pleaded his cause, and, after a few moments' silence, he returned answer:

"Ye may wonder, Clavers, that I have allowed my grand-daughter to bide single lang syne, but it's no without reason. I love the lass weel, and would not tie her without her willing consent. Then ye must ken the women folk of her family are kittle cattle to marry. Nae doot ye have often heard the gossip about her grandmother, how that she was up and awa' with the gipsy laddie, Johnnie Faa, whiles her lawful husband was in the city of Westminster. I'm no saying that's true: it never was true, but there's no smoke where there's no fire, and no doubt but she was a wayward wife, and the ballad writers knew it. Then there's her Aunt Margaret, to whom, I may tell you, Jean is heiress in the estate of Evandale. Her auntie defied all our well-considered marriage customs, and indeed the very laws of nature when, old as she was, she secretly wed the young minister, Gilbert Burnet, and never mint a word of it for three long years. Poor soul, she's paying the penalty, I'm thinking, in her weariful latter end, alane in Scotland, while her prelatical young husband jostles into fame in London. Her sister, Jean's mither, is no friend of mine, but she made her own choice in marrying our son William, and was his loyal bedfellow and helpmate till he died. As regards Jean, I'll no say but she's a chip

of the auld block and needs a lang halter, but she's a loving, loyal heart, and gif she tells me it is truly yours, I'll abide by her decision and give her a tocher ye'll no be ashamed of."

The negotiation so well begun then took a more business-like turn, and Claverhouse went on to explain how his patrimonial estates were scattered about in various parishes of Forfar; moreover, that he was hopeful of getting both the office and estate of the hereditary Constable of Dundee, which had been declared void owing to the malversations of the late Constable, who was Master of the Mint. If he was able to do this, he explained, the Castle of Dudhope would be available to him as a suitable home, but that, even failing this, he could settle the life-rent of the Barony of Glen Ogilvy upon his wife as jointure. Shrewd questions followed on both sides, and when they separated each of them was fully assured of the suitability of the match.

Late at night, when Claverhouse closed the door on the old Earl, he stood for a moment by the black velvet hanging that covered it, his eyes resting on another doorway that opened on to the gallery. Was the young lady awake? he wondered. Was she doubting whether the dawn would see her a trysted maid? His face softened as he thought of her, and with a contented sigh he went down to the library. There he saw Lieutenant Livingston, who was waiting for his signature to a warrant. He signed it absent-mindedly, and then, in a longing for intimacy, he told Livingston what had taken place.

"I'm sure I wish you weel," said Livingston, heartily; and added, "You and she will make even yoke-fellows."

And Jean? Jean, who had long since climbed into her bed, was not lying awake to speculate on tocher and jointure, nor was she doubting her grandfather's goodwill. She was facing the future with confidence and gladness in her heart, for it seemed to her as if it were the Eternal

mind, and not her own, which had placed her under the sovereignty of love, and, as she lay down with this new-found joy, she for the first time discovered in herself a dim and winsome sense of the love of God. She realized with surprise how the Creator of this wicked world, for thus she had been taught to think of it, had placed deep down in men's and women's hearts that which could so redeem and sanctify their lives—the love and understanding of each other.

(From a Drawing by the late P. MacGregor Chalmers)

CHAPTER X.

"The Bluidie Wark of a Man."

Insensibly the household came to see that Colonel John Graham of Claverhouse and Jean Cochrane were "even yoke-fellows," as first voiced by Lieutenant Livingston. The pair soon found themselves in an atmosphere of goodwill, darkened a little for Jean, perhaps, by the maternal letter from Auchans, in which her mother denounced the proposed alliance, and added that in marrying a persecutor of the Covenant, her daughter should "want her blessing."

This discordant note made the conference of friends and lawyers, called together to arrange the marriage settlement, much longer in coming to an agreement than would otherwise have been the case, and many months went by before the marriage contract was ready for signature. By feudal law, woman was so clearly property that, like real estate, the conveyancing of her person from parent to husband was a work of time and labour.

Whilst settling the west and quelling local disturbances, Claverhouse came and went with Psyche-like abruptness, each visit to Paisley tending to a closer bond between Jean and himself. Like all lovers, they put ugly things behind them, and lived on the blossoming of their own affections. The world was not wanting in unfriendly whispers, and so, while Claverhouse had to defend himself against malicious innuendo caused by marrying into a suspect family, Jean had to face misgivings among her mother's friends at her boldness in allying herself with one who so harried the followers of Christ. But, backed by the know-

ledge of his love and of the true nature of the man himself, and confident in the affectionate approval of her grandparents, Jean would not allow herself to be troubled by the great vague world, which for the moment had grown dim and distant.

Not so Claverhouse. Letters of justification and defence of the proposed alliance were written by him to the Duke of York and the Lord High Treasurer. The discovery that a shepherd on the Dundonald estates was a frequenter of conventicles was seized on by his enemies as an opportunity for tripping him up; but, as he was able to prove his devotion to duty, the mud flung at him did not stick. Steadfastly carrying out his instructions, Claverhouse steered a straight course, earning the respect of his friends, and baffling for the time those who thought to find him trimming his sails to the political winds.

. . . . . .

One morning, when Claverhouse was away with his troopers scouring the hills, Jean had made her daily round of the policies with her grandfather, and, having left him talking to his factor in one of the upper barns, she returned home, intending to re-enter the house by way of the ground-floor offices. As she passed the window of the stone-flagged kitchen, her ear caught the wailing of an infant. The sound came to her through the open window, and with it a warning "Hush!" to the maids. Something tense in the way the word was spoken arrested her attention, and she turned in at the door to see what was amiss.

As she entered, the little crowd of wenches broke up into groups, and she saw the chief cook holding a rag dipped in milk to a sucking babe, lost to all except the needs of the babe itself. By the table was a weeping woman, supported by one of the maids, who with horrified face listened to her broken story. Elspeth too, carrying a salver, had evidently been arrested on her way upstairs,

and stood listening by the inner door. Jean surveyed the scene a moment, and then, advancing into the kitchen, said quietly:

"What's ado?"

Before anyone could answer her, Elspeth put down her tray and hurriedly exclaimed:

"It's naught, it's naught—just a cry over a broken meal bason. Come awa' ben, come awa'; it's no for your Ladyship!" and everyone, becoming aware of Jean's presence, stirred uneasily.

"Come awa'!" repeated Elspeth, and laid her hand pressingly on her mistress' gown.

Jean flushed red. She turned angrily on Elspeth, and, failing to see the look of alarm that spread over the woman's face, she pushed her from her in exasperation, saying:

"Am I a bairn that ye say me nay, Elspeth?"

The poor girl, rebuked and mortified before the eyes of the very kitchen maids, went white to the lips, but her courage did not fail her as she whispered again:

"Come awa', Jean: ye'll rue the day!"

But Jean, never subservient to coercion, turned obstinate, and said:

"I'll bide here till I know what's amiss."

"'Tis but a broken meal bason!" said one of the maids, taking her cue from Elspeth, who was now trembling.

The woman at the table slowly lifted her head, for, out of the confusion and noise, she had heard the words of the last speaker. She was a very young woman, tear-stained, and soiled by a night spent in the open; her dress was disordered, her kerchief gone, her shawl missing, and her feet blood-stained and sore: indeed, she was a sorry sight, and sad to see.

"A broken meal bason!" she exclaimed slowly and wonderingly. "What recks a broken meal bason when it's your man and the father of your babe that lies stark wi'

a broken heid!" and, catching sight of Jean, she took a step forward, saying, "Oh, my Lady, nae doot but it's ye with the bonny face that I made bold to come and see. Listen to me, I beseech ye, for the sake of the wanting babe that lies there."

She then poured forth a bitter tale about her lad, her wedded husband, a shepherd of his Lordship, who minded the flocks on the upper sides of the distant hills. He was a slow lad, but wise in sheep and nimble at the lambing. They dwelt in a biggit cot on the south side of the hill, and had been wedded two years come Martinmas. This year the babe had been born, and they were without scant or want in their happiness. The sheep had weathered the winter snows, and none had gone amissing save the black-faced ewe that spiked herself on a withered tree; the factor would speak for her gudman's care of them.

"But, my lady," she continued, "because of his flock, he couldna always be at the Kirk the Sabbath morn. Indeed, he had never heard what the King's Grace had caused to be said, for we live far from neighbours in a very desert place. Gif he went to conventicles, it was because the music of the Psalm drew him to the fold of the hill where they were held, and where he could listen to the minister and still watch his flock on the hill-side. He was no waur than other lads, my Lady, and now he lies on the hill, my kerchief over his bluidy een and my plaid on his straited limbs."

The girl, for she was but little more, broke down and did not readily speak again. Jean soothed her quietly, and tried to find out what she had come for.

"What had happened?" she asked, but the girl hardly knew.

Two troopers, she said had called to her in the cottage, and asked for a drink, and one of them had told her to search the hills for her man, as a conventicle had been broken up; shots had been fired, and the people had fled.

The men were frank and brutal, but she heeded not their gaffing, and, taking her babe, she had set forth in search of her husband, and when she found him . . . and then she broke down again.

"Tell me," said Jean, gently, "what did you do? What did you find?"

The woman looked up and answered slowly and mechanically, her hollow eyes fixed on the unseen image of her woe:

"I gathered his brains, for they were scattered; I straightened his limbs, and I sat me down and wept, and the nicht covered me."

The cook, with the crying babe in her arms, had quietly crept from the kitchen, followed by the maids. Jean was alone with a victim of the Privy Council.

"All night?" she asked.

"All night, my Lady, I bided there, and when the dawn broke and the murk rolled away, my babe cried, for I had had no food since the Sabbath morn, and I could not give it suck. The sound of my fatherless bairn in his wailing drave me here, my Lady. Oh, tell me," and here her voice rose impassionate, "what have I to look to? My man's gone; they will take my cot from me for the next shepherd, and my bairn will be homeless. Ah! you whose bairns are yet to come, speak for mine to the Earl, cause him to enquire of the factor concerning my lad who had served him since a bairn? Ask my Lord to give me a home; tell him my David was no rebel ava to his Lordship or to the King, but oh, he loved the Psalm, and could not help but join in the singing!"

Here the portly cook came in to reassert her authority over the kitchen, the babe, who was now quiet, on her arm.

"Wheesht, now," she said to the woman, as she gave an approving glance at Jean. "See the babe needs you; a bonnie meal he's made, and you need one too; sit ye down while I get a drink of whey and something for your

famished body. Look, mither, dinna let the bairn smile at ye unheeded. See, he chirrups, the bonnie wee man; he kens weel the feel of your breist. Ward him now!" and she laid the babe in his mother's arms, and, continuing as if to herself, she said, "Ech, me! the weans that I've nursed in my day! and mair than ane of them lies beneath the bluidy plains of Flanders!"

With a loud sniff, she turned away, and her great bare feet flapped about the kitchen as she got platter and bowl for her guest, and a bath of hot water for the bramble-torn feet.

"What do ye stand gaping there for, ye silly gowk?" she said suddenly in a strident voice, pouncing out on a wench who peeped enquiringly round the cheek of the doorway. "Get on with your wark, or I'll clout ye on the heid, ye idle taupie. Where are ye all hiding, that kens nae sorrow nor an empty stomach? Get on wi' your wark!" and the kitchen quickly filled up as each maid returned to her duties.

Jean rose and whispered: "I'll see to it that you have a home for your bairn. You need not fear to lack the milk of human kindness," and putting her hand on the mother's shoulder, she stooped gently and kissed the babe and left the room.

It was many days before the colour returned to Jean's cheeks, and she went about wan-faced and abstracted. Seamstresses and tailors, who had taken possession of the house in preparation for her wedding, found her uninterested in the details of her wardrobe, and would fain have had Elspeth enlighten them; but that which had blanched her mistress's face had made the affronted Elspeth go red-eyed, and both of them preserved a steady silence to the world and to each other.

. . . . . .

"Grandfather!" The call echoed through a seemingly empty room, for Dundonald did not hear it.

"Grandfather!" Jean repeated, and this time it smote the air like a cry of pain.

The old man looked up from the chair. He had been dreaming of the past, and it took time before he became fully conscious of the presence of his favourite grandchild. Even when he looked at her, it seemed as if she were intruding on the seeming realities of his dreams, but as these slowly receded he became fully aware of the palpitating eager young life that was calling to him for succour.

"Grandfather!" it came, clamant and imperious in its demands on his attention.

The old man's eyes now dwelt upon Jean, as in a moment of affectionate surrender she knelt at his side.

"Come awa, lass, come awa!" he said, not impatiently.

For a little time there was silence between them—each now conscious of what was passing in the mind of the other.

"Ye've had your will, lassie, and mebbe I was a doited old man to give it ye; but ye've had your will, and ye've found your man—what ails ye now?"

"It's no the man that ails me, grandfather," Jean said in a low voice, and again there was a pause.

"Weel, if it's no the man, is it the bluidie wark of a man that flichts you?"

Tears began to show themselves, and, misdirected in their course by the long fingers that covered her face, they trickled unheeded down her snowy white neck.

"It *is* the bluidy wark of a man," she said in a low voice that vibrated through the room; "and oh, grandfather, not only so, but I misdoubt all human judgment when I see how one person is loyal to one thing and another to its exact contrary. I cannot warsle with these perplexities. I've thocht and thocht about it my ain self before I troubled you, and now I'm at my wits' end."

The old man gathered his faculties for thought. Here

was no schoolgirl she crossed to love, but Youth calling out for a philosophy of Life. He realised that she was consciously stifling the elemental promptings of love while seeking a moral sanction for the affections.

"Lassie, we've put it weel!" he said; "for what were life without loyalty! and Claverhouse will never fail in it."

Then he began talking of his own reminiscences, so that he might distract her and give the errant tears time to dry. Far back he wandered, back to the scenes that had been passing in his mind when she disturbed him. He talked of his father and grandfather until she was quieter, and when he had restored her to calmness, he became more direct.

"You are right," he said, "to bring your thoughts and your love to the test of reason, but reason must be linked with faith before it will serve you, and by faith I mean that apprehension of the truth in another which will enable you to justify his action even though it be not according to the dictates of your own mind.

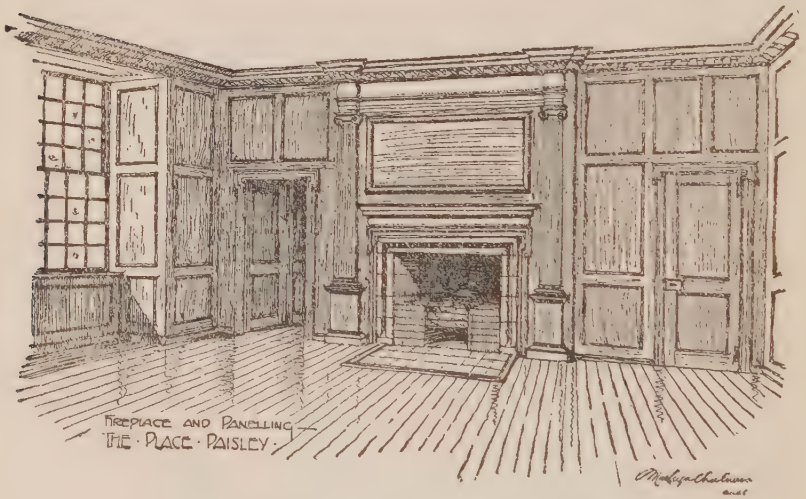
"Such a faith is due between husband and wife, for in what kind of scales can you weigh each other's designs? They should not be weighed in the scales of justice—those would serve you ill—but by compassion and understanding. Already this call is laid upon you, already you must measure Claver's work by the same compassion as you give to the poor wretches whom it renders homeless and outcast.

"Claverse is a servant of the State. Were he to flinch in the duties he is engaged upon, the State would suffer—so he firmly believes. These disordered homes are his tribute to the ordered State—so he is told by those whom he serves.

"Your mother would tell you that the Covenanters were but seeking the freedom of the moors for the worship of God. Were that really so, we would none of us grudge it to them, though this call to freedom is no doubt what is

Preparations for her wedding were soon in full force; there was much to occupy her, but in quiet intervals her mind would revert to the hard sayings which had come to her so tenderly from the lips of her grandfather, and which life was proving to be true.

Dundonald was getting very frail. Recent troubles connected with the Rye House Plot and the exile and outlawry of his son John had greatly aged him, and Jean realised that home in Paisley might soon cease for her whether she married or no. The sands in the hour-glass of her grandfather's life were running very low, and the thought of this gave her a new gentleness, especially towards her grandmother. How differently, she thought, were they peering into the future—she glimpsing a land of promise and the fulness of life, and her grandmother facing the narrowing life of old age, from which the most loved and familiar figure would soon be absent.



(From a Drawing by the late P. MacGregor Chalmers)

CHAPTER XI.

MARRIAGE.

"Alace that I cam o'er the moor
And left my love behind me."

—*Skene MS.*

MARRIAGE festivities in Scotland had always been under the displeasure of the Kirk Session, which rightly kept an eye on the irregularities that often accompanied weddings, and for more than a century Kirk Sessions had "ordainit," and ordainit in vain, that there should not be any minstrelsy, piping, or dancing, under heavy penalties. Youth and Cupid employed all their arts to evade the laws, and if Scottish lovers refused to recognise the "solemnization" of marriage, and turned the occasion into a revel, it might be said in their defence that it was owing to the zealots of the Reformation who had explicitly done away with the sacramental character of the ceremony.

The poorer classes had to celebrate their bridals on a fixed day, and to give an undertaking that the cost of the festivities which followed should not exceed a certain sum. The gentry, however, were able to arrange for their weddings to take place in their own houses, and during periods of Episcopacy they could get a Bishop's licence and so avoid the necessity of the publication of banns or of registration, and this was the course Jean and Claverhouse probably pursued.[1]

[1]Presbyterian ministers would often refuse to register such marriages. Of the marriage of the Hon. Jean Cochrane to Colonel John Graham of Claverhouse there is no trace in the Parish Registers, which at the time were well kept. The legal contract, however, was signed at the Place of Paisley, 9th June, 1684.

Jean had to be instructed in the provisions of tocher and jointure, and her grandfather was careful to see that she understood all the technicalities connected with conquest lands, terse, and aliment, and the provision and destination to children of the marriage. This she was well able to grasp, though, woman-like, she was glad to leave the argie-bargie over details to the writers and advocates.

The domestic ritual was more entertaining, and in this her grandmother shone. From cupboard and kist she drew forth her treasures of napery and plenishing. The four-post bridal bed had to be provided with lavender-perfumed sheets which had never been slept on, and a special suit of hangings kept for such occasions was used to adorn it. The well-trodden, snow-white blankets were covered by a wonderful bedspread which had been the work of industrious aunts, who had traced with their needles the branches of the tree of life, and had stitched round and round to form the golden oranges that hung therefrom. Perhaps they dimmed their own young eyes in embroidering those of Adam and Eve, who, naked and unashamed, stood hand in hand beneath the spreading branches of the tree—truly a suitable covering for a bridal bed, for surely it whispered, could they but have heard it, long tales from the East, where its design originated, and, though conventionalised by full a thousand years of usage, it spoke as in a dream of the birth of the world and the mother and father of mankind.

On the evening before the wedding, the bride had to take a hearty part in the pleasantries that accompanied the ceremonial of washing the feet. Jean's girl friends and cousins would not spare her the soot and ashes that were thrown into the water to prolong the ceremony, and fun and frolic sat lightly on unaccustomed brows as old and young alike flung jests to each other. After the amusement connected with this was ended, Jean was

subjected to the rigours of the toilet table over which Elspeth presided with the crimping irons that she wielded with such skill. While Jean sat there, her cousin, Grizel Cochrane, hovered round, making impetuous comments and impossible suggestions.

"I kent your choice would be a hero, Jean, but most of us have no choice ava!" she said. "I could lay my best kerchief that Clavers will cover you with honours."

Jean's efforts to look up in answer were fruitless, as she dared not turn her head for fear of Elspeth's tongs. Grizel was a winsome lass, romantic in her outlook, and longing for adventures of the wilder sort.[2] Her father, Sir John Cochrane, and her eldest brother were now both of them exiles in Holland, where they had fled on the discovery of the Rye House Plot, and the rebel spirit of Sir John stirred in the veins of his daughter.

"'Deed, I've no thocht of a husband that way at all, Grizel," said Jean; "heroes are for chap books and tales. I want my John because I love him and would feel him nearest to me in all the press of life. Besides, he'd have a want too did I no fill it."

As she spoke, the glow of the fading sun lighted up her eyes and burnished the bright hair that Elspeth was twisting and turning with the irons.

"Love is no game ava," Jean continued, "and Scotland will never lack heroes. Ye'll see their names on every kirk door and mercat cross, as ye ken weel."[3]

Grizel's sloe-black eyes fastened on her cousin in astonishment.

"La!" she said, "one would think you were an auld carlin to hear you talk."

Jean laughed, her head all bobbity with the knots of lint with which Elspeth was safeguarding the twisted curls, and as she shook its tasselled mop, Grizel and Elspeth,

[2] *Vide* Appendix III.

[3] The names of rebels were pasted on the church doors and market crosses.

suddenly smitten by its oddity, laughed too. Hair-dressing over, Elspeth, following custom, fetched Jean a posset to ensure sleep; she would allow no tossing about in bed, she said, lest her handiwork that was to crown the bride of to-morrow should be spoiled. Thus, in spite of all the excitement, Jean slept soundly, nor did she even wake early when the summer daylight ushered in her wedding morn.

It was a gay wedding, for the red uniforms of the troops of Claverhouse's regiment, which had so often been quartered at Paisley, gave colour and a martial air to the scene, while the trumpeters and kettle-drummers, clad in quiet grey, made the air resound with their bravest music.

The old hall of Paisley had never seemed more home-like to Jean than on the morning of her wedding, when, attired in white and with Elspeth's handiwork wreathed in flowers, she passed down the little stairway. And never had love and pride so illumined her grandfather's face as when he met her at the last stair, and took her hand to lead her to the fald-stools which had been set at the far end of the hall.

To accommodate his halting steps, they passed very slowly between the rows of waiting friends, and were followed immediately by a clatter of young girls who attended the bride. Among the younger people were several who had been of the party at Hawkhead two years before, and among the friends of the older generation, which was widely represented, were Sir James Foulis of Ravelstone and Dr. Brisbane.

Claverhouse, strangely nervous, was attended by his friend, Colin Mackenzie,[4] an advocate, who had drawn up the marriage contract and was there to witness the deed. After signing the contract, Claverhouse kissed the pen before he handed it to Jean, and in that act, more truly

[4] A kinsman of Sir George Mackenzie of Rosehaugh, Lord Advocate.

than in any other, she realised the completeness of the compact, and traced her name slowly in firm characters.

A hush fell on the groups when the words of the Episcopal form of service, which was by no means familiar to many of those present, were read. Even Grizel Cochrane's usually roaming thoughts were transfixed in attention.

Jean heard and followed as in a dream; she was in a dedicatory mood and the sturdy words of the service suited her. It seemed more like a baptism into a new and dedicated life.

When all was accomplished, and the knot tied as securely as ministers and lawyers could do it, at an unseen hint from one of the officers, the trumpeters gave out a fanfare, and on her husband's arm Jean was presented to the troop. The loud huzzaing that followed demonstrated the love of the men for their commander and their appreciation of his lady. Then, released from ceremonial, all set to work on the feast provided for them, and drank toasts suitable to the occasion.

The men were seated out of doors, and soon were so busy with trencher and bowl that no one perceived the arrival of a soldier on a hard-ridden horse. He dismounted, and tied his steed to a neighbouring tree, dusted down his travel-stained buff coat, and quickly came forward.

He showed a sealed letter to a corporal, who passed it forward, and it went from hand to hand till finally it reached the bridegroom within doors. Claverhouse read the letter, then showed it to Jean. They looked in each other's eyes, and Jean gave an affirmative nod. Every eye was upon the newly-wedded pair. Claverhouse, plunged for the moment in deep thought, was lost to his surroundings, but the hush that fell upon the company reached him as no noise could have done, and he realised that the guests were waiting to learn the cause of the interruption.

In one instant the debonair bridegroom became the hard-set soldier, and, turning to the Earl of Dundonald, he said:

"My lord, my troop is called to the King's service. Will your Lordship and the company excuse the bridegroom from the feast?" and with one more look at Jean he left the room, and was followed immediately by Lord Ross, his brother David, and other officers.

It made an ugly gap in the party. The guests, only a moment before so united in good fellowship and feasting, fell apart in dismay. One or two women's voices, high pitched, were raised irate against the rebels, making dismal comedy of the scene, while the men took furtive sips at their wine, but left the food untasted.

Jean alone kept the dignity of silence and waited. Presently Lord Ross came to her with the request that she would join Claverhouse in the little dining-room.

There, in her grandfather's office, she found him, his coat of Spanish cloth changed for his field service uniform, muttering curses on rebels under his breath. The room was in disorder, littered by the broken meats and dirty dishes of the feast, which had been put there by hurried servants. Through the small stanchioned windows could be heard the clattering of horses in the garth and the shouts of the men as they tugged at the buckles of the belly bands. The seemliness and order of but half an hour ago had given place to haste and disorder and to the weighty cursings of men-at-arms called from their meat to moss and hag.

Claverhouse, still buttoning and belting his uniform, and disgusted with this turn of a soldier's life, could not even find words with which to comfort his bride, but he appreciated her silence, and was pleased that she said no words to stay him. Standing daintily in that disordered room, her skirts drawn up from the litter on the floor,

she surrendered to his crushing embrace, and learned in that moment the wife's hard duty of self-effacement.

After the departure of the troops, the wedding party, its chief interest gone, broke up into little groups. Jean wandered from one to the other, her head held high, with two hot spots of colour on her cheeks, and tears very near to her burning eyes. She felt she had now but little part in the assembly, and the scraps of conversation which reached her seemed far away. As she passed a group of young men a coarse jest broke on her tormented ears, with the tail end of a sentence not intended for her hearing, which lashed her already highly-strung nerves. She was well nigh at breaking point, and, as she was looking for some means of escape, her grandfather came up and said slowly:

"Mistress," it was the first time of his so calling her, "Mistress, your grandmother ails a wee."

She flashed at him a grateful glance, and, turning to those immediately round her, she said:

"My brother will make my excuses."

The old man offered her his arm, and together they left the room. Sir James Foulis and Dr. Brisbane, who were buttonholed together, paused in their talk as they watched with sympathy the two disappearing through the doorway.

That night, in a little chamber far from the one prepared for her and Claverhouse, Jean laid down her weary head, thankful for the end of a day which had seemed as if it would last for ever. She disdained all companions, as she longed to be alone. At first the cool sheets brought her balm, but when she felt sure that the household slept, she allowed the tears, so long kept back, to flow, and hugged to herself the luxury of unseen weeping. Soon, however, she could not control the storm that had burst its clouds, and her sobs shook the bed.

Suddenly, during an effort to be quiet, *a sob not her own* smote the air. Terrified for a moment, she sat up in bed, and then comfort flashed to her.

"Elspeth!" she said softly, and there came, with an answering sob:

"Jean, oh, Jeanie, a couldna sleep for thinking on you!"

"Elspeth!" said Jean again, holding wide her arms, and in a flash the maid was climbing up into the wall bed. She crept close to her mistress, and lay by her side. Darkness covered Jean's wounded pride as sob followed sob, and Elspeth soothed the stricken girl.

Soon the dead hours of the night did their appointed work and stilled the quivering eyelids and numbed the sleepy brains. At long last, as dawn pricked her way through the wooden shutters, mistress and maid slept in each other's arms.

. . . . . .

There was never a more saddle-sore and weary bridegroom than Claverhouse when he dismounted, three days later, on his return to Paisley to claim his bride. Neither he nor she regretted the absence of guests, who, one by one, had doffed their wedding garments, packed them up in the rumble of their coaches, and returned to their own homes. John Graham of Claverhouse and Jean Cochrane were left to a Sabbath-like peace, and before the day closed, they went quietly into the great Abbey Church and entered St. Mirin's Aisle, where for a few moments they knelt down together and sought a blessing from the God of their fathers.

To Claverhouse, this God was strangely indistinguishable from Church and State and the Stuart dynasty, while to Jean the punishments of the Almighty seemed more frequent and discernible than His benefits; yet surely for both of them on that day there ruled a God of Love, into whose keeping they gave all that they held most dear.

CHAPTER XII.

DUDHOPE CASTLE.

1684-5.

"Great Constable of Fair Dundie."—*Finlay's Ballads.*

IT was not very long before Claverhouse and Jean took up their abode at Dudhope, the seat of the hereditary Constable of Dundee, an appointment now secured to him.

The journey there was performed in stages, the first to Edinburgh, where business always awaited Claverhouse, the second to Glen Ogilvy, in order that Jean should be introduced to the home of his boyhood, and finally on to Dundee. Travelling as a newly-married couple, the journey was a delight to them both. The Dundonald coach took charge of the cloakbags and of Elspeth, who, clutching a case of pearls lately sent as a present to Jean by Princess Anne, kept a wary eye on all who shared the road with them, trusting more to her own vigilance than to the convoy of men-at-arms which accompanied the coach.

Jean rode a great part of the way by Claver's side, only using the coach when she was tired or when the clouds brought showers. There was so much to talk about, for though both of them knew that an ordered happy life to be shared between them rested in the first place on their love and goodwill, yet they realised that ultimately, alas! it would be shaped by circumstances over which they had no control.

There was no hiding the fact that already the marriage had made enemies for Claverhouse, who were constantly on the watch, and introduced an element of suspicion into

a hitherto untarnished record; and even between him and Jean there were subjects of difficulty to be avoided if possible when talking. Jean knew, for instance, her husband's opinion of her Uncle John, which he always expressed in unmistakable terms. "He is a madman; let him perish!" was perhaps the most tolerant of his expressions of dislike; and Jean was fully aware that he and her kindly, fascinating uncle were never likely to meet in friendship.

But living under the shadow of the political clouds of 1684 did not make them forget the sunshine of their own love, and Claverhouse, like all true lovers, wanting his bride to visualise the whole background of his mind, poured the riches of his memory out before her. His father had died when he was five years old; but his mother, a daughter of the Earl of Northesk, had lived till 1675, and there were many tales to tell Jean of his childhood passed with his brother and two sisters under her widowed care. He told her stories of the dreadful years of Cromwell's rule, when the little family at Glen Ogilvy, shuddering at reports of the doings of the English soldiery, were thankful for the "order of protection" issued to them by General Monk, and which perhaps saved them from the fate accorded to the three thousand men and women who were slaughtered in Dundee, but a few miles from their own roof-tree.

The poverty and want that followed on the establishment of the Commonwealth was sorely felt by high and low in Scotland, and the first ten years of John's life were passed in the straitened circumstances of those lean years. Well educated from the outset, the boy had been filled with classic lore, and his familiarity with Roman history formed the background of all his thoughts on government. Added to this, there was the romance of his own blood and family, of the descent of the Grahams from Robert Bruce through

Robert the Third of Scotland and ladies of high degree. There were stories of Grahams, good and bad; of Grahams who had served their royal kinsmen, but had quarrelled with them even to the point of murdering the reigning King,[1] all being done no doubt with a haughty sense of blood relationship and equality. There were stories too of his great kinsman, Montrose, whose exploits and tragic fate had kindled his imagination in boyhood, even as it was destined to stir national feeling for all time. It was not easy to be a true Graham, he said, but it was inspiring; and though he could not hope to become a second Montrose, he would not fail to hand on to his children the family tradition of high chivalry and honour untarnished, even if he could not add to its lustre. Jean thought warmly and with wonder of the mother who had so well stored her boy's mind with stories of noble Scotsmen, with admiration for Roman justice, and who had inspired him, above all, with heroic resolve to fit himself for every opportunity of serving the State in the best way that he knew. As she looked sideways at her man, she was thinking not of him but of that mother who could give the sense of heritage to her sons, and depict their father's family to them in terms of epic greatness, teaching them their right to a share in all that the kingdom had to offer in Court or battlefield without counting the cost. Her mind turned to his mother's scanty jewelry and worn trinkets which he had lately given her, not as articles of adornment, for they were far from that, but as the cherished personal belongings of one who had loved him and made him what he was.[2]

On their arrival at Edinburgh, they stayed with Sir George Mackenzie of Rosehaugh, the Lord Advocate, who

[1] James First was murdered in 1437 by Sir Robert Graham.

[2] "An embroydered purs, quhairin ther is ane pear of gold bracelleits, ane gold ring, in it a litell diamond, another small ring of litell worth," etc. (Fraser: *Carnegies of Southesk*, Vol. II., p. 358.)

was a close friend of Claverhouse, and whose wife was a cousin of the Grahams.[3] They found they were just in time for one of his famous entertainments. It was a passing show which they both enjoyed, especially as it was the first time they had appeared together as man and wife.

Geordie Mackenzie was a delightful host; but directly the party was over, his talk drifted away from the topics of the hour to a discussion on books of all time. He took his visitors into his library as into a shrine, pointing out the wall presses built specially for the volumes in place of the old-fashioned desks with chains for storing books. He also showed them stalls built at right angles to the windows, a very convenient and graceful method, he said, which he had borrowed from Wren's design at the Bodleian Library at Oxford. He pointed with pride to the decoration of some of the bindings executed by a gilder from the Lyon Office to mark his appreciation of the authors.[4]

The small hours of the morning found them still sitting round a few glowing peats, Lady Mackenzie and Jean sipping French wine and eating sweetmeats, while their husbands talked of Lucan's verse, Plato's philosophy or the last imported book from Antwerp.

Mackenzie was at that time one of the few men in Scotland endowed with the literary sense, and his love of books was only second to his love of the law. In some of his conversation Jean detected a strange echo of the philosophy of Andrew Fletcher, especially in his denunciations of a standing army, in his views on the distribution of wealth, and on the trend that he believed human nature had towards good rather than towards evil. She was also reminded of Fletcher by his strong belief

[3] Mackenzie married secondly Margaret, daughter of Halyburton of Pitcur.

[4] His library was the origin of the Advocates' Library in Edinburgh, now the National Library of Scotland.

that justice could not include luxury without evil to the State.

"Ye're awa' to Dundee," he said at last, turning towards Jean, and his eyes took on a far-away look. "Ye'll like it, for it's bonnie. I was born and bred there, and when I think on it, there comes up a bit of the laddie in me yet."

The greatest pleasure of this short visit to Edinburgh was the constant presence of Thomas. He had left college, and was soon going to be married to Lady Diana Cuninghame. Thomas had grown into but a little man, delicate and refined in aspect, and diffident in his outlook. He still gave a very willing admiration and allegiance to his sister, who, watching him, saw that he was essentially a man of the home, and that his graces were those of the boudoir. She was pleased at the proposed marriage, and found in Lady Diana a masculine and firm character which would support her brother's diffidence, and she saw that her future sister-in-law would be to the grown man what she herself had been to the delicate boy; and the two women, in their mutual love for Thomas, warmed to each other in quick discernment.

Thomas, on his part, was proud of his lady, loyal to her wishes, and quick to accept her suggestions. His place in life was to give his sympathies unreservedly to those about him. Children loved him, the old depended on him, and women turned to him in their troubles, counting on the sympathy of a selfless nature, and finding in him a fineness of perception not always present in the more masculine characters.

Edinburgh, at that time described as the most unwholesome and unpleasant town in Scotland, was now in a dreadfully disordered state, the people riotous, undisciplined, and resentful of authority. It was a relief therefore, to take the road again, this time a smaller party, for the coach and the pack-horses had been sent on to

Glen Ogilvy in order that Elspeth should be ready and waiting for her mistress.

They soon arrived at Linlithgow, and, resting there to have refreshment at a tavern, they sent the rest of the men ahead while they followed slowly on by themselves. The horses, realising the inattention of their riders, paced as they chose. The fields were whitening to the harvest, and the August sun beat down all unheeded on the heads of the travellers as they followed the road of their common life and destination. They slept one night at Perth; then, choosing the least frequented routes, rode by leafy bridle-paths into Forfarshire, and at last entered the romantic Glen of Ogilvy. Following the course of a noisy burn that flowed down the ravine, they arrived at a long low farm house, guarded by an ancient keep. It was the manor house of Glen, and there they rested for a week or two, enjoying for a while the sweets of home.

Here the soldier disappeared in the laird; rank, honour, and office receded into a dim background. Fond recollections came to Claverhouse, and quickened a deep sympathy between him and those who had known his mother. Old servants of the Grahams came to wait upon him and his lady; the kitchen-maid who had stirred his porridge when he was a boy was now a grave matron, eager to take her share of service to his lady; stable-boys, grown into portly men, boasted to each other of having been the first to teach the laird the art of snaring. Jean became very gracious in this atmosphere of humble love, and as eager to hear tales of her husband's boyhood from the lips of old servants as they were in the telling of them.

The house was little and old, and warm and cosy from long occupation, and they were pleased to redd it up with the help of plasterers and upholsterers sent from Edinburgh, to be a home of welcome rest for occasions when public duties should spare them for holiday making.

Sweet dreams were theirs in this quiet spot so

hallowed by the past, and tender hopes of what the future might be holding in gift for them both came to their minds. Jean's heart cherished thoughts which she did not need to utter, for were they not John's too, and covered by the silences of love?

Several cousins came over to pay their respects—the Grahams of Fintry, of Morphie, of Duntrune, and other relatives, including an eccentric man called James Philip of Almerieclose, whose mother was a second cousin to Claverhouse; he, more than any of the others, held Jean's attention, and amused her by his Latinised pedantic talk and his obvious devotion to her husband. He was filled with curious lore of the Graham family, and had an extensive knowledge of the Highland clans and of the topography of Scotland, of which he seemed to know every town, river, glen, and road. He stayed a night or two, seeming from his familiarity with the family genealogy to be a sort of encyclopædia of the Grahams. Before he left, Jean too had fallen under the spell of his romantic mind, and felt that in his eyes she had already acquired a Graham lustre. She laughed with her husband over this after Philip was gone, and poked a little fun at his attitude to the family, but she saw quickly that she was treading on delicate ground, and that Claverhouse took all that Philip said in good faith and very seriously.

All too soon their honeymoon, if such it could be called, came to an end, for Claverhouse had perforce to take up his duties as Great Constable of Dundee.

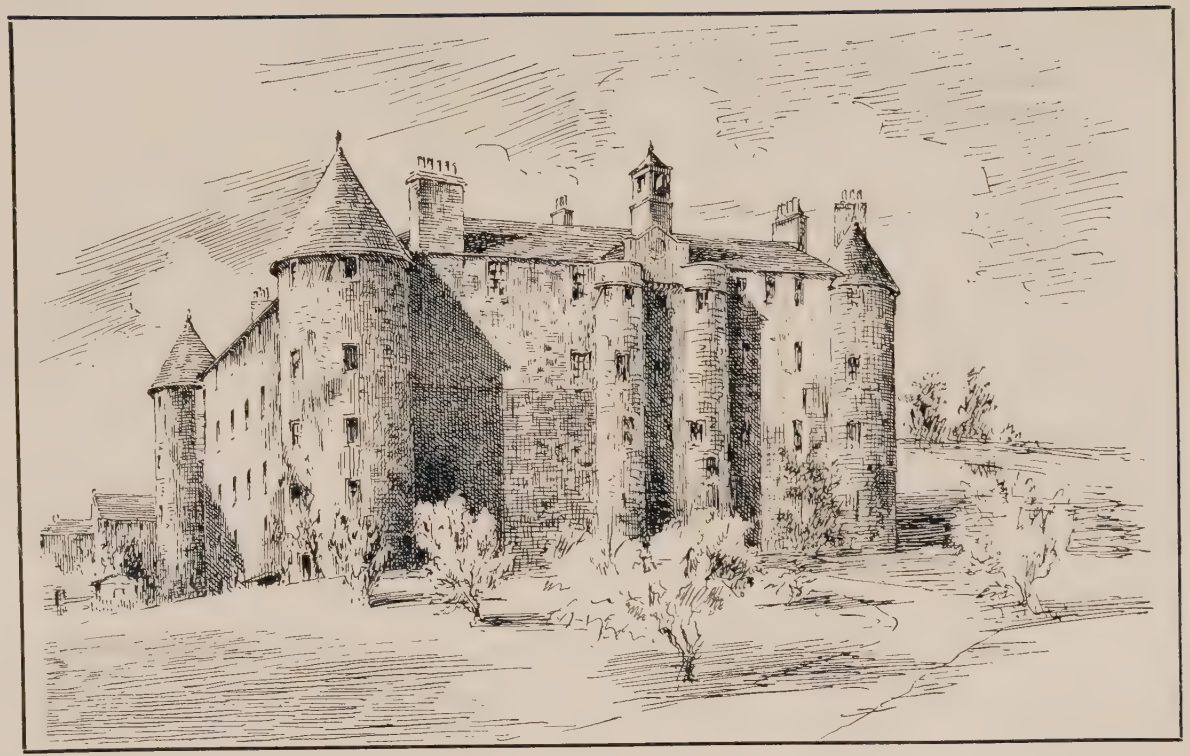
At last the day arrived which brought the military escort which was to take them to Dudhope Castle, and they turned their backs on Glen Ogilvy and set out for Dundee, to be officially received there by the Provost and Bailies. As they approached the Burgh, they saw the River Tay, where ships were riding at anchor in mid-channel. Dundee had two quays where sea-borne goods could be unladed; but its trade was said never to have recovered

the mischief done to it during the English occupation under General Monk. Nevertheless, all kinds of commodities were brought over from Holland and from the East, and there were sometimes as many as sixty or more ships in the harbour. The great breadth of the river, here two miles broad, and its stone quays were a contrast to what Jean knew at Glasgow, where the unlading was done from lighters and the merchandise carried on the backs of men, who had perforce to wade through the water to the shore, on which there were none of the conveniences possessed by Dundee. The town nestled at the foot of the hill on which Dudhope Castle stood. The houses were well built in stone, but had overhanging fronts of wood which formed arcades, where the traders set up their stalls and chaffered their wares.

The weans and the callants of the town cheered the new Constable and his lady when they stopped for the formalities of the ports and when they left the Burgh and passed up the avenue to Dudhope Castle.

As they rode up the steep hill which led to their new home, Jean felt that life there was going to be very different from anything she had known before. The castle was grim, like the fastness of a fairy tale; nevertheless, by its commanding position on a hill overlooking the estuary of the Tay, it enjoyed a breadth of view that could not but please and exhilarate; and the keen air of the east coast, so different to the soft winds of the west, was bracing and stirring.

The castle was built round a court-yard, and the entrance lay between the two drum towers of the east front. An arched passage ran through the building to the court-yard behind. The long lines of the roofs were broken by dormer windows, which gave a homely touch to an otherwise stern aspect. The hill of Dundee Law rose to a great height behind the castle and protected it from the



DUDHOPE CASTLE.

After a picture by David Small in the Dundee Art Galleries.

(By R. G. Brocklehurst)

north winds, while the gardens and orchards sloped away to the south-east.

In the evening, a little wearied by the long ride and the formalities of the day, Claverhouse and Jean paced on the terraces, glad of the quiet. For a long time they were both silent, but at last, speaking almost as if to himself, Claverhouse said:

"On yon waters Roman galleons rode at anchor, and Spanish men-of-war were driven helpless to the coast. It is the world that lies before us, if you think on it; for history has been made at Dundee in the past, and doubtless will again: what part we have to play in it we none of us yet know." That life should be great was his sole thought, and he made Jean feel that she must take her share in its high calling.

The next morning the steward was formally presented to Jean, and, accompanied by him and his keys, she made the round of the castle, of which henceforth she would be the châtelaine.

Built entirely for defence, the windows were small and deep set, and the thickness of the walls darkened even the upper rooms, which were very much smaller than those to which she was accustomed. She could not help contrasting them with the long low rooms of the manor house of Glen, where ivy graced the mullions of the windows, and the leafy garden could be seen as she sat at work. Here her companion would be the distant sky, for the view, lovely as it was, had to be sought.

After seeing the upper rooms, and still following the weighty tread of her steward, she descended the wide staircase, and passed along the lobby to the kitchen at the end of the wing. It was very ample and better lighted than the other rooms, and gave on to a turnpike stair that led up the tower to the servants' bedrooms. Then, retracing their steps, they came back to the "pend" or

archway, and turned into the east wing. Here, explained the steward, were the rooms for the guard; and here, putting his hand on a doorway, were the steps that led down to the prisoners' cellars; her ladyship would not concern herself with these.

"Prisoners?" said Jean, "prisoners in ward here and now?"

"Yes, my Lady; the Tolbooth at Dundee is not a safe place for warding, and several have escaped; so, by arrangement with the Bailies, the more particular of the prisoners are warded here. These men have been here since the Fair and are under sentence of hanging, and are fast keepit. Your Ladyship needna be fearrit for them. They will be hangit anon."

Jean glanced at the steward, an elderly man, full of his own importance and of hers, and then turned away and looked through the entrance of the archway to the sunlight beyond, where gulls circled in the freedom of the sky; her thoughts then went down to the cellars, to the men who were waiting in those dim recesses to be "hangit anon."

"And for what?" she asked sharply.

"For a sheep," the steward told her, "a pair of shoon, some bawbies, and a boll of meal."

This was common Scottish law, and it had never occurred to her to question it.[5] Rogues must be kept from their roguery, she told herself again and again, but in her own home, beneath her own hearth! . . . . . .

The wind was howling round Dudhope towers, and Jean lay in bed and listened. Her husband slept undisturbed next the wall, but she was wide awake, tingling in every nerve, staring into the darkness. Already, she thought, one of the restraints of married life was laid upon her,

[5] The Scottish law of theft, involving capital punishment, was not repealed till 1887!

something of which she was not able to speak freely to her husband; the added consciousness of this had taken toll of her colour and brightness, but Claverhouse, already deeply absorbed in his State duties, was quite oblivious of her trouble. She had vowed to herself that she would never interfere. Was she going to break through her rule already?

Another blast of wind swept round the castle, and, to add to her sense of discomfort the shutters rattled aggressively, while from far below came the tramp of the changing of the guard. A sense of the iron circumstances of life depressed her; she moved uneasily, and sleep refused to come. But by dawn she had decided that she must break the barriers of this self-imposed restraint. She would talk to John; she would not let a silence grow up between them. When John awoke, and after he had opened the shutters to let in a flood of light and air, her task seemed easier. She took her courage in her hands and whispered:

"John, I've no slept the nicht, and I want to tell you for why!" and then she told him of what it meant to her to find herself living over vaulted prisoners; how the thought of them came between him and her even on the bed of love.

"Their unresting ghosts haunt me, John. Yestere'en the wife of one of the men was at the castle yett with her wean, weeping and speering for her husband, nor could I pass her by, for her woe seemed greater than our happiness." She felt she could say no more, but found lying in his arms a welcome comfort after the long night.

"I wondered to find them here," he said in measured tones, "and I'm no surprised at your feelings when I come to think on it. The Bailies of Dundee need to rebuild their Tolbooth, the very walls of which are giving to the weight of the roof, so that prisoners cannot be made fast, and therefore break their ward. I'll enquire into these

cases. There are graver crimes against the King in Scotland to-day than the stealing of his lieges' sheep."

These reasonable words gave reassurance, and, despite the long sleepless night, Jean rose with a lighter heart than had been hers for two or three days.

Later on, she visited the prisoners on her husband's arm. With the exception of Ian Hay, the man whose wife had spoken with her at the gate, they were all scowling, speechless men, who sullenly acquiesced in the findings of a society that for its own convenience had ruled them out. The compassion on her face found but little response, for they felt they had already said farewell to sun, moon, stars, and the welcome heavens, and would never lift their eyes again to any fellow-man. They had reason, however, to remember her.

A few days later, Claverhouse went his way to Edinburgh, to a meeting of the Privy Council, of which he was a member, and in the sederunt of that day occur the following words:

> "The Lords of the Privy Council, having considered the cases of Andrew Wilson, George Loch, William Muller, and Ian Hay, prisoners, for petty and small thefts and other crimes, which will be fitter to be punished arbitrarily than by death, the said Lords do therefore give full power and commission to the said Colonel Graham of Claverhouse, Constable of Dundee, to restrict the punishment appointed by law against such persons, they and their friends finding caution for their future deportments and satisfying of all persons damnified for byganes and in time coming." [6]

It was said in Dundee that the caution money came from a little purse that lay hid in my lady's pocket.

The over-riding of the town authorities caused the Provost and Bailies to shake their official heads, for the

[6] *Vide* Privy Council Records, 1684.

like had never been done before, as they knew for a certainty.

This incident, the first of any importance in their married life, was very reassuring to Jean. It enabled her to understand her husband better, and to realize that his enthusiasms were sometimes held under by a temperate judgment, in which justice was joined to compassion. Henceforward, she thought, she would try and follow his concerns more closely, probe down to the reason and basis of his actions, and acquaint herself more thoroughly with the alignment of the parties that divided the nation.

Added to so much that brought them satisfaction was the marriage in the autumn of Lord Cochrane to Lady Susannah, daughter of the Duke of Hamilton. This alliance was very gratifying, and, in spite of its accentuation of the Presbyterian interest in the Dundonald family, Claverhouse wrote to his brother-in-law in the following terms:

> "I who have so lately come off the irons, cannot but know how great a joy success in love yields to poor languishing lovers, so I might be thought very wanting in my duty if upon this occasion I did not congratulate with your Lordship on so honourable a match with so fine a lady, which will certainly contribute much to your happiness; and I'm thinking, my Lord, I need not tell you that nobody takes more share in your concerns nor rejoices more in all your prosperity than myself. . . .
>
> "Your sister salutes you kindly, and complains you have forgot her, which I think unjust seeing that you have other ton on your rod."

He goes on to warn Lord Cochrane of the gossip ensuing on the marriage:

> "It stirs up malice against you, so you must not think it strange that our statesmen are informed that you talk huffily and disobligingly of the Government. I did vindicate you all I could." [7]

[7] *Dundonald Letters.*

Thus the months sped by at Dudhope; they were informing and formative days to the young wife. It was a large household, for, apart from men-at-arms, there were many men and women servants, and the gentlewoman.[8] The upkeep of the castle was scrupulously carried on, and "wright's work about the house" was frequent, and for his use hundreds of nails and many "deals" were bought. There was constant mending of the gates, even to "the utmost gate of Dudhope," while the windows were repaired and glazed by John Law, "Burgess in Dundee." The "garner" sent to Edinburgh for his garden seeds, which were as diverse as parsley, elm seed, and acorns. Dutch anemones, ranunculus, jonquils, and tulips were planted to adorn the gardens in the spring, while the lawns were kept in neat condition by "a rolling stone." Sometimes a surgeon was called in "for letting of John's blood," and drink money was given to his man. Sarsaparilla, bought in three-pound packets, seems to have been a favourite medicine. Jean soon became happily absorbed in rendering the house and garden meet and seemly, and in keeping careful household accounts.[9]

[8] The gentlewoman, Elizabeth Melville (Elspeth), received £60 Scots, while the maid-servant's wages were £16 yearly.

[9] There are many bills and accounts among the Forfeiture Papers in the General Register House, Edinburgh. "Mending the page" is a frequent entry in the long bills for liveries, and the same tailor made my Lady "ane waistcoat" costing twelve shillings Scots, "ane black silk dress," and "ane nightgown."

CHAPTER XIII.

A Quarrel with the Lord High Treasurer: "Unfortunate Argyll."

1684-5.

"Until Venus' fire be dead and cold,
True love's fire never burns bold!
So as the one love waxes old,
The other does increase more keen!
Now comes Age where Youth has been,
And true love rises from the spleen."

—Dunbar, *circa* 1465-1530.

October had been ushered in by great storms of snow and wind, and it was during one of them that Claverhouse set out on a circuit of justiciary with Queensberry, the Lord High Treasurer, leaving Jean to be thankful for the thickness of her castle walls, within the protection of which Elspeth and her women were still busy making ready the plenishings for the winter. Whilst they sewed long seams in sheets and curtains, Jean occupied herself with embroidering the hangings of the new "stand bed," or four poster, lately come from Edinburgh.

When Claverhouse returned home, he was not long left in peace before the news of a fresh rebel declaration reached him. The Government awoke one morning to find that notices of rebellion had been posted on the kirk doors and market crosses.[1] The "Presbyter with his ancient grudge" had sprung into new life, again disowned the King, and renewed the Solemn League and Covenant.

[1] Renwick Declaration, November 8, 1684.

It was a personal blow and disappointment to John to find that the country which he thought he had so successfully pacified was again in rebellion, and the situation was complicated for him by the strained relations that had grown up between himself and Queensberry in consequence of a quarrel which arose between them over a regimental matter. When the new command of the Scottish Horse was made known, Claverhouse was surprised to find himself put in a secondary position, and, always on the alert for possible enemies, he became convinced that the goodwill of the King and the Duke of York towards him had been undermined.

Since his marriage, Claverhouse had come to know that men said it was no longer safe to commit the King's secrets to him, and it was a bitter thought to both husband and wife that this might lead to a fall from favour; consequently, he became gloomy and morose. The temper which had once caused him to threaten to box the ears of a President of the Court of Session again overcame him, this time at the Privy Council, causing him to insult Queensberry when the latter was acting in his official capacity. This, as may be imagined, was made the most of by his enemies; rudeness could not be justified either by friend or foe. The King and Duke, although convinced of his loyalty, were unable to ignore the insult to the Treasurer, and Claverhouse was forbidden the Court till an apology should be forthcoming.

Jean, while sympathising with the cause of her husband's outbreak, nevertheless realised that tempers were better lost at home than in the Council chamber, and that discomfiture and mortification made but an uneasy husband. She became conscious of a loss of sympathy in their association, and knew that self-effacement would not help her in this crisis, as it had sometimes done before. Rather she must now assume the office of a ferryman, and try to steer the frail bark of her husband's fortunes across troubled waters.

John's discomfiture was complete, and was destined to last many months. He felt sure, he said, that he could put it all right if he could have ten minutes' interview with the King, but this was refused him, so his only chance of settling the dispute lay in the hope of seeing the Duke of York, who was at this time in London, back again in Edinburgh. The Duke, however, was in no hurry to come north, and contented himself with writing that he was "sorry that Claverhouse was so little master of himself the other day at Council." Then the Privy Councillor began to make the excuses of a schoolboy, explaining that "he thought what they said had been levelled at him!"

Poor, frail human nature! By self-assertion it has become the lord of all creation, and yet, through self-assertion, it may have to descend by the gloomy steeps of Avernus to the very depths of humiliation! How tenderly the human spirit needs to be handled in such hours of mortification only God knows, but at the moment Jean was smarting under careless words from her husband, at which even love itself had quailed, and there came into their home life a pause, during which mutual affection was altered and depreciated. Soon, however, something strange arose within her, a new love for a new John, although he came far short of the glory with which she had hitherto invested him; this new-born tenderness brought compassion for the erstwhile hero, whom circumstances had exposed even to the sawdust of the stuffing; the husband who, during this painful epoch, would in fits of angry bluster and half conscious of his folly and littleness, avoid meeting her eye.

How long John would have remained in this frame of mind, or how long false friends would have kept him to it, will never be known, for, by a stroke of fate, private feuds and State cabals were alike suspended by the sudden illness and death of the King. Charles Second, who had so gallantly borne the title of the Merrie Monarch, passed

away from his "divertisements" on 6th February, 1685, spending the last moments of his life in surrender to the sacraments of his Church, supported by the brother whom he really loved.

"Exemplar for penitence, for a firm belief, in a composure beyond what was to be expected, and in a satisfaction of mind evident to all men," was how his death was described by Lord Perth in a letter to Lady Dundonald.[2]

To Claverhouse the death of the King was no unmixed evil, for both he and his wife felt that they could count much more surely on the intimate friendship with the Duke of York, now James the Seventh. They soon began to build castles in the air and to make plans for a visit to London, where Jean should be introduced to the Court of Whitehall and renew the friendships of the Edinburgh days. But this, of course, implied the reinstatement of Claverhouse, and that was not quickly come by, for Queensberry lost no opportunity of belittling his former friend to the King, with the result that when the commission to the Sheriffs was renewed, the name of Claverhouse was left out, nor was he re-appointed to the Privy Council.

Truly it was a heavy bill of slights to be faced by a young couple in the early days of their married life! While both loyal and disloyal Scotsmen hastened by sea and by road along the routes to the south to pay their respects to the new Sovereign, Claverhouse, forbidden to leave the northern kingdom, had perforce to eat the bread of idleness and drink the waters of Marah within the bounds of his own jurisdiction. Dudhope, with its blossoming orchards and fresh green parks, its tulips and its well-rolled lawns became the prison of the baffled zeal and sore chafing spirit of its Constable.

The King's death gave opportunity and plausibility to wild schemes that had hitherto secured but limited support.

[2] *Vide* Appendix IV.

So convinced indeed was the Protestant Party of the necessity of excluding further Catholic sovereigns from the throne that the very best minds were seeking for a solution which would liberate the kingdoms from the dreaded influence of the Church of Rome and the ever-growing encroachments of Catholic France. On the accession of James II., some Lords and Ministers of the Crown, who had hitherto posed as Protestants, now openly declared themselves as truly Catholic as the King. The country took fright; Presbyterians averred that Roman fathers in disguise were preaching to field conventicles; they saw the menace of the priest everywhere and in every guise.

To the Scottish groups of exiles in Holland it was no new danger, and they had already forseen and made plans to avert it. On the death of the King, Monmouth, Argyll, Sir John Cochrane, and others drew together, and while the Earl of Argyll projected an invasion of Scotland, the Duke of Monmouth prepared to effect a landing in England. Ships were chartered, ammunition laded, and proclamations prepared.

At the news of this open rebellion and proposed invasion, the Governments in England and Scotland gathered their forces, both countries were put in posture of defence against the coming attacks, and, under cover of the emergency, the King "commanded" an apology to be tendered by Claverhouse to Queensberry.

Even then it was with but an ill grace that Claverhouse made his *amende* to the Duke, and it was given in terms which enabled his enemies to say with delight that it made the quarrel "as bad or even worse." The King, however, accepted the act, and, in view of the imminent danger of the country, made him that same day a Brigadier of Horse, and followed the commission by a letter saying that it was the King's pleasure that he should be reinstated in the Scottish Privy Council.

Queensberry could no longer stand out, and, in the stress

of the national crisis, he sent a letter to Claverhouse, asking his advice on the steps necessary for meeting it, and received in return a sketched-out plan of co-operation between the different Scottish commands.

It was arranged that Claverhouse should be posted on the Borders, where he was to prevent communication passing between Monmouth in England and Argyll in Scotland.[3]

The invasion of Scotland by Argyll took place in May, 1685. By his published declaration, he disowned the King and declared his party pledged to the extirpation of Catholicism.

Meanwhile, Jean's heart stirred within her as she thought of those days in Edinburgh when all hearts seemed to be with the Earl of Argyll in his confinement in the Castle, and when every risk seemed worth while to save him. Now she was so horrified by the thought of civil war that she failed to understand that this present attempt, the disownment of the King, and the stand for the Protestant religion, were all of one piece with the Earl's struggles in the Council over the Test. Womanlike, it was his human qualities that she remembered, his fatherliness, his ready jests, and his vivid spiritual life; but now she was brought up against Argyll the politician, the statesman who would force the country to his view, one whose religious outlook made him unable to interpret the people's point of view or to estimate the inertia that keeps the ordinary man at his usual vocation even when "there are crowns to be broke."

Jean had long known that this question of the State

[3] Several letters remain that bring up a picture of the tension of those hurried, anxious days when, for over six weeks, Claverhouse and his troops were making a progress through the south-west shires. One such letter, inscribed "For His Majesty's service, Haste, Haste," bears the seal of the Graham coat-of-arms, and the words of the postscript run, "There is no news here. Some stragglers over the Border. Look to yourself." (Grierson MSS.)

religion was not one that concerned itself with the life of the soul, but was the outcome of the political dread, common to all Protestant countries, of the supremacy of Rome and France. Life, which she would fain think of as a lovely thing, a giving and receiving of love, the coming of welcome children, the growth into serene maturity leading to the tender outlook of old age and the folding to rest in the kirkyard, became in this hideous scare of invasion a tangled web, knotted by outside forces over which there was no control; character itself seemed independable, and judgment futile, when the whole fabric of life might so easily be crumbled to dust. So she soliloquized, as she anxiously paced the terraces at Dudhope, with her eyes turned towards the guarded coasts. Sometimes her servants would bring her flying rumours, or she would receive hurried, reassuring notes from her husband. She thought wistfully and with heartache of her friends of all parties, and always with the recurring question, "Where was this one or that one?" Were they on the wind-tossed ships that, laden with arms, were coming to bring civil war into their own country, or were they in the fields, drilling with the militia raised for defence, ready to shoot down an outlawed father or brother who was returning to Scotland with such ill intent? Was it ill intent—this subversion of present law and order to the Protestant idea? Surely law and order was in itself a freedom not hastily to be attacked. She remembered that Andrew Fletcher had never talked of religion but of the rationality of nature, even human nature, and he, too, dreamed of a better age, of a world without strife or compulsion; but he did not think it depended on this or that religion.

Then her thoughts would turn homewards to Paisley, where her grandfather, old and helpless, faced the arrival of his outlawed son John as a rebel in arms against his country, while encouraging his grandsons,

Cochrane and Ross, to raise militia to repel the invasion. While she could take pleasure and pride in the part her husband was called upon to play in the defence of the Border, she knew that those whom she loved so dearly at Paisley must suffer, both ways, all ways.

The Argyll invasion was destined to failure; it was a puerile, inadequate attempt, doomed to break down at every point; but at the time no precaution seemed too great in order to frustrate the arrival of the ships, the *Anna,* the *Sophia,* and the *David* on the coast of Scotland. Day after day slipped by, and Jean waited, while England faced invasion by the popular Duke of Monmouth, and Scotland found her protagonist in the little Earl of Argyll.

News came but seldom, and was rarely reliable when it came. "Argyll had arrived on the West Coast; he had sent out the fiery cross to summon his Highlanders, and was moving southward, followed by thousands, and fortifying castles as he went," so the story ran at first; but at long last the country drew breath. The Earl had been taken and Sir John Cochrane too; the invading force had been scattered: there was no more to fear. So much she heard and believed, and she too drew breath, for civil war was averted, John would soon be home. Then the insistent questioning recommenced, How? When? Where? Oh, her poor friends, her dear friends! Had she been a Catholic, she thought, like the gentle-souled Queen, she would have erected a little praying place in her closet, and said prayers for them all the day long; it would have been some comfort. But God forbid! Why did she think of such things which, she knew, no true Covenanted Christian should do? They were surely doomed sinners, these invaders, and damned since all time. It could not be right to pray for the damned, yet Argyll . . ? Instinctively she knew that Argyll lived nearer to God than she did, and in the confusion of her thoughts she feared lest God

Himself had slipped from her ken. Surely she, too, must be a sinner if right and wrong became thus confused!

Perhaps it was at some such point in her thoughts as this, and when she was held a prisoner by her own fears, lonely and without reliable news, restless and forlorn, that an unusual bustle at a late hour stirred in the castle. Someone had surely come. It could not be John, for the attempts of English messengers to cross the Borders would still keep him busy in the south-west. Who else could it be that sought her? And never was kinsman more welcome than was William Ross as he strode up to her with warm cousinly greeting.

"I come fra Edinburgh," he said, "and ye maun thank Thomas for sending me; he fearrit you would be greeting and lonesome. Give a sup and a bite to me and my man, and I will tell you all I can and begone again."

He was still in harness and travel stained, and had a napkin tied round his throat that suggested a shot wound, but it must have been slight, for it did not interfere with the movements of his head.

The household, rejoicing in the unexpected guests, quickly set out its best before them, for his man in the kitchen, for their horses in the stalls, and for Lord Ross at my Lady's side. News had come at last! Between draughts of ale in the kitchen, it rolled out in large numerical details, while Ross munched a welcome meal upstairs, and Jean, almost hysterical in this reaction from her loneliness, talked, and petted him.

"When had he last seen John?"

"Oh, John is all right," he said between his mouthfuls, "no need to trouble about him, but he will not be home yet awhile; I can take your messages though, if you will write a letter."

During the intervals there was talk of the weather and the roads, each one shirking the real news till the meal

should be ended. Then Ross led her to a couch, and sat down along side.

"It's a long story, Jean," he said, "and mebbe ye'll let me tell it as it comes and speer at me afterwards. Aye, Argyll was taken and put in ward and his Countess and Lady Sophia too: the Council would take no risks of rescue this time. Our Uncle John and his son and many others were also taken prisoners. Grandfather? I've no seen him since we left Paisley; but Cochrane's no uneasy about him. There are sair hearts at Paisley of course. Grandmother? No, she is no bitter against Argyll, but she's in dumb sorrow for her son and her grandchild. She fears that this last folly maun mean a death sentence, and I wager it does!

"Ye'll know how Argyll landed in the Highlands, thinking he would raise five or six thousand men to his cause, but he just didna, nor did our uncle, who had thought to have raised as many more in the west; and, though every endeavour was made to do so, it was but a little force that they got together. They marched on Glasgow, where your brother was acting as Captain of Militia, and I doubt if they had five hundred men behind them.

"They could not land in Ayrshire on account of the English frigates which had sighted them, so they came up the Clyde, and, under cover of the guns of their own ships, effected a landing at Greenock and put the militia to rout there. Aye, but they did, and it was no cowardice ava that made the soldiers flee: it's no easy to fight your ain folk.

"I have had some talk with our uncle. He owns to his disappointment, for he was fully persuaded that all Protestants would rise to put down 'the bloody tyrant,' as he miscalls the King. They never doubted but that they would hear of Monmouth's success in England, but after nearly six weeks in this country they had no account of

him at all, thanks to the vigilance of your husband. So it was but a disheartened band that landed, their luck out, and Argyll away to the Highlands—a man in a maze at the frame of the people, and that they could so have failed him in his stand against Popery. . . .

"How came he to be taken? Weel, by a mere Providence he was recognised as he was fording the river at Inchinnan, and taken by the militia as he was getting awa'. I fear that many indignities were put upon him when he was conducted a prisoner to Glasgow, but that was not so in Edinburgh at all; he was executed there with every imaginable civility. . . .

"Aye, Jean, he was 'headed; he suffered but yesterday without trial under the sentence which was passed upon him in 1681. By all I hear, the Covenanters can add another Saint to their Calendar, for Argyll died like one. He carried himself as one who had sought death and achieved it, convinced that God would receive him into His Glory!" and the young man paused, overcome by his story.

"There was but one thing," he continued, "that troubled Argyll, and that was his share at the Privy Council in the execution of the Prophet Cargill. Mebbe ye'll mind Donald Cargill, Jean; he was hanged in '81, the day before the down sitting of Parliament. This weighed very heavy on Argyll, but for the rest he felt he was right. It was because of his unhappy vote in that sentence, he said, that the Lord had not approved him as an instrument for the delivery of his country; and in his last speech, which I heard myself, he said he was sure that deliverance was speedily to come, and bade the people be ready for it. He was no dismayed by death at all, and 'tis said that he had slept after his meat that day as pleasantly as ever man did, though he was within an hour of his eternity."

A silence fell upon the cousins, broken only by the

faint mewing of the seagulls as they circled round the castle in the blue summer air. William's face was but a grey shadow of his usual ruddy countenance, and he became silent as his thoughts turned into pictures of yesterday's events in the Grassmarket of Edinburgh.

Jean shivered slightly as if she were cold; and at length she tried to speak, though she could hardly do so for her tears.

"Oh, William," she said, "it has been ill work sitting, and better sitting here for such news as you bring, and I'll be wanting muckle good counsel before I can understand the ways of it, for I have aye held Argyll in reverence."

"Aye, indeed, Mistress Jean," said the young man, "our old friend Argyll was one of those to whom we could carry life's burdens and be sure of words of wisdom, yet his country has thrice sentenced him to death, and we younger ones are bidden to the slaughter. He suffered the same death as his father though, and that should be enough to make any man carry himself seemly. . . . Our uncle is no sentenced yet, but he followed Argyll as they went up the causeway behind the hangman's cart, stately and unconcernit. . . .

"No doubt but that the King has reason to thank God for this victory over his enemies, and I reckon that Monmouth will come to a like end, as a bird to the snare of the fowler, and that his rebellion will be settled too; but one cannot triumph over those who should have been the best friends to the Crown, and indeed we all know that they would have been that but for the pageantries of idolatry that follow the Court. That's just my ain opeenion, ye ken," he added hastily, "and I'm thinking that the only thing to save the country will be the birth of a man-child to the Queen, and to see him educate by Protestant tutors. While that's awanting, the two kingdoms will aye be unsettled."

"William, is it a wound that your napkin hides?" asked Jean, trying to bring her thoughts down to the level of every-day things.

"Aye," he answered; "but it's no a great matter. A ball broke on my harness, and ye may see the dint it made. The wee pieces spattered on my neck, but I'm glad of it, for it frees me from duty for a day or two," and he sighed again and fell into a reverie, being drowsy from his hot meal.

Jean sent for Elspeth, and persuaded him to take off his cuirass, that they might bathe his neck. Then they re-dressed the wound with the white of an egg, tying on a fresh soft napkin in place of the hard caked wrapping they had removed. He was obviously eased by this gentle treatment, and, after it was done, he stretched himself full length on the couch and fell asleep instantly, and they put a plaid over his limbs and left him.

CHAPTER XIV.

The Waters of Bath.

When husband and wife met again, the issues of life had profoundly deepened for both of them, and it was but little they could say to each other on the events under which the nation was still smarting as from a harsh chastisement.

Claverhouse resumed his seat on the Privy Council in July, a satisfaction that did not carry with it the elation which he had felt on the first occasion of his doing so.

The Earl of Dundonald paid tribute to nature and died in November, at the ripe age of eighty-five. Nevertheless, his friends said his life had been shortened by the anxieties of the Argyll rebellion. Although Jean's spirits flagged under the hammer-blows of fate, she could not grudge her grandfather this final peace. In the first onslaught of grief, she asked herself whether she had learnt the lessons which his faith in God and in human nature, his temperate outlook and compassion for error should have taught her; and she could not think she had done so. She felt now, almost for the first time, raw and young, baffled and wearied by self-questioning, and her mind sought for some new source of courage and inspiration. Her prayers lost their outworks of words and phrases as she dumbly sought God, and her soul, which she now discovered for the first time as an inner separate consciousness, panted for the living streams.

She also thought continually of Argyll, who, in spite of defeat and humiliation, possessed the full riches of God's grace. At times his very voice followed her, his merry

laugh, his delight in a newly-found curio, his boyish elation over his last little invention which he would slyly bring out of one of the twenty pockets which he had also invented for his clothes. All those intricate characteristics, which had invested him with so much interest, now seemed to her but the trappings of the real man as he stood transfigured by death. A patriot? a traitor? a martyr? she could not say which, but always to her a saint, "and now in glory."

When John was at home, the comfort of his presence was very grateful, but their talk was punctuated by their silences, and their eyes meeting each other's would often end the sentence their words had begun. At such times, the presence of a third person was a help, loosening their tongues and lightening the burden of the theme. Among those who came frequently to Dudhope was Argyll's stepson, the Earl of Balcarres, who was a captain in Graham's regiment, and who in the Edinburgh days had been an intimate friend. It helped Jean to see his entire confidence in John's doings, and to receive the fond messages he sometimes brought from his mother, Anna, Countess of Argyll, and from Lady Sophia. He was so radiant of goodwill and understanding, that all doubt fell away, and the intractable facts of life became suspended in an atmosphere in which there was neither blame nor praise, but a brave acceptance of the nature of life and the immutability of destiny.

One temporary benefit followed on the quelling of the rebellions, as for the time being it established King James more firmly on the throne, and relieved the Court of a great apprehension; so that life settled down again with some sense of stability.

But in spite of this, the colour did not return to Jean's cheeks, and for some time afterwards Claverhouse was much disturbed by the listless air of his wife, noting that her breezy, stirring manner had become chastened, and that at times she was dejected and disconsolate. He began to think

over their home life in order to discover what was amissing. Friends they had in abundance, and interests of all kinds in house and home and professional life, but no child had yet been born to them, and this absence of looked-for joy was causing a growing feeling of disappointment. At last, with a husband's proud sense of perspicacity and resolution, he decided that she must go to a spa and take the waters. There was then the question as to which spa; Epsom, Tonbridge Wells, Sadler's Wells at Islington, all had their claims, but none could compare in reputation with the hot waters at Bath City. Jean's sister, Lady Margaret Montgomery, who frequented Bath was consulted, and wrote them a letter strong in recommendation. She told them of its wonderful cures, its warm air, its great doctors, and concluded her letter by saying "nothing is so kind a course of physic to the female sex as bathing and drinking the waters of Bath." She could tell them, too, of the best lodging houses and inns to stop at on the way, and warned them that the journey was a trying one, especially rough during the stage to Marlborough, and very heavy going at Sandy Lane, where on one occasion her coach had been much delayed although close to the city. Then there came an express from the Earl of Dundonald and his wife, the latter adding the long tale of a cure wrought in the Duke of Hamilton's family, and advising recourse to Doctor Robert Pierce, who had a great reputation. Then came the news that Queen Mary was going there, and it needed but this to clinch the matter.

Jean, hitherto a listless coadjutor in regard to the project, became interested, and Elspeth, . . . Elspeth had been feeling during the last year or two that no proper augmentation had accrued to her dignity, such as she looked for, in the care of a son and heir, and she had been no uninterested watcher of the weather-vane of the designs of Claverhouse. She was now loud in her commendations of the project, and was convinced that only Bath could

restore health and happiness to her mistress, provided, of course, that she was allowed to see that my Lady was properly attired for the gay scenes they would find there; that would be no more than her duty.

Thus it came about that cabins were secured on the good ship *Prince Henry,* sailing from Leith, the Master of which said he would probably make Deptford about the third of August. The sea voyage was thought to be more comfortable in summer weather than a hot coach would have been, and it also appealed to Jean's adventurous spirit.

If anything was calculated to blow away sad thoughts and to centre the heart and affections on to-day, it was the bounding main, the novelty of the ship, and the humours of a six day's voyage; and so by the time they sighted the tower of St. Nicholas Church at Deptford, the colour had already augmented in Jean's cheeks and the sparkle returned in some measure to her eyes.

The scene as they approached Deptford was very beautiful. The undulating hills were still green and vernal. In the near distance could be seen the Palace of Greenwich, surrounded by stately trees. Immediately round the dock were the great store-houses of the nation's food. Ships were building on the stocks, which resounded to the strokes of the shipwrights' hammers, and barges and wherries were waiting to take merchandise and passengers further up the river. All this was pointed out to Jean by the Master, who came up to make his compliments to them before they landed. He told them how he remembered as a boy seeing there the decaying hull of Francis Drake's ship, the *Golden Hind,* which for over a hundred years had been preserved as a monument to posterity in the river at Deptford, and his ancient corrugated face pleated itself up into still tighter wrinkles and crowsfeet as he harked back with a smile to the memory of those older days.

A barge took them to a stair, where they were able to

pick up a hackney coach to drive them by Tooley Street to London Bridge. As they crossed the bridge, Jean and Elspeth were much amused in observing the numerous signs over the haberdashers showing where the needle and pin makers manufactured their wares. It was very crowded, for people congregated there from all parts of the city. There were the coaches of ladies from St. James', pack-horses and sumpter mules and porters laden with merchandise, while the scene was made noisy by the street criers and pedlars, and it was almost impossible for a pedestrian to cross the bridge. As they proceeded westward, the road became rougher and rougher, and the hackney coach tossed from side to side as the wheels sank in deep ruts, while the curses of the whips resounded as they argued with unseen foes. Fearful of being overturned, Jean asked what was adoing that a city street should be so bad, and Claverhouse put his head out of the window to see what was amiss. At length, slowly drawing himself back into the coach, he said:

"The roads have been destroyed by those infernal builders. We are just passing the new cathedral of Wren's designing, and the carting of the sea-borne ballast from the river has occasioned the cutting up of the roads. See," he added, "yon's the palisading that keeps folk from walking under the scaffolds. One day we'll come and have a better look at it, for I know the Surveyor, who is a very learned and curious man."

They did not stay in London longer than was necessary to rest themselves and to await the horses that their servants were bringing by road from Scotland. From the Saracen's Head, Friday Street, Cheapside, they booked for Monday's coach, Claverhouse deciding to ride his own horse while Jean and her gentlewoman went on the coach.

It was Jean's first experience of a public conveyance, but it was not to be feared, as they were to travel on one of the best roads in England. Until they reached Reading,

where they stopped for dinner, the journey was uneventful. After the meal, however, travellers' tongues were loosened, and it became amusing to take stock of their companions. Some of these were on their way to Bath, and told stories of their own and their neighbours' experiences of its waters.

Never had there been such a season, it was said, since the Queen Dowager Catherine had taken the waters there. She, poor lady, did not benefit in fertility as was expected, but the present Queen, Mary of Modena, was much younger, so there was more reason for hope.

A middle-aged dame, who looked as if she took more of "Bristol" milk than she did of Bath waters, was very zealous to impress upon her neighbours the benefits her son had received from the baths, and gave many details of her maternal solicitude. The boy, she said, was "chymically inclined" from his earliest years, and subject to fits and to a quartan ague. At the age of twelve, he had the smallpox, which did not, as all thought it should do, help him to mend his sickly constitution, but Bath waters had done for him what all her care and the doctors' physics had failed to do, and had washed the ill ferments out of the folds of his stomach, and there he was, as fine a grown lad as you would wish to see; and she turned round in order to draw him into observation. He, however, only glowered at her, and shrugged himself into the capes of his blue Joseph, disregarding his mother's voice. Baffled of creating the impression she sought, her thoughts turned to the approaching village of Theale, where, she told them, was a house noted for bottled ale and plum cake. Here the coach stopped, though it was only four and a half miles from Reading.

Claverhouse had been riding ahead since Reading in company with another traveller, and awaited his ladies at the steps. They came laughingly down, ready to try the cakes and ale, and while they were consuming these good

things, Claverhouse introduced his companion, who had proved to be an old acquaintance.

Lieutenant Colonel Oliver Nichols had been page to the King when Duke of York, and would soon be in waiting at Bath. He, too, discoursed of the waters. He had been under the endeavours of many physicians, he said, and among them was Dr. Waldegrave, whom he was glad to find they knew. This was his seventh visit to the waters. On the occasion of his first visit, he had a paralysis of the limbs and face, but had recovered completely, and hoped soon to marry a fine lady. He then discussed the alternative of drinking or bathing in the hot water. He seldom bathed in it, he said, except to wash himself.

They exchanged compliments, and, being refreshed, the ladies returned to their seats, and the coach did not stop again until they reached the Inn at Newbury. This was the end of the stage for that day, and, having viewed the rooms, Claverhouse gave orders for their supper. In this they were joined again by Colonel Nichols, who, from his familiarity with the Court, proved a very acceptable companion.

He told them, over their burgundy, that during the last year or two the King had been much occupied with his new army, now 24,000 men strong, double the army with which King Charles had satisfied himself. It was a marvel to think that King James I. had been content with only forty gentlemen for his guard, and no other soldiers at all! This present army, he continued with all a soldier's pride, was one of the finest the country had ever seen. It had twenty-eight pieces of cannon, and had been exercised and reviewed at Hounslow with great success three years running.

He agreed it was unfortunate that Mass should be publicly celebrated in the Earl of Dumbarton's tent, as it gave the vulgar an impression that the military would be used for the suppression of the Protestant Faith; but he

was sure they could look to the recent Act of Indulgence to put that notion aside. The two soldiers soon became absorbed in their own interests, and Jean and her woman left the room to retire for the night. Elspeth, as she prepared her mistress for bed, was not without comments on all she had heard.

"Bath waters and Bath air indeed!" she said; "they must be wonderful waters that can take a span off the girth of one man and put it on to another!"

The next morning brought a touch of freshness to the air, reminding them that the summer was on the wane. They drank a cup of hot chocolate, and then walked in the inn gardens, which were made beautiful by a little running stream that beached on to a grove of trees. They then went back to their seats in the coach, in which they would have to stay until they reached Marlborough for breakfast.

The country was now becoming hilly and the road stony, and on descending the hill into Marlborough they were jolted beyond bearing, so that the game of noddy which they were playing soon became impossible.

After leaving Marlborough, they crossed great downs, a feature in scenery quite new to Jean, and she watched with wonder the majestic clouds that kissed the shouldered hills, and chased the nibbling sheep with coursing shadows: the world was seemingly wrought of beautiful spaces, lifting the mind from little house-bred thoughts to company the gods.

Here they began to realize that they were nearing the centre of healing, for, crossing the downs, were sufferers of all conditions. Some were being carried tenderly in litters, others of the poorer folk were stretched on straw at the bottom of country wagons, while yet others, affording neither cart nor coach nor litter, came afoot on their crutches, licensed by Magistrates to beg for alms, and trusting to the good City of Bath for maintenance.

One whited leper caught Jean's compassionate eye, and Elspeth, who was still marvelling over the cure-all property of the waters, looked with horror and disapproval on the prospective bather.

After that, it became heavy going, the coach making but slow progress in the clinging soil, and, at the end of this stage, dinner was a welcome relief.

The last stage was drier, but steep and narrow rocky roads impeded the horses. Just as patience was nearly exhausted, they found themselves outside the walls of the City of Bath, and the coach soon clattered under the gateway of the White Hart Inn, where they slept the night.

The next day they intended to wait on Doctor Pierce, and to be entirely guided by him in their choice of baths and lodgings. Claverhouse conducted his lady and her woman to the Abbey House, where Dr. Pierce lived, and, after paying his respects to the physician, left them in his hands, while he strolled through the coffee-houses to pick up the news.

Jean's interest was quickly aroused by the fact that she was in an old conventual building, the monastery of the Abbey. It gave her a homely feeling, reminding her of Paisley, and, as she looked at the learned and benign doctor, her heart went out to him, although for the moment words failed her. What had she come for? she thought, she who seemingly ailed so little, yet lacked so much. Her social ease was no help here; its language failed her. Twice she tried to speak, but the muttered words never broke upon the air. Meantime the doctor's quiet gaze was fixed on his table, his hands folded on his habit, and when he looked up it was not to wait upon her explanations, but to begin talking slowly, as an old man does.

"My Lady Jean Graham," he began, ignoring her embarassment, "there is much you would do well to know before we decide on your treatment. I have had the honour of attending Lady Cochrane and your sister, Lady

Margaret Montgomery, and her father-in-law, the Earl of Eglinton, and many others whom you must know, so I need no introduction to you. Of all our English waters, they made choice of Bath for the cure of their ills, and that wisely; for, while some go to cool themselves at Epsom and Tonbridge, it would be a useless proceeding for Northerners, who do better to sweat themselves in our hot waters at Bath. I may at once say that our cures here are not a trick of the place, as some would tell you, but that the waters have a true balsamic virtue, especially to those that come timely and before their spirits are spent. They have been used for the purposes of healing for hundreds of years, and were doubtless designed for that purpose by God Himself, the prime founder and creator of all the baths.

"Many of my patients, who came here much grieved by old aches, have been glad to give public thanks to Almighty God, in our Abbey near by, for their restoration to a new habit of body with health and happiness; and you will see the *votive tabulæ* of their crutches hung upon the walls about the baths.

"I may tell you that I never burden patients with unnecessary medicines, for most that come hither are already tired out with long and tedious courses of physic, nor am I forward to allow the use of the bath until I am fully persuaded of its judiciousness; but, as the stomach is the principal part of the animal œconomy, you may safely begin by taking one to three pints of the water in the morning and a glass at the pump in the afternoon."

Jean, who during this measured discourse had gained courage and drawn breath, still felt her insufficiency, but, looking up into the tender fatherly old face, her nervousness left her, and she answered his commonplace medical questions readily enough until at last, growing accustomed to the sound of her own voice, she ventured on little explanations, told him what was missing in her life,

and that she had come to him more in sorrow than in ailment, seeing happiness only through other women's eyes as they fondled their bairns, and lacking her own heart's desire.

"There are many mothers," he answered, "that have occasion to be grateful to the waters of Bath, and I make no doubt but that you will be another. For the present, I counsel drinking the waters sincere from the well, and that you bathe but once a day and that in the Cross Bath; and since you have been much alone, leading to a defect in the animal spirits, I would have you seek diverting company, for that will carry off the drowsiness that the hot waters may at first cause, and prevent a too great relaxing of the fibres.

"You have come at a good time, and I doubt not will find many friends here and much to interest you. May the blessing of God attend you!"

Warmed by his benignity, and stimulated by the prospect of the waters, Jean left the house much comforted. Elspeth, in spite of her tendency to poke fun and exhibit her shrewdness, quickly gave her allegiance to the wise old doctor, and had nothing but praise for the Providence that had brought them to the City of Bath.

They next sought lodgings, and found them, as Dr. Pierce had directed, at the house of one William Purlevant, an old servant of the doctor. He had since become a green-keeper, and his house was very convenient as it enjoyed a private slipway to the bath.

It was not until the next day that they visited the baths, going from one to the other, and finding much amusement at them all. The baths were open to the sky, and surrounded by a pavement that led to the bathers' boxes, above which were galleries for visitors. In the centre of each bath was a very ancient stone cross, set on time-worn steps, where the bathers could sit, and round the steps and also on the sides of the bath were

brass rings to hold on to when bathing, each one engraved with the name of the donor and the date of his cure. At the pumps, people were drinking out of copper cups similarly engraved. On the arched wall that screened the Queen's from the King's Bath were hung the staves and crutches of former sufferers.

The Leper's Bath for the poor, an overflow from one of the others, presented many a pitiful sight. There were the halt, and the maimed, and beggars with their running sores but ill concealed; they were clamouring, quarrelling, groaning, and cursing, but more intent on catching the visitor's eye and the coins thrown to them than concerned with the waters themselves. Jean turned from this spectacle in disgust.

The next day, rested and hopeful and excited by the sense of novelty, Jean made her first plunge into the warm waters. Arrayed in a voluminous bathing gown, her head covered by a protecting cap, she presented so comical a sight that Elspeth was stirred to mirth. Having fee'd the Sergeant of the Bath, she was put in the charge of a woman attendant, who led her into the water and provided her with a Japan bowl, of which there was quite a little Argosy floating on the water, freighted with their owner's handkerchiefs, scent bottles, and sweetmeats.

The Queen being that day away at Bristol, the Cross Bath was free to the languishing beauties of the Court, who took care that neither water nor bathing gown should altogether conceal the loveliness of their persons; and their attendant swains, in equal enjoyment, but with more activity, swam or floated on the seductive water by their sides.

An Italian band, which was at Bath by reason of the Queen's presence in the city, commenced to discourse music; accompanied by the sibilating piping of the fountains, the violins and flutes sounded sweet but faint in the open air. The scene, in its setting of pillared stone,

and arched over by the deep hot blue of the August sky, had much to charm and elate the company.

The sweetmeat sellers, with their candied orange and gingerbread, perambulated the pavements, crying their wares, and spectators in the gallery exchanged sallies with their friends below. The warmth and music, the splashing fountains, where patients drank their measured potions, and the gaiety of intimacy, all served to loosen tongues and foster a festive atmosphere. While the real sufferers hung on to their brass rings or waded cautiously to steps where they might rest, the disregarding young folk exchanged quips and jests, and flung ready witticisms at each other, strengthening these by watery argument, and avoiding the retribution their impertinences called for by convenient duckings of the head. The solemnity of the invalids was gradually dispelled by the diversions of others, and they tried to be as gamesome and jocund as their ailments would allow, until at twelve o'clock the chairmen arrived with half tub chairs lined with blankets, in which the bathers wrapped themselves and went home to their lodgings. At last, amidst noon-day's heat, the musicians gone, and the last loiterer sped, only the babbling waters remained to whisper of the hopes and secrets of the bath.

Six weeks were spent thus in the worship of Hygeia and in the pursuit of sport and pleasure, and during that time Jean became, as her husband already was, an intimate of the Court. Presented as the wife of Claverhouse, Jean soon became a *persona grata,* and her broad and honest outlook made real friendship with Queen Mary possible. Come to Bath for "a common cause," no hopes or fears were too private for discussion; and while Jean admired the religious earnestness that underlay the Queen's gentle and apparently yielding nature, Queen Mary honoured the uplifting and invincible spirit of the Scotswoman. They learned to know each other, not as Queen and subject, but as two travellers on the road of life, explorers in the

country of the soul, glad to compare their burdens, and anxious to tell each other of the distant visions that drew them on, of the dear companions who accompanied them, and of the helps they had found by the way.

Did Jean's independence of thought make her a stronger staff than Queen Mary found in the sweet counsels of her religion? Did the Divine Voice penetrate more clearly to the one who heard it through the words of her confessor or to the other who humbly, blindly, gropingly, must needs listen for it and follow it alone? Who shall say? But each friend found in the other qualities that compelled respect and love, and in Jean this personal intimacy riveted and welded together that inward loyalty which can only be expressed in outward acts of sacrifice and service.

Leaving Bath late in September, Jean and John returned to London, from whence they went to Richmond to pay their respects to Princess Anne. The six years that had passed since their meeting in Edinburgh had closed the chapter of girlhood for both Anne and Jean. From an almost unconsidered Princess, Anne had risen to be a person of increasing political significance as the probable successor to the Crown, though her husband, the Prince of Denmark, carried no weight at all except as the father of her children.

They found the Princess and her husband at Richmond Old Palace. For many centuries this beautiful river home had been the harbour of distressed and broken-hearted womanhood. Unwilling brides, doomed and divorced Queens, imprisoned Princesses were brought there in the State barges that bore them away from the conspiring Courts which had banished them. Among the more recent of these had been the unhappy daughters of Charles I., and also his widow, known as "La Reine Malheureuse." Princess Anne had spent a very happy childhood there, but she too was destined to suffer amid those beautiful surroundings in the frequent disappointments to her motherhood.

Jean found the blushing rosebud of the Edinburgh days a very full blown flower indeed, and incommoded by size and breathlessness. The Princess gave her a very hearty welcome, and the Prince of Denmark carried off Claverhouse to the gardens, where they paced the walks, talking in a merely complimentary manner. The Prince was disinclined to discuss the affairs of the kingdom, though by force of circumstances no man was better informed than he was of the growing conflict between Protestant and Catholic interests. Horses and dogs and the sport afforded by the Great Park were the wisest substitutes for such topics.

Meanwhile Princess Anne talked to Jean, largely about her own health, sometimes about the Queen and her sister, the Princess of Orange. Jean, who had so recently left the Queen, found Anne's questions about her step-mother very shrewish and even inconvenient to answer, and she was glad when Sarah Churchill came in to give them tea, which she made herself, washing up the cups afterwards in a brass bowl made for the purpose.

It was evident that the Princess was delighted with their visit, for she talked volubly and almost caressingly to Jean; but Jean could not disguise from herself a sense of disappointment in her old companion. She perceived that, politically, Anne was as much under the influence of Protestant Bishops, as the King and Queen were under their Confessors, and it left her in great confusion of mind; but, as she admitted in talking to Claverhouse, the feeling of the kingdoms was best interpreted by the Protestant Bishops.

Claverhouse and Jean stayed on in London for some time, and there was no doubt but that their visit south had been timely and ingratiating. It was evident that the King valued his honest servant and recognised the usefulness of his qualities, and Claverhouse heard that a peerage was being considered for him. In their natural elation, they

JEAN COCHRANE, VISCOUNTESS OF DUNDEE.

(Artist unknown: conjecturally dated 1687.)

The picture hangs in the Dundee Art Galleries, and bears a striking resemblance to the portrait of her sister Margaret, wife of Alexander, 9th Earl of Eglinton, which hangs at Eglinton.

talked of having their portraits painted. Jean wrote to her brother, Lord Dundonald, saying that her husband had already had his done "by the best that was in England," and hers was to follow.[1] The sittings for these pictures detained them in London longer than they had expected, and it was with pleasurable anticipation that they at last set out for home, which had by then become a longed for resting-place.

[1] *Vide* Appendix V.

CHAPTER XV.

The Revolution.

1688-90.

". . . but all these discontents were but like smothered Fire until the birth of the Prince of Wales."—*Balcarres' Memoirs.*

Much had happened in the north by the time the travellers returned home, and Claverhouse must surely have deplored the changes which had taken place. He had won distinction through the success of his punitive operations connected with the enforcing of "The Test." He now returned to a country where the Test, which had caused so much trouble at its introduction, brought even more distress in the order of its going.

A first, second, and third Act of Indulgence had been passed in order to remove the clauses which caused irritation, but, unfortunately, they perpetrated the great blunder of liberating Catholics to hold high office in Protestant Scotland. Military commissions were ordered to be surrendered to the Crown, and the dismissal of Protestants from the army and the placing of forts and magazines in the hands of the Catholics spread discontent far and wide. While the dismissed officers, many of whom had bought their own commissions, fled to Holland, taking their grievances with them, the soldiers, who had to surrender their army clothing, wandered half naked through the country, stirring up indignation by their tales of the Irish Catholics who had supplanted them.

The disorganisation caused by these changes in the army was only equalled by that in civil and church life. All corporations and offices, from the highest to the lowest,

were first surrendered to the Crown and then thrown open to the Catholics, even in some cases forced upon their acceptance against their own inclination.

Claverhouse returned to Edinburgh to find the city in a state of ferment, and the Privy Council almost equally so. Those few months of absence had ranged his friends on opposite sides, and the development of an Orange Party was now the emerging feature of national importance. Letters from Holland evidenced a Protestant enthusiasm, which had been heightened by tales of the Huguenots and of the revocation of the Edict of Nantes. Men like Fletcher of Saltoun, Archibald Campbell, the outlawed son of the late Earl of Argyll, and Jean's uncle, Gilbert Burnet, were writing letters urging their friends to the Protestant cause. Among all these conflicting forces, Claverhouse and his friend Balcarres remained firm for the King.

Fortified by his belief in the Divine Right of Kings, Claverhouse took but a narrow view of the national crisis. Presbyterianism had been to him a plague-spot on the surface of the body politic; he had never dreamed of it as the very soul of that body, which in fact it proved to be. To him the pliancy of the Scottish Parliament in the matter of the "Test" had been a subject of congratulation, and the present riots and conflagrations in Edinburgh only needed, he said, a soldier's firm handling in order to be quelled.

The wording of the Acts of Indulgence, which the King issued by his "sovereign authority and absolute power," caused no jar to a mind thus constituted; but there were other Scotsmen who remembered that King James had been crowned without taking the Coronation Oath. They had long doubted the legality of his office, and were prepared on competent grounds to dispute his claim to "sovereign authority and absolute power"; and while legal minds considered the crisis from its constitutional aspect, the mob, hesitating not at all, was ready for

any act of violence. As time sped on, the rumour of the projected invasion by the Prince of Orange was confirmed, and the problem shifted from its religious to its constitutional basis, centring no longer on the Act of Indulgence, but directly on the Protestant succession to the throne.

Many were the occasions when a family party would meet at Dudhope and discuss the news. Some would urge the coming danger to religion, while others like Claverhouse would argue on lines familiar to Jean. She had often to admit the constitutional justice of the Presbyterians, but for herself and for John the pull lay the other way. Compelled by personal affection and understanding, they could not envisage for one moment a break with the King. Jean's thoughts, too, were continually with the Queen, who was once more expecting a child; and on June 10, 1688, the Prince of Wales was born, and was immediately baptised into the Catholic Church. By that act, if by no other, King James sealed his own fate. While the Royalists acclaimed the Prince as an additional security to the throne, the Protestants, fearing augmentation of the Catholic interest, repudiated him and saw the only possible safety of the Protestant succession in the Princess Mary and her husband. The scandal of the infant being a supposititious prince sprang into being, and led the clergy and Nonconformist ministers to omit his name from the prayers for the Royal Family.

But it was not till early autumn that James became convinced of the reality of the proposed invasion, for up to that time he had refused to consider it seriously, saying of his nephew that he was sure he would be well inclined to him if he should "be spoken homely to." By September, however, the fact had to be faced. Having alienated the Church and prorogued the Parliament, James turned to his Army and Navy for comfort, quite unable to realise that they too might fail him.

It was amidst these stirring rumours of invasion and of the violent outbreaks in both kingdoms that Jean's thoughts suddenly came, like homing pigeons, back to their own roof. The visit to Bath, not a year bygone, was still fresh in her memory, and she was overjoyed to find that, as in the case of the Queen, cherished hopes were to be realised, and a child was to be born to the house of Graham. John, stirred to the depths, decided that his son, if it pleased God to send him one, should be born in the house of his fathers, and, knowing that he would soon be called to London, despatched Jean to Glen Ogilvy with the ever constant Elspeth in attendance.

In the long low Manor-house that she loved so well, sheltered by the tree-clad hills, and skirted by the bubbling stream of the valley, Jean spent a peaceful winter, hearing only at intervals through John of the outer world, and interested only at second-hand; she was indeed far more intent on the fine needlework that now never left her hands: the world and its affairs slipped away from her. The urgency of the moment in the life of the nation conveyed little or nothing to a woman who, herself the child of all the ages, now realised in her own person life in its fullest meaning. Princes and kingdoms dwindled into mere shadows compared with the great fact of the coming of her child and John's, who should perpetuate the eternal "I am." The hush of expectancy obliterated all else; the stirring of the babe within her held for her the past, the present, and the future of time. John, too, absorbed as he was in the growing danger to the kingdoms, baffled by the inertia of the King, and ever blinded by his love for him, could come north but seldom, and then, in the precincts of his own home, he was glad to forget for an hour the tottering walls of State. He watched his wife as one who held the secrets of the future for him, unwilling to disturb her placid happiness by his fears.

Jean, now matronly, her face and throat full and round,

with added grace, moving with the poised balance and even rhythm of the child-bearing woman, pleased his eye afresh, and he, the time-worn, jaded soldier, renewed in her his zest in life.

But while Nature was creating life anew, at Nature's pace, moving with leisurely, unfaltering steps towards her appointed hour, Man, neglectful of her gifts and proudly relying on his self-made laws, armed and disarmed his legions, imprisoned and released his fellows, forever warring in spirit and in flesh against seen and unseen forces, and perhaps most of all against his own progress.

In October the Scottish army moved south, and Claverhouse was quartered in London. After the landing of the Prince of Orange on November 5th at Torbay, James waited at Westminster, unwilling to plunge the nation into civil war by taking the field against the invading army, and consequently refused the naval and military help proffered by the King of France. Meanwhile his daughters, realising that his day had passed, prepared, perhaps reluctantly, to see his place filled. Princess Mary, guided by sound commonsense, trusted her husband to meet the needs of a kingdom which had invited him to take the crown. Princess Anne, whose husband was on the side of the incoming Prince, effected a midnight flight from her house in the Cockpit, and, by the persuasions of the Bishop of London, went to Warwick, leaving her adventure to be described as an escape or desertion according to the mind of the speaker.

With but few loyal friends around him, the King grew apprehensive of the safety of his infant son, and with much precaution and secrecy, sent him to France with the Queen. He had waited upon events so long that he had lost all control of them, and was now a wearied, sick, and baffled man, the brilliant record of whose early years was to be wiped out by the verdict of history on his present inadequacy. Rather than provoke civil war, he gave orders

to disband the large army which had for so many years been his especial care and joy. This brought tears into the eyes of more than one of his devoted servants, for it was said that nearly every officer was under some personal obligation to him.

It was during that memorable fortnight which followed the landing of the Prince of Orange, that Claverhouse received his long-expected Peerage, under the title of Viscount of Dundee and Lord Graham of Claverhouse.

Amidst all his many anxieties, it was a satisfaction to be able to send an express to Jean, and to feel that he had increased the heritage of the coming child.

Claverhouse, henceforward known as Dundee, and his close friend, the Earl of Balcarres, remained with the King. The day before James left London, the three men paced the Mall in earnest conversation; the young men urged the King to immediate action, but James was worn out, helpless, and inert. The next morning, at the bidding of the Prince of Orange, and under the escort of the Dutch guard, he left London and travelled to Rochester.[1] Even then, his loyal Scotsmen, Dundee among them, followed and tried to rouse him, offering to re-assemble the army and convert disaster into victory. It was all in vain. The King escaped from both the malice of his enemies and the importunity of his friends on the night of December 23rd, and landed in France on Christmas Day.

Dundee then withdrew his troops to Watford, where he remained for a time unmolested. He was unable to return to Scotland, as, by the simple device of stopping the roads across the border and refusing passports, the Prince of Orange prevented all communication between the two kingdoms, and it became necessary for Scotsmen eager to kiss his hand to travel to England by way of Holland.

Jean and Elspeth, now shut in by snows and the impassable rivers of wintry Scotland, stitched and stitched

[1] This was the second time that James had left London.

through the dark months, without post letters or news of John, and, living on the pickled herrings and salted mart [2] of mid-winter, they longed for the spring to liberate them. The little garments of their stitchery were put aside, ready to welcome one to whose generation the flight of the King should be as a tale that is told.

By slow degrees the story of the flight of King James came to be known in Scotland. It trickled through the gossip of the Fairs, was confirmed by the ministers in their pulpits, and commented on by Jean's sisters-in-law in their letters. Dundonald, who of all her relatives was most concerned for her safety, visited her on his way to kiss the Prince's hand. Like John, he refrained from raising alarm in her mind, though he urged her to use her influence with Dundee in the direction of the new King. But Jean was not easy to influence. Her mental activities were quiescent and not travelling in new directions, for Nature had laid a detaining hand upon her. She could find nothing but a scornful curl of the lip when she heard of the ignominous flight of Princess Anne or of the wreathed smiles of Princess Mary as she ran from room to room at Whitehall, happy to be, even at that great cost, in the familiar rooms of her childhood. It was only the thought of the Queen that could bring tears to Jean's eyes, though even the pitiful tale of a mother flying on a dark wet night from her home to the shelter of a foreign Court seemed somehow remote and unreal.

"Why didn't John return, when his home held so much for him?" she said, almost fiercely, to Dundonald. "He couldn't? Oh, nonsense! John could always do what he wished to do; he couldn't be holden, couldn't John."

"Perhaps it was the regiment that kept him," said her brother.

"But the army had found for the Prince," she answered, "so it could not be that."

[2] A side of salted beef from which the winter food was cut.

"It was just his regiment," ventured Dundonald.

"He must love his regiment then better than all else," she replied.

Finding her thus, disconsolate and querulous, Dundonald gave all the comfort he could, and made much lighter of the situation than he really felt warranted in doing. After he had left, Elspeth succeeded better than he in cheering her mistress, and they returned to their sewing.

The days had considerably lengthened when John returned north, stopping a day or two at Dudhope for necessary business on the Dundee Council, and then riding on to Glen Ogilvy. With his welcome presence, Jean's feeling of petulance and soreness disappeared. She was surprised at first that he did not want to see their beautiful needlework, but, noting his worn and harassed look, a lurking shame at her own thoughtlessness filled her breast.

She told him of her brother's visit and of his preposterous prophecy that the Prince and Princess of Orange had come to stay, having secured the approval of both willing and unwilling subjects! As she spoke and watched his face hardening, she felt miserably detached from him. He might have reassured her, she thought, and said that it was all nonsense, but no! he just listened, and he added nothing.

She had never yet doubted the security of their lives or persons. For her, John was still her own dear lord, the favourite of a King who would eventually smile on her son even as he had already befriended and ennobled the father: so they were safe. Not even in the middle of the night, when she became aware that John had not slept at all, did her thoughts quicken.

"Jean, where are your pearls?" he asked.

"La, John, where should they be but in Elspeth's keeping!" she answered sleepily.

"Would you part with them?" he asked eagerly.

"Funds will be needed ere long for the Royal Cause. We lack horses, the militia has no ammunition, the men will be asking for their pay, and I have not the wherewithal."

"His troops again, always his troops!" was the first thought that came to her; but she knew it for an unworthy one, and was glad her voice did not betray her, nor the darkness discover the quick in-rushing tears. She answered bravely: "Of course, John, the pearls are yours for the asking if you want them; but the King's cause is no so ill as a' that comes to: he'll never leave you, his commander-in-chief, at the hinder end."

No answer came to that, but a big muscular hand sought hers, and in the joy of its possession she repeated what she had said, and confidently fell asleep again. But John was left wide awake, and he wondered somewhat impatiently at his wife's attitude. He knew that they had kept ugly facts from her and glossed over much of importance, but why hadn't she understood? Why had she lost interest? A year ago it would have been clear to her with half the telling.

He stayed at Glen Ogilvy nearly a fortnight, riding over almost daily to Dudhope, and then had to leave for Edinburgh. Jean's time was drawing very near, and he assured her that his visit to the city would only be a flying one, and bade her keep up a good heart while he was away.

On arrival in Edinburgh, he went first to call on his friend, the Earl of Balcarres, and they arranged to walk up the Castle Hill together, and visit the Governor, the Duke of Gordon. They wanted a talk with him before they finally made up their minds as to whether they should obey the Prince's summons to the Convention of Estates. To their profound dismay, they met the Duke's furniture being removed from the castle and carried down the hill.

The Duke of Gordon, who had been holding the castle since November, had been greatly harassed by the

miscarriage of orders that he knew should come from the King, and no less by the friendly persuasions of the Orange Party that he should surrender, and also by the polite reassurances of the Prince of Orange if he should deliver up the fort. He was of a Catholic family, but had understood the religious feeling of his country far too well to assist James in his schemes for the re-introduction of the older faith; moreover, he was a Stuart by descent, and loyal by all the ties of blood.

Dundee and Balcarres found him in his closet, his wig thrown off, his usual French clothes exchanged for plaid and kilt, a desk with a mighty lock on it by his side with a chest of silver for the payment of the garrison flanking it. Sitting on an upturned piece of furniture, his plenishings strewed about him, he made a melancholy and suggestive picture. He was smoking, too, with the deep drawings of an angry man, and an unheeded glass of claret stood on the chest by his side. The Duke glowered on his two friends as they entered, and did not move, his fierce black eyes bent on them disconcertingly.

"Ye're ower late, my Lords," he said, "ye're ower late. I have looked for you since Monday was a fortnight, and I'm for the flitting the noo. Sooner than bide here, Gordon will away to his own country or make his service to the Prince of Orange, however little stomach he may have for that last. My grief! that ye should come now when my goods and geir are nearly skailed!"

His visitors fell on him with torrents of arguments, and Dundee produced the orders of King James for the keeping of the castle and his own commission as Commander-in Chief of the Scots army, though the latter was not in existence.

No longer in the anxious tones in which they had discoursed coming up the hill, but with sanguine eagerness they tried to prevail with the Duke, meeting all his objections unhesitatingly. They told him they were come

ostensibly to attend the Convention if so be as this bastard of a Parliament was legal, but they were in some doubt on the matter.

"The Convention can do no good for King James," Gordon said. "Why, man, the cellars and holes down yon peaceful causeways are crammed with armed men in hiding, as I know for a fact. They are brought here by the Western Lords, and no King's man will be safe.

"Other fortresses in the country have surrendered, and for why should I hold out, who am not like to profit James Stuart. I'll no do it, I tell ye. I've a very obliging letter from the Prince of Orange, and see nothing to be gained if I hold the walls, for our master's a forfeit man, and woe is Gordon that he should have to say it!"

Even as he spoke, a fresh messenger arrived with a billet from the Town authorities, persuading him to a peaceful surrender. It was then that Dundee and Balcarres knew him for their man, for Gordon dismissed the messenger with contumely:

"Tell your masters with my service," he said, "I have good news of the King of Scots brocht me by these noblemen here. I shall keep the castle till he comes," and, turning back to his friends, he said, "There ye have my answer, my Lords. It goes with my inclinations but no with my reason."

There followed a long talk, Gordon sitting at ease, his long legs sprawling; but the Highlander was now subordinated to the diplomat as he addressed Dundee, calling him "Cousin," in token of their common Stuart descent. An army for King James could be raised no doubt, he said, but it would be a Highland army. He advised Dundee to approach the Chiefs, and named Atholl and Mar and some others. The King, of course, Dundee assured him, would send troops over from Ireland directly he arrived there, and no doubt would come himself at the first opportunity.

Thus they talked until all seemed well with the Royal

cause. With their sweetmeats and wine and nutmegs they passed the long afternoon, and when they parted it was with blithe hearts and ready plans. As he took them to the gate, the Duke called up his chamberlain and ordered that no more furniture should be removed, and heartened his men by news of the King "now immediately to be looked for." They said good-bye, and the two friends heard the echoes of his bawling as they went down the hill.

Balcarres was for walking quickly, but Dundee paused beyond the walls and looked backward over the ground for something that his friend did not see.

"A few Town's Companies posted hereabouts, Colin, and you could not approach the castle," he said. Then, making some excuse, he harked back to the portcullis, not yet drawn on them, where stood the tall Gordon, looking once more master. They said a few words together, and then Balcarres saw the Duke beckon Dundee within, and they disappeared. Wondering what plot they were hatching, and impatient of delay, he returned to his own home.

The Convention of Estates met in Edinburgh on March 14th, and never was there a less united assembly. To everyone's astonishment, no less than his own, the Presbyterian Duke of Hamilton was chosen President. The elections had been carried out on entirely new lines, and so little law or justice was observed in the scrutiny of the votes that titles were challenged and uproars were frequent. Many of the King's men left at once, thus increasing the majority of the Orange Party.

Dundee found that his cause was sure to be out-voted, and soon knew himself to be unpopular, and in a city composed of such elements as were then in Edinburgh, unpopularity within the Parliament House meant assassination outside. Not two days had passed before he had to ask the Convention for a safe conduct for his person, and their refusal to give it evidenced the feeling of the majority. The holding of the castle by Gordon and the ability of

Dundee to represent the King's party were the two difficulties which the Convention had to overcome; but more than anyone else, Dundee was felt to be a stumbling block to the smooth passing of the Proclamation in favour of the Prince of Orange.

Incensed by the attitude of the Convention, and made anxious by uncertainty as to the Duke of Gordon, who alarmed both his friends and foes by temporising, Dundee, Balcarres, Atholl, Mar, and most of the Highlanders determined to leave Edinburgh, and to call a Convention at Stirling, for which Balcarres carried full powers.

By Saturday, March 16, as Dundee had foreseen, Town guards had been placed about the castle, the garrison of which was rapidly being defeated by defections and sickness. It was not until a successful defence had become impossible that Gordon's back stiffened to his task, and his final effort to save the castle was no doubt largely due to Dundee's influence.

Matters were in this state of impasse when the Convention, tired of rebuffs, and the temporising of the Governor, decided to use their full powers, and sent heralds, pursuivants, and trumpeters to summon with "solemn and formal" words the recalcitrant Duke to remove himself and other Papists forth of the castle, under pain of treason. The Duke, who was by no means duly impressed, distributed drink-money for King James' health, and chaffed the heralds because they had not yet turned their fine coats; but when this show of the Convention's authority was over, he addressed himself seriously to the defences of the castle, while the heralds, his golden guineas still in their pockets, returned to report on his light behaviour. The Convention then further vindicated its authority by immediately proceeding to outlaw the Duke, so as to make all communication with him felonious.

Meantime Dundee, counting on the plans for a Convention at Stirling, found that they had been dissipated

by week-end reflections. The Marquis of Atholl had wavered and carried others with him. On Monday the members that were to have ridden forth to Stirling, instead of keeping their tryst with Dundee, begged for a day or two's postponement of the enterprise, and meanwhile resumed their seats in Convention. Balcarres, still anxious to carry their goodwill, alone awaited for Dundee at the door of the Parliament House, and he too begged for delay which would give their enemies the lie, he said, and cause them to relax their vigilance on the King's party.

But neither Dundee's temperament nor reason would brook delay, and he spoke of his men, already armed and mounted, waiting for his leadership. Another night spent in the city would undoubtedly thin their numbers, and might discover their purpose. The Convention was then actually sitting, and how did either of them know what the morning's business might portend for the King? Old enemies of Dundee lurked, as they knew, among the Cameronians, those religious fanatics of the West, against whom he had so often directed his military and punitive expeditions. Old grudges against one who had been the persecutor of their faith followed him, as the whispered threatenings of assassination had already proved.

It was not of himself, however, that he was thinking. With tears in his eyes, he appealed to Balcarres, but he could not move his friend, who considered it to be useless to go to Stirling without the Royalist Party behind them. Standing there in the dimly-lighted lobby of the Parliament House, the cold morning sun blanching his fair face and almost white hair, Balcarres faced things squarely. He was sure the wise course lay in one more day's delay. If they rode from the city in a large body in full daylight, the Convention would undoubtedly send troops after them, and they would be arrested and imprisoned before they were a mile away. It was not his argument, but the earnest, troubled face of his friend that moved Dundee,

and no doubt he felt he had made a great concession when at last he said he would ride on with his gentlemen and troopers, make his way to Stirling, and there wait for the others to follow him. They argued awhile longer, for it was the biggest difference of opinion the two friends had ever had with each other, and it brought a sense of wretchedness. Their eyes met in mutual distress, and in that look each man knew how sincerely he loved the other, but both were acting under a deep sense of conviction. Dundee's troop was waiting. . . .

"I'll away!" he said simply, and they parted.

Dundee left the Close, and Balcarres returned to the Chamber, where he found himself unable to give his attention to the discussions going on, being filled with a deep and unbearable sense of finality and loss. He could not shake off his uneasiness; for him acts of violence filled the heated air. The callousness of the assembly had astonished and wounded him, and in a sense he was relieved that Dundee was riding away. He scrutinised the faces before him, noting the passion in each countenance, but deaf to their utterances; and then he looked down past the pulpit to the pit where, fenced off, the burgesses and strangers were congregated. At one moment it seemed to him that he had been sitting there on his carved bench since all time; at another, that he had hardly yet parted from his friend: and that feeling was uppermost when messengers were announced, hurried words passed from mouth to mouth, and the whole assembly rose in confusion.

A mounted troop had passed through the West Port, it was said, and had ridden by the Laing Gait. It had been followed, and was observed to halt below the Castle Rock, and signals were seen to pass between the troopers and the garrison. The man who brought the information halted for lack of breath, and his story was taken up by another, but he, too, was stumbling over his own words; so a man of the City Guard was brought up to inform the

Convention with all due formality, and was sworn in on the Gospels:

"It was a clear case of intercommuning," he said; "the outlaw, the umquhile Duke of Gordon had been obsairved with a glass to his een on the Castle Rock, beckoning to the troop as they passed below. His Lordship of Dundee had answered him, and, leaving his men, had scaled up the very rock itself, to the great peril of life and limb. Indeed, their Lordships and Honours would have been sooner informed were it not that he, the deponent, felt convinced that the law-breaker would perish in his felonious design, and he had waited to see the wrath of God descend upon him; also because he couldna well be pursued. It had been obsairved by severals that they spoke togither, and na doot as traitors to your Lordships and to the Convention here assembled; natheless the Lord of Dundee had descended the rock in safety, and since he was outside the Town walls he could not be apprehended by the Town guaird, but by orders of the Bailies the Convention was to be informed of this act of treason. For his pairt . . ." and here he began his story all over again, turning from one member to the other as they besieged him with questions.

"Aye, the party had galloped awa', lifting their bonnets with cheers to the castle, from the battlement of which sentinels' heads peeked out and cannoneers shouted, the whole garrison defiantly rejoicing. Their Lordships would be glad to ken that he, the deponent, . . ." but their Lordships had had their information, and would hear no more of him, so he was told to stand down.

Balcarres, who had never left his seat, smiled grimly over at the Marquis of Atholl, who could not refrain from acknowledging it. Sir George Mackenzie was seen poking fun at Sir James Dalrymple, Dundee's old enemy, and Hamilton resumed the President's chair.

The assembly suddenly became coherent in tacit recognition that the majority stood for Prince William,

and in the face of this the loyalists sat silent, knowing that one false move on their part might see them all in prison.

Hamilton's loud and bullying voice ordered the doors to be locked and the keys to be laid on the table, and he dilated on the dangers to which they were all exposed. While members of the House remained on their benches, orders were sent out to the city that all well-affected persons were to be summoned by the beating of drums to defend their liberties against the assembling of Papists and malcontents. Never was there such an uproar within the Parliament House; men boasted of their followings, each one trying to outvie the other in the number of his men, who, now released from their cellars and attics, poured out of the closes and wynds, thereby adding to the general confusion. The Militia was assembled, and the Town companies marched hither and thither. It was declared that no man went safely while that deil, Dundee, was about, and Major Buntine with his mounted men was despatched to overtake the troop that had so contumeliously set the Estates at defiance.

Edinburgh continued in a turmoil all that day, but when the sun had set and night fell, it was found that no Papists had been seen to assemble, and that no King's man had dared to follow Dundee; so the city lost interest, and the tumult died down. Duke Hamilton, his wrath spent, unlocked the members of the Convention. The Bailies and burgesses, wondering at the events of the day, and well content to find themselves with whole skins, hied them home to the embraces of their wives and the safety of their own wall-beds.

Dundee, however, felt no elation at a feat which was to live for centuries in the minds of men. To himself, he was a forlorn commander indeed, lacking an army and seeing little hope of getting one. He had wished to speak to Gordon, and had found the ordinary approaches to the castle blocked by Town Guards, so he adopted the only

possible method, and scaled the rock to a postern gate. Now, as he rode on with his troop, consisting of but ten men whom he could call his own, and a few others, who were Gordon's vassals lent for the occasion, he felt that every hope had failed him. The King's orders, when they came to be opened, were little more than *sauve qui peut*, and his letter to the Estates had obviously been dictated by the hated Earl of Melfort, and had served only to rouse resistance. Atholl's loyalty, fanned into flame one moment, died down the next; of Gordon, Dundee felt none too sure, nor of Mar; Balcarres? but no, he would not think of Balcarres with the others. It must have been with bitter thoughts that he waited at Stirling for a Royalist party that never came.

Meanwhile the Convention of Estates, now freed from protesting Jacobites, formed a Committee for settling the Government, and, in spite of the conflict of interests, of private feuds, of political animosity and blind hate, there was drawn up and given to Scotland the great and noble declaration of their "*Claim of Right*" against the encroachments of all past and future kings. It recorded the illegality of keeping up a standing army in times of peace, of the imprisonment of persons without stated reason, and of the proclamation of forfeiture on weak pretences; and it instanced the illegal proceedings against the late Earl of Argyll.

So did a nation, awake to its own faults, guard the liberties of its own people, and record the detestation of its own crimes.

CHAPTER XVI.

The Shadow.

"Sometimes the shadow goes before the substance and otherwhiles it follows."—*Seneca.*

When John arrived home, which was not for some days, he was in a quieter frame of mind. Had he been able to hear from Edinburgh, he would have been reassured as to the wisdom of his action in coming away, for those who remained found themselves in a sorry plight. Balcarres was thrown into prison, and not many days elapsed before another supporter of King James, Sir George Lockhart, President of the Court of Session, was murdered in the open High Street.

Dundee, too, in order to clear himself of the nets laid for him, had allowed Major Buntine and his troop to catch him up, and had reassured him so completely that the gallant Major returned to Edinburgh without his captive. As soon as his back was turned, Dundee made for Stirling and Dunblane, where he met with representatives of the Highland Chiefs, and was inspirited by offers of service to the King, and, reassured and heartened, he made his way homewards. On his arrival, he saw his men to their quarters in the castle, made arrangements for his return on the following day, and, accompanied by Lieutenant-Colonel William Livingston of Kilsyth and their two trooper servants, he rode on to Glen Ogilvy, his thoughts turning to the domestic crisis which might have occurred during the quick march of public events.

It was a bitter cold night of an especially hard season, and the snow and sleet lashed the faces of the horsemen as

they rode. They could scarcely hear each other's voices or see their way before them, and the familiar ten miles had never seemed so long. As he rode, personal anxiety pressed upon John's mind. What would he find when he reached home? Would the babe have been born? Would it be possible to move mother and child to a place of safety, which the little old manor house would soon cease to be. He thought uneasily of the facts that he would have to tell Jean, facts long withheld, and only to be told now with the greatest reluctance.

Jean, with whom all was well, met them herself, and saw in a moment that something, she knew not what it could be, had happened; but wisely asked no questions. She brought them into a warm room and had a meal set before them, which was made pleasant by Livingston's tact and easy talk. He was an old friend of Jean's childhood, and, having been at Glasgow College with Dundonald, had spent many a holiday at Paisley Place. He found much that was pleasant to talk about, to the exclusion of the distressful topics that all wished to avoid. The meal over, the servants brought the cakes and wine and departed, and Livingston, making the excuse of seeing to the bedding of his horses, left the room.

The hour was late, and the candles had burned low, leaving to the fire the burden of illumination, and when husband and wife drew up to the inglenook, the glowing peat lighted up Jean's flowing garments, and vied in its intensity with the colour of John's scarlet coat, casting black shadows on everything outside the magic circle of the hearth.

Then very gently and tenderly John told her of the course of events, of his escape from Edinburgh assassins and his interview with Gordon, and he asked her to face facts with him. The King's cause, he explained, was under a cloud, perhaps in great jeopardy. The Scottish Parliament had been captured by the minority, and he himself

was likely to be proclaimed rebel just as Gordon had been; so after all it had come to civil war, that dread event which the King had tried to avoid by flight.

He also told her graphically and with shining eyes of a dinner that the Earl of Dunmore had given at a tavern in Edinburgh to the officers of the Scottish Horse, that loyal group which had withdrawn to Watford when the English army engaged for King William. At that dinner, he and Livingston and his brother David had been sitting side by side when there entered a messenger bearing the glad news of the King's arrival in Ireland, and it was greeted by cheer after cheer, and General Douglas, his old enemy, against whom he would never say another word, had said in the silence that followed, "Gentlemen, we have all ate of his bread, and here is his health!" On their bended knees they drank that solemn toast, and followed it by one of damnation to all that drew the sword against their master.

But life had changed, he said, and Jean could see that this was so. He explained that they could not stay at Glen Ogilvy—its only defence an old tower. In spite of her condition and the lateness of her time, she must be moved as soon as the sun rose the next day to the greater safety of Dudhope Castle, where there would always be men at his command, and messengers and servants of all sorts.

He reminded her how many alterations had been carried out in the castle during the winter months. The wrights and the plasterers had greatly improved the place. Beds had been taken down from sunless northern rooms and put up in rooms of more pleasing aspect. Elspeth's room, which was next her own, had been fitted up with new presses, and there was a finely-wrought cradle made by Shewster, the wright, waiting for the heir to the Graham honours, whom they all looked for.[1] She would like to see

[1] *Vide* bills among the Forfeiture Papers in the Register House, Edinburgh.

the improvements, he was quite sure, and more than one faithful servant would heartily welcome her presence.

Jean scarcely heard all this. She was for the time stunned by her own thoughts and by amazement at her own blindness. As she sat by John's side, her hands passed restlessly over the torn doublet, at times smoothing out the jagged edges of the little slits which the sharp rock had torn, and at others tracing out caressingly the pattern of the gold lace. She sometimes rested them awhile on her husband's sleeve, but even so they betrayed the anxious working of her mind. She was docility itself. Yes, she would come to Dudhope—if John would take her himself and ride by her side. Oh, yes, they must go to Dudhope! To-night? To-morrow? Where was Elspeth? She would tell her to make immediate preparations. Like a bird disturbed at its nesting, she sought another and a safer spot elsewhere; but more than once her eyes filled with tears as she looked at her husband.

"Where have my thoughts been?" she said. "Was it naething to me that my friends suffered? Surely I have kent their needs ower late!"

The next morning, dark and wintry as it was, saw them up betimes. A wheel-less country cart was the only available conveyance, but the horses were many and strong. William Livingston, with the air of a brother, helped in everything, making them all feel comfort in his presence. He and John lined the cart with mattresses and cushions, and stretched curtains from pole to pole of its frame so as to keep out the cold blast of the March wind. Livingston it was that ordered hot broth from the kitchen, and with many wrappings stowed it away for their first halt, and it was he that waylaid Elspeth, and, relieving her of her burden of packages, sent her back for a case of cordials, to be placed under the seat. While he helped my Lord and his Lady, his servant, Provençal, pursued his own activities among the horses, though he was often necessitate to go

into the kitchen, where he received the gibes of Elspeth without protest, turning to her the other cheek with an appreciative grin.

Jean took a farewell look at the cosy room which had been hers through the winter. It was redolent of burning peat and the sweetness of the rush-woven matting, and seemed to speak generously and kindly of its occupiers. She gave a little sigh for its privacy and comfort, and then, taking a bed plaid to wrap round her knees, she stepped into the low cart, laughing bravely at Elspeth for her many hastily-arranged bundles.

The little cavalcade moved off slowly till they came out of the shelter of the planted trees and homely stable buildings, and was then soon on the turf track that led to the Forfar Road. The wooden runners of the cart were much helped by the smooth face of the newly-fallen snow, and the wind, too, had dropped, so that they travelled well and swiftly till they reached Tealing. Soon after that, they came to the mains of Claverhouse safe and unharmed, and stopped at the manor house. There they rested, and took the food they had brought with them at the fireside of Elizabeth Guthrie, relict of Walter Graham of Duntrune, an old lady who farmed the mains.

Jean had said but little throughout the journey; her eyes were fixed on space, and Elspeth could not tell whether her mistress was thinking of the past, present or future. Her unwonted submissiveness and dependence on the kind offices of others, and the thought of the unborn child whose life was hanging in the balance, gave an almost sacramental feeling to those who were accompanying her.

The rest of the journey was comparatively short, and, as they came in view of Dundee Law, the conversation between Dundee and Livingston insensibly lightened, and cheery messages were called through the thick curtains of the cart. It was a great accomplishment, they all thought, that my lady had borne the journey so well, and that she

was able to smile her greetings to the assembled servants of the castle.

The peace of home, however, was soon to be broken, for a day or two later the minions of the Duke of Hamilton arrived in the form of a trumpeter and herald, who summoned with all due formality the Lord Viscount of Dundee to lay down his arms and proceed forthwith to Edinburgh, or else be outlawed as a traitor.

But John was not to be drawn. He sent letters of frigid politeness to the Duke and to the Estates of Parliament. "That worthy Prince, the Duke of Hamilton," was assured that the noble Viscount was not in arms, but "living in peace at home" without any followers save only those allowed to an officer of his rank. He assured his Grace that he only left Edinburgh in order to escape assassination, and, moreover, he could not leave his wife in her present condition, and was sure that the Meeting of Estates, composed as it was of prudent men and men of honour, "and your Grace presiding in it," would accept these reasonable excuses for not complying immediately with the request that he should go to Edinburgh.[2]

So once more Dundee's "pursuers" rode back without the quarry they had been sent to bring in.

The sardonic politeness of the letter was, however, lost upon an assembly which had twice been baffled in its designs on him. Balcarres was now under lock and key in the common jail; Dundee must be secured too. To proclaim him a rebel was the one legal course which remained open, and the Privy Council unhesitatingly adopted it.

Meanwhile, on the morning of March 30th, the sun rose to smile on the long-looked-for heir to the house of Graham. The babe, duly washed and decked out by the midwife, was placed in the father's arms. While peace and thankfulness reigned at Dudhope Castle, the

[2] *Smythe's Letters of John Grahame of Claverhouse.*

Viscount of Dundee, Lord Graham of Claverhouse, was being thrice called at the door of the Parliament House, and, not appearing, the Meeting of Estates declared him "fugitive and rebel," and ordained the heralds "with sound of trumpet" to denounce him at the Mercat Cross of Edinburgh and at the Mercat Cross of the head borough of Forfarshire, and a day or two later the Bailies of Dundee were compelled to assemble at the bidding of the trumpeters to hear the horning.

The callants of the town-end gathered round the outskirts of the crowd at the market cross, and played chuckie-stones and turned cartwheels on the causeway, in the hope that the fine-coated herald might find them a spare bawbee after the bailies and burgesses had listened to his trumpeter's blasts and to the proclamation which deprived them at one blow of their Provost and Constable.

This paraphernalia of authority would not have effected much, but that it was followed a few days after by the Proclamation of the forfeiture of King James and the prompt assembling of an army under the generalship of Mackay of Scourie, which gave the Scottish Parliament all the resources necessary for a military campaign.

Outlawed in Dundee, John was compelled to have his child baptised by a friendly Episcopal minister in the house of a kinsman in the parish of Mains, where his brother David and one of his Majors, William Graham of Balquhapple, witnessed the baptism of the little "James."

Of all that anxious group, it was Elspeth who became the leading spirit, and it was Elspeth whose rosy face of smiling satisfaction acted as a benediction that seemed almost tangible, as with womanly pride she placed the much-adorned babe in the father's arms for him, as in duty bound and in Scots fashion, to present to the minister. After the baptism, they shared among them the "gude bread" that it was customary to bake for such occasions.

Two days later, on April 11th, William and Mary were

proclaimed by the Duke of Hamilton King and Queen of the ancient kingdom of Scotland. So the babe was the son of a rebel father and the subject of a fugitive king.

Dudhope Castle soon became the centre of attraction to the Jacobite party. Nothing could have pleased Jean more than the loyalty with which the members of the Graham family rallied round her husband. They flocked to do honour to the outlawed Dundee. James Philip of Almerieclose was already in the castle,[3] and also Young of Auldbar, who had married John's sister Anna, and also Halyburton of Pitcur, a cousin on the female side. These and others became self-appointed members of the councils of war which took place daily at Dudhope.

On her own side, however, it was a different story. Dundonald and William, Lord Ross, had already kissed King William's hand. Her brother-in-law, Lord Montgomery, was Orange, and her other brother-in-law, Lord Strathnaver, boasted that he could raise 600 men for the new King.

As Jean returned to health and freedom, she was stirred and quickened by the atmosphere of martial activity. Life seemed full, and an active joy took the place of the placid feelings of the long months of the past winter, which now seemed dim and strange to her. Much searching of spirit had taken place during the first few days after the baby's birth, and as she looked back she seemed to have been but a strange woman, a shadow sister who had accompanied her on that bit of life's journey and had now said "Good-bye." She had come back to reality; she would do her part and be a worthy mother to the son who would grow up to honour his father. But her thoughts did not rest at that. Already she saw herself a matronly woman with a well-grown stripling by her side, whose youth would be their joy and whose manhood their crown. Somehow the husband who had been the apex and the

[3] His mother was Margaret, daughter of Walter Graham of Duntrune.

pinnacle of life's structure became now but the stepping-stone to that other life, over which she watched with a mother's care.

In intervals of leisure Jean would sit in her cabinet, courted by all who came to see her husband. There were braw Highlanders speaking in a sibilant difficult tongue, whose followers camped on Dundee Law, and the soldiers and courtiers who felt their party had been betrayed. Prominent among them was James Philip, come over from Arbroath to claim the privileges of a Scottish bard to hymn the campaign that was about to open.[4] Jean would watch him hob-nobbing with Highland Chiefs, using the Gaelic with them when necessary, or dropping into easy Latinity with a scholar when he found one among the educated Lowlanders, never failing in courtesy, and greatly helping to intensify the atmosphere of adventure that their coming enterprise in no way lacked.

William Livingston had departed to Edinburgh, as in duty bound, to join his regiment. His last words to them were those of passionate loyalty, not only to King James but also to his chief as the hope of the Royalist cause, and to Jean, the old friend of his school days, now supporting and sharing the counsels of the Great Dundee. It was with much dismay, therefore, that they heard a few days later that his regiment had been commandeered by the Orange Government, and it was a greater puzzle still to learn that he continued serving in it as Lieutenant Colonel. The loss of the Scots Horse to Dundee's future army was great, and the doubt the circumstance threw on their friend was hard to bear.

In the rush of feeling caused by the proclamation to the throne of William and Mary, Dundee was able to set up the Royal Standard for King James on Dundee Law,

[4] In 1691, James Philip of Almerieclose wrote his account of Dundee's campaign in the form of a Latin epic poem entitled "Grameid." It has been translated by the late Revnd. Alexander Murdoch.

and James Philip became his standard-bearer. His intimate knowledge of the topography of the Highlands proved to be of immense value in the months to come.

The pace seemed to accelerate with every hour, and hope and loyalty were focussed as through a burning-glass on the person of Dundee. It was with full hearts that Jean and John faced the hour of their parting, when every emotion of the human breast seemed to overtake them. The sacrament of the last kiss that John had now to share between her and the babe was hardly over when, in full sight of the astonished Bailies of Dundee, and in defiance of a perjured Government which "by a nod had transferred the crown," the flowered and counterflowered achievement of the Royal Standard floated out its nine feet of length above Dundee Law, and the Lion Rampant of Scotland shook its mane to the wind. Ancient small split standards of the nobility sprang up here and there among the handfuls of Highlanders, and, though it was but an army in embryo, yet the symbols of hope were there, and the spirit of loyalty was born again, spurring them on to high emprise. For a few hours the little host was to be seen on the green hill, and the skirling bag-pipes rent the air with the clansmen's war songs. Then, as in a dream, they passed through the vales towards the mountain fastnesses, much to the relief of the burgesses of Dundee, who had trembled within their walls at this open defiance of the new Government.

As the coloured host moved out of sight, and the sound of the pipes grew faint and wailing, Jean hugged to herself the prospect of her husband's destiny and his call to stern duty, and thought how some day she would be able to tell her son of the prowess of his father. Then again came the desolation of loss, accentuated by the unaccustomed silence. She looked round the empty hall; on a table, palm upwards, lay a forgotten glove of John's, bearing in every crease the impress of the wearer's hand,

and almost human in its empty illusion. Suddenly she fled past it, and, running upstairs, locked herself in her cabinet to wrestle alone with the emotion of the hour.

The life of the castle had descended to the kitchen and pantries, where servants discussed at ease the strange happenings of the last few days. Upstairs, in a far room the babe lay sleeping in Elspeth's arms, and silence reigned.

Almost unconscious of her action, Jean knelt down and poured out her soul, praying passionately as she had never prayed before. Surely God's retributive justice would put the King on his throne again; surely His gentle servant, the Queen, would find grace in His sight, and be restored to prosperity; surely He would send John back to her in triumph, and the wicked would be snared in their own net. As she knelt there, helpless and humbled before God, knowing all things to be dependent on Him, a sense of the presence of the Man of Sorrows came to her, bringing a feeling of comfort and support. It was the Comforter Himself who had stood by Argyll in the hour of his death, who had sustained the Countess Anna in her grief, bringing radiance to a tear-stained face. He would be her buckler also, and support her in this hour of trial. . . And then thought ceased, and there came upon her the peace which passeth understanding.

CHAPTER XVII.

Dundee's Campaign.

"Let me know what is become of MY LADIE DUNDIE; if she be in Edinburgh, goe see her, and tell her that the K(ing) and Q(ueen) almost adore her."

(Letter from Alexander Robertson of Struan to his mother, dated from Paris, 9th April, 1690.)

Perhaps it was as well that there was so much to do in the following weeks. Money had to be raised for John's use, that was clear; and this involved time and advice. In all the business detail Jean had much help from her brother-in-law, Robert Young of Auldbar, who lived not far away. With him she arranged for the sale of her jewels in Holland, and for all debts and mortgages to be called in. Trusty messengers had to be found, especially in connection with the sale of the jewels, and it was many weeks before they were able to send Dundee an instalment of the large sum that they eventually raised for him. Meantime, Mackay of Scourie arrived in Edinburgh as Commander-in-Chief of the Army, and secured for the service of King William the regiments he found quartered there. He then began a campaign in pursuit of Dundee, which was to last nearly four months and end for the Government in complete defeat.

With singular ineptness, he formed what he afterwards called "a mislucked design," and sent a regiment to surprise Dundee at Glen Ogilvy, which, however, arrived there only to find a deserted manor house, asleep under the protection of the trees that made it such "a pleasant, well-planted place."

Jean, hearing of this, drew a long breath, and pressed

the babe to her bosom as she thought of what that invading host might have meant to those dear to her.

Not long afterwards, some of Mackay's troops arrived to block the town of Dundee, and amongst them were the dragoons in which Livingston served. Their arrival caused a great stir in the burgh, and gave pause to Jean. Elspeth was excited:

"Could her Ladyship spare her to have a crack with an Auntie on the quayside?" she said; but her ladyship was inclined to demur.

Then the girl became strangely embarrassed; tell-tale flames leapt to her cheeks as she answered almost pertly:

"And why for no, when there's them as can gie us news in the town?"

The two women looked in each other's eyes, and the polite fiction of the "Auntie" abruptly faded away.

"Elspeth," said Jean, "if your Auntie's name is Provençal, and he can gie ye news of his master, it's no for me to say ye nay."

Soon afterwards, a closely-hooded figure was to be seen going down the hill, a woman who carried a basket of eggs suitable for consumption by the quality, all fresh eggs, too, save one from which the meat had been extracted and a slip of paper inserted in its place.

Elspeth was a person of resource; she left no room for failure, and when she returned from her expedition, her smile was even more sphinx-like than when she started. At times she seemed to blush at her own thoughts.

Among the servants of the castle it was considered strange of my Lady that she should be so nervous that night, and that she should demand to have the castle keys lodged in her own room; but women-folk were like that, the servants said. The outraged steward gave up his charge with a very bad grace, and invoked curses on the whole sex, especially naming Elspeth, who was "but a light hussie, and should be cried shame on for being so

gleg in the outgait when the sogers were but just come." In his wrath, the pompous old man took an extra night-cap to soothe himself, and never turned in his bed that night.

There were more ways of entering the castle than by the drawbridge, and perhaps more maids than one who had a lover beyond the walls, but for that night my Lady's orders were strictly observed, and by ten o'clock the servants were all abed without a doubt. It was only Elspeth who was at large, she being in attendance in my Lady's bed-chamber, where she slept on a truckle bed with the infant Lord. It was she who moved, light of foot, down dark stairways till she gained a postern that gave on to the Tay side of the castle, where there was a hatch used for delivering casks direct into the cellar. Behind the hatch was a grille of iron stanchions securely locked from the inside, and it was some time before the springs answered to Elspeth's efforts with a well-oiled key.

As the hatch opened, Provençal climbed through it. François Provençal, Livingston's servant, was a Low Country man. He cursed most things in this "Purgatoire" of a north country, but he did not include Elspeth in his dislike of all things Scots, and, after jumping through the hatch, he sought instant reward and welcome. Elspeth's quickness, however, was as usual a match for his Flemish slowness.

" Ye'll bide there in the murk," she said, " till I tell ye. It's no for my pleasuring nor your own forbye that I let ye in the nicht. Help in your gentleman, and I'll tak him to my Lady," and she swept her rush light past him and left him, like a spider on the wall, to his own reflections.

The other soldier, a Captain John Creichton, who had come by Livingston's authority, climbed through more slowly, and silently followed Elspeth up the circling stair, which led them through the deserted stillrooms and butteries into the little closet that opened into the great hall.

There, trembling a little, waited Jean. She had hoped to see Livingston, but this man was a stranger, and her face changed colour as she turned to him.

Captain Creichton, however, in the soft tongue of his Irish breeding, soon made known to her who he was, and proved to be the bearer of a billet, the seal of which bore the three gillieflowers within a royal tressure that Jean knew well for the arms of the Livingstons. She was reassured, and listened gladly to his explanations. Livingston was the officer of the guard for that night, he said, and could not get away. Moreover, he was under close observation, and could not do anything that might lend colour to suspicion. Would her Ladyship be pleased to read the note, and allow him to be the bearer of an answer? The letter was all she hoped for. In it Livingston explained how by a verbal misunderstanding the regiment had become involved in the Prince of Orange's interest, but the dragoons were all cavalier, as she knew,[1] and at the first opportunity they would break away and follow Dundee. Under no circumstances would the writer fail her husband, and he begged her to send forthwith to Lord Dundee to inform him that he was always unfailingly at his Lordship's service whenever he should be pleased to command it, nor would he fire a shot save for their common master. After concluding in the epistolary style of the day, the writer broke into a little postscript, "Your Ladyship will please tell John I'm no traitor, and neither torture nor death will ever make me so."

After reading the letter, Jean fell into a deep silence, from which she was recalled by Creichton. They talked together earnestly, he telling her of the gossip of Edinburgh, of how things went there, and of what he guessed of Mackay's intentions. It might not be possible, he said, for any of them to come and see her again, but

[1] They were a "gentleman" troop.

they counted on her getting the letter through to her husband, for William Livingston lay under great apprehension lest his loyalty should be doubted by his friends. The regiment also sought opportunity to join Dundee. And then, before he left, Creichton advised her not to remain shut up in Dudhope Castle, but to take her airings boldly outside the walls, and to be prepared for messengers in any guise. Only so would she be accessible to them. He would counsel frequent visits to her friends in every direction, and added slyly that should her coach lose an axle-pin or a horse cast a shoe on any of the northern roads, there would be those that could take advantage of it. Jean, who had never had occasion to make use of subterfuge, recoiled a little at this advice from a stranger, but she knew it to be good.

Captain Creichton then took his departure, bowing low over her hand, and Jean, taking up the rush light, piloted him back again through the kitchen and offices down the stairs to the cellar, where sat Provençal on one barrel of meal and Elspeth on another, none too close to each other, as my Lady could see for herself.

As the sergeant sprang to salute, the rush of night air through the hatchway caused by the opening of the cellar door nearly extinguished their lights. Silently and quickly the men climbed through the opening, leaving Jean and Elspeth to replace the grille and to turn the great keys in their locks. Then, looking carefully round, the two women sprinkled a little salt on the traces of their footsteps, and returned to the fireside, where they talked anxiously for a long time before going to their beds. It was some hours before either of them could sleep for thinking of their two friends and the risks they ran in getting back over the town walls to their quarters.

The very next day the letter from Livingston was sent by a sure hand to Lord Dundee, and not long afterwards Livingston received answer that Dundee had written

to King James, asking him for 2,000 foot and 1,000 horse to be sent from Ireland, and that as soon as these arrived, he would ask the dragoons to join him. Indeed, the Generals on both sides spent much time in writing for reinforcements, and many anxious hours in waiting for them to arrive.

But for Jean, life once more narrowed itself down to the care of the babe, the checking of the steward's accounts, and the ordering of the large household.

Winter gave way to a late spring, and warmer weather enabled them to pace the gardens and sit in sheltered corners with the babe. Jean realised that Elspeth had a tenderness for the gallant Provençal, who had made love with such grace as to outdo in her estimation all the home-bred Scots, but no further news of him nor of Livingston came through, and it was evident that stern vigilance was exercised over the dragoons at Dundee.

Rumour told them that Mackay himself had arrived in the little burgh, and never again did Elspeth venture out even to the town-end, for they feared lest she should bring trouble to their friends.

In May, the chase of Dundee began in earnest, Mackay following him from point to point in the Highlands, at times pursuing and at others pursued, both Generals hoping for reinforcements before the final engagement.

Perhaps the greatest trial that came to Jean was when Dundee actually arrived with his little army outside the walls of the burgh, having given Mackay the slip as far away as Inverness. She knew that he would wait there in the hope of the dragoons coming out to join him. But, no! the garrison did not move.

"What had happened?" they said to each other. "Why had Livingston and Creichton and their cavaliers failed to break away and join his army?"

After firing a few rounds, and with a heavy heart at the distant sight of his own home, Dundee was forced to turn

his back on the burgh and make his way to Glamis Castle. Was ever home so dangled in derision before the eyes of a man longing for the sight of his loved ones?

Jean and Elspeth wept in each other's arms as their hopes of seeing him faded with the waning day; and, interwoven with their disappointment, there came to them both the insistent and disturbing questions, "What of Livingston? What of Creichton's promises? What did it all mean?"

The disappointment had to be admitted, and once again Dundee and his little army was swallowed up by the mountains, and they knew him no more. Later in the month they heard of the gathering of the Clans, and no doubt they greatly exaggerated the numerical strength that this would add to the Jacobite army. It was not large enough, however, to enable Dundee to take the offensive, or to drive Mackay south of the Spey. Later on, the garrison of the burgh was withdrawn and sent north to join Mackay's army, and no further word came to throw light on the mystery of the dragoons.

Once more the little burgh resumed normal life. A Provost Depute administered justice, and order was maintained by the rigour of the byelaws and the majesty of the Bailies. Among these, Jean had a firm friend in Bailie John Graham of Duntrune, a son of the widow of Mains. It became almost a habit to visit Bailie John while he was having his morning glass, sometimes to have a crack with his wife, and at others to enquire anxiously for news. He would tell her the word was going round that his Lordship had raided Perth and taken prisoners there, or that Mackay was at Castle Grant, in retreat from his Lordship; again, that Dundee had burned down Ruthven Castle. He added with a twinkle that, for his "pairt, and speaking as a Bailie," he trusted that he had been misinformed as to this.

"Puir body," he said afterwards to Provost Fletcher,

who reproached him with intercommuning with the wife of a rebel in arms, "puir body, no doubt her Leddyship hankered after her husband, and it was a lang tarrying for her, and lonesome in her bonnie castle."

Then Jean and Elspeth began to hear tales of fugitives who passed through Dundee on their way south. "Folk were all agog," the servants said, "talking of my Lord, who was like to deliver the nation!" for never before had Dundee been as popular as he was now among the commonalty of the burgh. To be proclaimed rebel at the horn was a sure step to the favour of the people, and Jean herself had been very popular since the release of the castle prisoners. It made her happy to see the wide-spread interest, and she was conscious of added friendliness in those to whom she spoke.

And so golden summer sped on. Parliament feared Dundee, and his friends never doubted him, but no definite engagement took place, with the exception of a small skirmish in which Mackay was defeated, the news of which was so contradictory that it afforded but little comfort, and the shires were content to wait and see under which master their lot would be cast.

Once Jean ventured across Tay, and went as far as Balcarres, ostensibly to show the babe to the Countess, but really to compare news. It was but sad tidings that she received. Balcarres was not standing his imprisonment well; his health was suffering, and the Countess was petitioning Parliament to give him better conditions. It was true, Lady Balcarres said, that there had been a skirmish at Abernethy Forest and the regiment of dragoons had been beaten. Folk said that five of its officers were under arrest, and like to be taken to Edinburgh Castle and tried for treason. It sounded as if the defeat had somehow been designed by them, so as to aid King James and down the Usurper. She could not say for sure.

Wife-like, Countess Balcarres was more concerned for

Arms of Livingston of Kilsyth.

(MS. Peers' Arms)

her husband than for anyone else, but Jean was glad to have been able to give and get what cheer she could.

On the way home, the fine Balcarres coach, which was taking them to Newport Ferry, attracted many running bairns who cried for bawbees, and Jean, remembering Creichton's advice, let no one pass without giving them close scrutiny, but nevertheless she was astonished when a stone fell into her lap, thrown by one of the children to whom she had just given a groat. Tied round the stone was a small folded paper, and she quickly covered it with her hand, and kept it to open when she got home. It was not the first time this kind of thing had happened, but it always came in some new guise and surprised her.

In the privacy of her room she opened the paper, and as she did so there fell out three crushed gillie-flowers. On the paper was scrawled "Ecclesiastes ix. 11," and nothing more. She knew the words well, "The battle is not to the strong nor the race to the swift." The three gillieflowers were the familiar coat of the Livingstons. In the reference that William Livingston had scrawled on the paper was the story of the skirmish at Abernethy Forest. He had done what he could, and had turned Mackay's attempt to failure: that was how she read it, and now, if what Lady Balcarres had said was true, he and others had gone to Edinburgh to pay the penalty of their treasonable act—a death penalty, she could not doubt.

Elspeth was called in to see if her quick mind could suggest any other solution, but, talk as long as they would, they could think of nothing more likely, and the mystery that surrounded the action of the dragoons remained veiled to them.

CHAPTER XVIII.

KILLIECRANKIE.

"Give me but one harvest day's work for the King."—*Dundee.*

JEAN was on one of the upper terraces of the Castle, sitting on a bench with her babe on her knee. It was an early morning in July when Nature, resting after the efforts of the spring, the hard work of putting forth bud and leaf, had assumed her summer splendour, with a leisurely and completed air. The sound of honing a scythe that was being used on the grass terraces of the lower ward came up to her, musically rhythmic; birds, breakfasted and satisfied, hushed their twittering cries; Jean's babe, comforted by the ministrations of his mother, was content to sleep; only the pigeons moved about, on silent ruby feet, regarding the Lady of the Castle with wary, amber eyes.

Time seemed to stand still, and John's campaign for the King might also be standing still for all the news they heard. "Mackay and Dundee must have met before now," they said in Edinburgh, but no post runners had come through to the Lowlands, and Dundee Burgh was in ignorance as to the doings of its late Provost.

Jean and Elspeth, bonded together as they had never been before, waited on, supported by their faith in God and the sanctity of the Royal cause.

As she sat there, Jean's thoughts became tuned to the beauty of the morning. From her shady corner, where the ancient ivied wall had freshened to a brighter green, she looked out over a broad patch of sunlight which was bounded by the castellated shadow of the walls. Provence roses bloomed on the terrace, and clove gillieflowers made

the air fragrant. Jean's eyes sought first one beauty and then another, and she became filled with a sense of the graciousness of Nature on that July morning.

Looking down at the babe on her lap, she knew that she held the future, while John fashioned the present, and it seemed good to her that it should be so.

Thoughts of her grandfather came to her, for he was always very near in quiet times, almost to the sense of physical presence, a hand upon her shoulder, that guided and led and deterred from wrong. She knew that life had always seemed good to him, for, in spite of the sad times in which he lived, he had yet proclaimed it to be essentially designed for man's welfare, and evil to be but an interruption to its beneficent course, never the whole of life.

She, too, was beginning to look at life in his way. The little elfish girl who had wandered round the policies hand in hand with the old man in those far-off days of childhood had grown, oh, so slowly! into the woman he had hoped she would be, seeing life through brave eyes, and thankful that through him she had been set on a rock that was higher than herself.

That morning everything seemed to fall into place. Facts neither obtruded nor receded from their true position, and she thought no longer in terms of Kings and Parliaments, armies and opposing armies, but in the large conceptions of good and evil, and of man's struggle with the contending forces of the present for the good of the unseen future. She thought of happiness as of something that was always round and whole, complete in itself, with no ragged edges. She knew that she experienced this completeness in her joy of the babe, and she felt convinced that John, too, was happy in his so different task. Wrapt in thoughts of the greatness of life and of its underlying verities, there came to her a great peace, for bodily and mentally she was at rest.

Yet while she sat there, another scene was being enacted in the cold vault of the Kirk of Blair Athol, where kilted men, with swelling throats and aching hearts, reverently took up a dead comrade, shrouded in woollen Highland plaids, and laid him with solemn words to rest from his harvest day's labour, for another Reaper had claimed him.

A battle for King James had been fought and won, but Dundee, the hope of the Royal cause, was dead.

. . . . . .

The sun rose and set three times before rumour crossed the Grampians and reached the South, and when it came, it was with lagging foot and halting tongue.

It was said that "a great victory had been won by Dundee, that Mackay was in headlong flight, having lost his baggage, provisions, tents, and even the Orange standard of his own regiment."

Thus it came to Jean, and so they heard it in Edinburgh, where the news spread consternation, for it was believed that Dundee would over-run the whole countryside. Duke Hamilton wrote: "Dundee will already be master of all Scotland north of the Forth," and Sir John Dalrymple said, "The Lord help us; I think the other side of Tay is lost."

No one doubted, and Jean least of all, that this great victory would change the whole aspect of affairs, for no one then knew of the death of Scotland's greatest son. . .

"Elspeth, let's awa to Bailie John's," said Jean the next morning. "The walls stifle me; I cannot abide the Castle: let's awa and hear the clanjamfrey of the Cross and quays."

"Her Ladyship mebbe will go in her chair the morn," said Elspeth, stiffly.

"No, no," said Jean, "I'll no be stifled this hot morning. We'll go afoot and the chairs can follow and bring us up the hill."

Elspeth demurred a little. "It'll be ower rough for

your Ladyship among the commonalty of the Causeway, I'm thinking. They're no sparing of their tongues when they are all agee."

But, no, Jean was excited; waiting for the details of the battle was an unbearable suspense. She wanted to feel herself among the throng, and to hear for herself the talk of the crowd.

"I fear nae hobbleshaws," she answered airily.

And so it came about that the two women, hooded, but lightly clad as became the hot weather, descended the long hill through the park, talking as they went.

"Why hadn't Thomas come?" [1] Jean kept saying. "He had promised to come hot-foot when there was news to bring. Why didn't he come? His Lordship will be home before Tam reaches us."

The Burgh lay quiet at their feet that hot morning. A few chimney lums gave forth the reek of peat, and the slender columns of smoke but dallied in the hot air, seeming loth to lose themselves in the blue haze above. As they drew nearer, they saw the coasting ships lying by the quay, lading and unlading. A whaling vessel in the offing was making ready for its autumn voyage to Davis' Strait, the harpooneers sewing at their jacks, the coopers turning over their truss hoops.

At the foot of the Mercat Cross a saffron-shirted Highlander fell, retching and groaning. He carried the broad sword of a clansman, and his targe was on his arm. He was spent and faint, having come from the field of battle, where he had lain long, wounded and untended, and had been too dazed and fearful to find his way home. He had travelled many miles, he told them, he knew not how, on sore feet and knees that gave, only to fall at the foot of the Cross and ask where he was. Men and women ran from their stalls to look at him, questioning eagerly.

"A victory for King James, oh, aye, a damned bloody

[1] Thomas Cochrane, her brother, now of Polkellie in Ayrshire.

victory!" and his attention failed again as he sank exhausted. It was all they could get out of him. In curiosity and pity Jean drew near, forgetful of the crowd that was rapidly growing. She watched him reach out his hand, void and nerveless, for his sword and struggle again to his feet, only to fall back through faintness. Folk gave him a sup of water, compassion and curiosity contending. The lighter-hearted on the edge of the crowd took up the cry, "Victory for King James!" and moved round, shouting as they went. Elspeth pulled at Jean's gown to get her away. Then the crowd thinned a little; housewives, with their timber basons, disappeared down the closes: what did it matter to them under which master they lived? The children went back to their games, and the sight of Provost Fletcher and the Bailies coming down the street scattered the remaining few.

Provost Fletcher had opposed Dundee in the Burgh Council tooth and nail, and had succeeded to the Provostship after the horning of Dundee as a rebel. He had slighted Jean, too, on the occasion of a recent visit she had paid him, and he had solemnly warned Bailie John that his friendship with her Ladyship would get him into trouble, seeing that it was intercommuning with rebels.

But the Provost had been pulled up short by the news of Dundee's victory. He was a canny man, minded to keep his office, and it now looked as if it were not going to be worth a groat to him. As he came slowly down the Seagate, attended by his officers with their halberds and the bellman leading, he saw my Lady standing at the Cross with her woman, the Highlander sitting at the foot, whilst the folk were making themselves scarce, the better quality only waiting for him. The Provost had a letter in his pocket that was burning a hole in it, for it contained news of Dundee's triumph, and since he couldn't sail with all winds at once, he had to make up his mind quickly how to trim his ship.

The watching crowd saw him bow low to my Lady. Jean stood against the ancient grey stone cross, her colour heightened by excitement and happiness, her thin muslin dress setting off her superb form and revealing the lustre of her arms underneath. The moment was too great for bitterness or smallness; she gave her hand to the Provost in a kindly and forbearing spirit, blushing to hear her husband's praises, and uplifted by what seemed to be the generous words of Provost Fletcher. The people, seeing what was passing, came back from their hiding places and joined in hearty cheers for King James, for my Lord, for my Lady, and down with the Usurper. A few old wives wiped their eyes; they had watched such scenes before; and the soldier lay retching and spitting blood.

The crowd now rapidly augmented, causing Elspeth much anxiety, for she knew it was no place for her Lady. She looked round for the chairs, but they were not to be seen. The Provost flourished his letter, and was about to ascend the steps of the Cross, but, in the momentary silence that followed on the hush of expectancy, there arose the persistent drone of a man singing or chanting, and not far off there appeared a horseman for whom the people made way. He was an old man, and he appeared to have ridden many dusty miles. As he came in from the town end, he made a strange and wild figure, for he was dressed above the ordinary, in the grey clothes of a minister of the early Covenanting days, and wore a wig of ancient shape that was all awry, while wisps of white hair protruded from under it. His neck-cloth was hanging loose, his eyes were kindled to a prophet's flame, and his tongue rolled out texts in quick succession.

"Rejoice ye! Rejoice ye!" he said.

So far, this tallied with the news of victory; but, as all turned to look at him, he chanted out again:

"Rejoice ye, for the Kingdom of the Lord is at hand, the arm of our God is upon us, *the persecutor is slain and*

has gone to the judgment. The Lord has remembered David in his afflictions. Good people, I hae news from the West Kintra, fra Kilbride, where they have rung till the bell was rent in twain as it spat out the great news. Now is bonnie Scotland delivered. Now is the curse of Prelacy departed from among us. The Persecutor is slain by the wrath of God, and gone to the judgment."

Hands took the bridle of his horse to stay him, and the town officers closed round the ancient man. A new light came into the Provost's eye—a fresh understanding. The people shouted, "Cry that again, gud-sir, cry that again!" and the old man went back to his texts, "Make straight the way of the Lord, the Persecutor, the bloody Clavers, the Lord Viscount of Dundee is slain and gone to the judgment."

The crowd closed round the cross; some one shook up the Highlander, now asleep on the steps.

"Wake up, man, wake up! Say, is't a victory ye tell of?"

"Oh aye, it's a victory for King James!" and he sank again.

"Wake up, man: keep awake! Tell us, was Dundee slain?"

"Oh aye," he repeated again in the same level voice, "his Lordship was slain. I saw the burial at break of day."

The crowd could no longer be restrained; some murmured, some cheered, some hissed, until at last the sound swelled into a roar that smote the brazen summer air, and as Jean heard it, she fell, a heedless form, shrouded in light summer muslins, to the ground.

Yet another horseman appeared on the edge of the crowd, and, seeing him, the crowd made way for the quality, hoping for further excitement. Thomas Cochrane, sweating under the summer sun and his load of sorrow, was passing through the town to Dudhope Castle, but, as the

people parted, he stopped and saw the scene before him—the burgh dignitaries assembled at the Cross, the town officers using their halberds to keep the people back, an ancient minister on horseback, a fallen Highlander, and—God save us!—Jean, laid out on the round sea stones of the Causeway, the folk bending down to her, and Elspeth distractedly calling for their chairs.

Quickly dismounting, he forced his way forward, and appealed to Provost Fletcher for suitable help. The Provost's face turned chalky white and became a blank; he was there to uphold the dignity of the State; he could take no risks. He looked at Bailie John, who was already holding a pomander to the pallid face of my Lady, "Gie your own orders, Guildbrither," he said, and turned his back on the scene.

Thomas, made furious by the Provost's callousness, remounted, while Bailie John tenderly lifted the helpless Jean and placed her in front of him. He gathered up his reins in one hand and supported her with the other. The horse jibbed for a moment at the extra weight on his withers, but then, as if conscious that his load was human grief, he picked his way through the muck of the causeway and went smoothly up the Murray Gait, and out of the Port towards the avenue that led to the Castle.

As they went, there came to them the insistent cry of the old man, "The Persecutor, the Persecutor is dead and gone to the judgment."

CHAPTER XIX.

The Battle's Aftermath.

"Grief fills the room up of my absent child,
Lies in his bed, walks up and down with me,
Puts on his pretty looks, repeats his words,
Remembers me of all his gracious parts,
Stuffs out his vacant garments with his form,
Then have I reason to be fond of grief."

—*King John.*

In Edinburgh City the jails were full to overflowing, jailers rejoicing in their increased dues, the victuallers and vintners of the town busy with the multiplied orders from the prison sutlery.

On market day the debtors in the pillory near the Market Cross, adorning the grey street by their brown and yellow cloaks and bright yellow bonnets, found their stiff necks and pinioned arms almost endurable in the varying interests that each moment presented to them.

Nailed to the Tron door were the ears that had been cut off the heads of miscreants, now drying in the sun, mahogany coloured and inhuman; a blackened head, impaled on the prick of the Tolbooth, shone in the autumn light, and cast its ball of shadow among the fair-haired children as they played in the street below.

Sentries paced up and down outside the houses of private citizens, where rooms had been commandeered for the accommodation of prisoners who overflowed the jails. Out of the windows of the upper stories of the Tolbooth, prisoners were hauling up and down their baskets for alms, well pleased that the thronged streets below provided extra contributions from the charitably inclined.

Doctors of medicine, too, were busy, for "The Netherhole," as the Tolbooth was sometimes called, was so crowded as to breed jail fever among the occupants. The surgeon-barbers were also busy, going backwards and forwards to shave and blood-let the prisoners.

The Courts of Justice were suspended, for Judges asked each other whose justice were they administering? They feared to move till the issue of events was clearer.[1]

When it became known that Dundee had been killed, a great relief was experienced, and the Parliament, which in July had talked of fleeing to England, now drew a long breath, and joyfully passed an Act of Adjournment. No great hopes or fears were entertained of General Cannon, who succeeded to Dundee's command of the Jacobite army.

Episcopalian ministers, many of whom had refused to pray for King William, had been routed from their manses by the rabble, and had brought their wives and children for greater safety to Edinburgh; so the city lodgings were all full, and new houses, built with their stairs inside and modish glazed windows, were in great demand. It is "an ill wind that blaws nae guid," and Edinburgh throve.

Inside the Tolbooth it was another story. Those prisoners who were allowed no visitors or kindly friends to bring them bottles of wine and tip the jailer, lacked the amenities that modified the situation for even the common miscreant or debtor. Amongst those thus set apart was the group known as the plotters of the Dragoons—Colonel Livingston, his sergeant Provençal, Captain Creichton, and others, all incarcerated in separate cells, so that they could not see or speak to each other. Their wants were unknown, and they themselves knew little or nothing of the progress of events in the outer world. Privation, loneliness, darkness, jail fever, filth, and stench reduced some of them to a state bordering on collapse; and further over-

[1] *Seafield Correspondence*, p. 117.

shadowing them all, as they well knew, was the torture chamber and the hangman's noose.

Yet, automatically their minds swung back into their accustomed grooves and answered to the established discipline of their own natures, as they braved the unequal strife that now set in between them and their enemies on the Privy Council.

General Mackay, Godfearing man as he was, pressed for torture to extract their secrets. "If torture be just in any case, it is in this, and, since law allows it, why should it not be used?"[2] he wrote, and sent the letter by flying packet to King William.

But Sir John Dalrymple, now Lord Advocate in place of Mackenzie, pleaded for delay, pointing out that Livingston was of good family, and that one, Provençal, "a papist," was more suitable to serve as an example. Even so, he doubted the advisability of torture, since the other side had not used any severities: but one thing was clear to all, the Dragoons had committed a military crime, and earned the full penalty of death.

On the eastern side of the jail, sitting in his dark cell, William Livingston would again and again travel over in his mind the events of the last year, every detail of its weary months passing before him in review. He would think first of the initial misunderstanding which caused the Dragoons to be wrongly linked up with the Orange forces. He recalled the decision of the officers that, in spite of this, they would maintain their fealty to King James, and would break away at the earliest moment auspicious to his cause, and how they would have done this but for the unfortunate presence of one "scabbed sheep" among them, Captain Balfour, a man who was too stupid to gauge the undercurrents of regimental life, and too loyal to the Orange interest to be won over to their side. All these facts Livingston turned over and over in his mind; then

[2] *The Livingstons of Callendar*, by E. B. Livingston, p. 241.

William Livingston, Third Viscount of Kilsyth.

(From the original portrait at Woodstock House, Oxfordshire.)

he thought of the bright hope that came to them through Jean and Captain Creichton, and of Dundee's letter of encouragement; of their failure to leave the burgh and join Dundee beyond its walls; of their being baffled later on by the precautions Mackay took when his suspicions of them had been aroused. Finally, there had come the full discovery, through the defeat at Abernethy Forest, of the infidelity of the Dragoons to his command.[3]

Had Lady Dundee ever received his last communication, he wondered; and could she have understood it? At this doubt, the walls of his prison would close in on him. He had given all to serve Dundee, but the joy of sacrifice had never been his. He might never hear him say, "Well done!" and perhaps never even see the summer sun again till it shone on his bare head at the stairway to the headman's block.

Worn down by mental suffering, cheated of his health by the confinement of prison, irritated night and day by the vermin that infested his clothes and his cell, his manhood came near to breaking point, but it was not until he had received news of the death of Dundee, and had it amply confirmed, that he became subservient to circumstance, and wrote to Lord Melville, begging for his intervention, and promising submission to the new King.[4]

Until 1680 Livingston had never sought public office; indeed, he was hardly suited for the strenuous work it involved, for he was essentially a dreamer, living out in the open with his dogs and rod and gun; but, like most dreamers, he had developed romantic sympathies, and loyalty to the Stuart Kings grew up with his dreams. Silent, wistful, idealistic, he never did himself justice among his friends, and though he had been at Glasgow College with many of the Western Lords, he had never been one of them in his relation to public life.

[3] *Creichton's Memoirs*, p. 133.
[4] *The Livingstons of Callendar*, p. 245.

It was not until he was twenty-nine years of age that he had taken his seat in Parliament for Stirlingshire, and obtained a commission as Captain of a troop of Dragoons, which was curiously late when compared with the ordinary Scotsman, who matriculated at about sixteen years of age, and usually entered the army while still in his teens.

. . . . . .

It was William, Lord Ross, who first broke the silence of that lonely cell in the Tolbooth. He was now a sworn servant of King William, a member of the Privy Council, and Vice-President of the Convention of Estates. He had been one of the first to visit Jean in her widowhood, and they had talked long and deeply about the unfortunate Dragoon regiment and especially about William Livingston.

Jean had not dared to show Ross the message that had come to her so mysteriously when she was in the Balcarres coach, but she could and did plead with him for better treatment of the prisoners, and he promised to keep the subject of the imprisoned Dragoons before the Privy Council, and to apply for leave to see them. So well did he carry out his promise that he was sent by order of the Council to confer with the prisoners, and became the happy means of tempering the rigour of the law. On the occasion of his visit, he found Livingston in a very low state, his eyes gaunt in their hollow sockets, his usually ruddy complexion jaundiced by the tainted air, his aspect betraying great anxiety and hopelessness. Livingston made no concealment of his own guilt, but he asked eagerly after the others, especially after Creichton and Provençal.

Lord Ross was able to reassure him about Creichton. He was on the stair above, he said, and his wife and children had come to Edinburgh to be near him. He had been examined, but in spite of the close presence of the hangman with his ropes and the display of the torturing "boot," he had betrayed nothing. He had certainly

impressed the Council favourably, and, since he was an Irishman and had no estates, he might be released.

About Provençal, Ross was more guarded.[5] "You have occasion to thank him," he said very markedly, and Livingston knew that in Provençal's case the "boot" had been applied, but the suffering servant had not betrayed his master, and a silence fell on both men. Then, before Ross left, Livingston asked after Jean. He, too, did not dare to put Ross in possession of any of the facts of the regiment's intercourse with Lady Dundee, but they spoke of her loss, and Ross brought comfort when he said how tenderly William was remembered, and that no slur rested upon him in the mind of Dundee's widow. "In all her grief she is concerned for you," he said, and for the first time Livingston's face brightened; and then, since prison walls have ears, their voices sank to a whisper, and no longer as Privy Councillor and prisoner but as friends they talked of Dundee's widow and child, of comrades that were no more, and of hopes that had fled.

Ross was much shocked by the condition of the cell. He looked at the pile of dirt and broken straw that had been swept into one corner, straw that had done duty for many previous prisoners, but had never been removed. There was no semblance of comfort, not even a pallet bed, for the jailer had received no sufficient douceur. When Ross left Livingston, he visited the others, including the broken Provençal, and as he went down the stairs, he held to his nose the spices he had brought to fortify himself against the smells of the jail. Even so, the stench of the cesspool at the foot of the stairs penetrated all his precautions, and his compassion for the prisoners was increased by his indignation at the state of Edinburgh's chief prison.

He made strong representations to the Privy Council, and so far prevailed on them that the Dragoons were

[5] *Vide* remit and order for torturing Francis Provinciall.—Privy Council Register, 1689.

eventually removed from their separate cells and placed together in one room, to their infinite relief and comfort. This was only the first of many removes, for during the five years' imprisonment that was to follow, Livingston and his companions became familiar with every place of detention in Edinburgh, from the Netherhole itself to the State prison over the portcullis gate of Edinburgh Castle, and they experienced every degree of restraint to their liberties. Sometimes they were left helpless in their solitary cells, sometimes allowed to live out in lodgings, sometimes closely incarcerated, and at others allowed to walk out and visit their friends within the walls of the city.

Meantime, as the year 1689 wore on, Jean realized more and more clearly the overwhelming nature of her misfortunes. From her high castle she looked out on a wide scene that for her had lost its friendly aspect. The mournful mewing of the seagulls as they swept round the Towers by day, the insane chattering of the starlings on the roof at sunset, and the hootings of owls by night all penetrated her consciousness as part of a sorrow-ridden world. She sat with the babe on her knee at the upper story windows, listening to those mocking sounds, and night often found her still at the casement, looking at the far-off lights of the burgh. Sitting midway between the indigo of the sky and the blackness of the earth, the world seemed to her as a bottomless pit, empty and desolate.

The babe began to lose vitality, for anguished nature withdrew the warm milk of her breasts, and it was in vain that Elspeth teased the infant lips with the silver pap-boat. The rounded limbs and glowing flesh, which had brought Jean so much wonder and joy, now faded before her tear-worn eyes; the little shell-pink hand waned to a feeble claw, and as the mother's eyes sought those of Elspeth, a new dread grew up within them.

Personal loss and grief had its will with her; it was inevitable, but she knew intuitively that she was destined

to bear this, to face it, and to come through in due season; grief was a tribute to the altar of love. Above and beyond this, however, was the dismay caused by the trend of public events: the tragedy that she shared with the exiled Queen, the baffling mystery of a country gone from its allegiance, whose folk Jean had gauged wrongly and could no longer understand. The people of Scotland had outlawed their Stuart King, their blood relation, and whatever might be the outcome of James' campaign to regain his heritage, that fact of forfeiture would remain for ever on the statute books.

It was in vain that friends wrote, telling Jean that her husband's death had given Scotland another Montrose; in vain that she heard of Killiecrankie as the greatest battle of modern times; for her the sun had set, the birds had ceased their song. Why did they speak to her of Montrose? she asked herself, whose torn limbs were built up in city walls. He had suffered more than John, whose dear body lay unhonoured in the vault of Blair Athol. Their country was indifferent to the achievements of both, and gone from the ideals for which both had died. Lords and Ladies might speak thus, but the cry of the old minister at the Mercat Cross of Dundee, and the roar of a people that welcomed a new freedom, still rang in her ears. Who had the right to dictate or frustrate that freedom? With the reverberations of that sinister thunder, something new had flashed into her mind, causing confusion to cover her. Her world had collapsed, for right and wrong had become interchangeable.

It was her brother Thomas who broke the spell of her wretchedness, thinking for her who could think so little for herself, and it was he who brought a message from Jean's mother. It was just a few words of love and compassion written in the familiar firm hand, which on this occasion had trembled as it conveyed a warm invitation to visit her at Auchans.

In the glow that the letter created, and the thought of a mother's love being held out to her in her need, the tide of her misery turned, and she gladly consented to travel west with Thomas. It was something to be on the move again, to be called away from the forbidding windows of the castle, and to be stirring abroad.

The journey was good for her in many ways; there was Grandmother to see—a welcome thought—and John at Paisley with his three bonnie children, whom she had never yet seen, and there was her sister, Margaret, at Eglinton, whose eldest son was now nine years old. As Margaret was shortly expecting to be confined, they went first to Eglinton in order to see her. Now the experienced mother of a large family, she received Jean and her infant with great tenderness; indeed, she was sure that she could tend Jean's failing child as no one else could, and it was arranged that the little James should remain among his cousins while Jean paid her momentous visit to her mother.

But she had hardly set out on the short journey from Eglinton to Auchans, thinking deeply of the reconciliation between herself and her mother which she hoped lay before her, when a mounted messenger overtook the coach with the information that her child was in a convulsion, and that they feared for his life. As she hastened back, another messenger was encountered, and when she came within the Park of Eglinton her brother-in-law stood before her, and she knew by his face that James was dead.[6] Stonily she listened, every word imprinting itself on her brain as something that she had heard before, a tale that had been already told over and over again by her own assailing fears.

It was not till she encountered Margaret, her sister, who, great with child, was daily expecting an added joy, that

[6] James, second Viscount of Dundee, is buried in the tomb of the Grahams of Morphie at St. Cyrus.

the contrast of their two lives struck as a knife to her heart, and she broke down.

The Eglinton household was in the greatest commotion, the midwife who waited on her sister loudly wailing that Death and Birth should be staring each other in the face, and that her own ladyship's safety was endangered by this untoward happening. She could take no responsibility, she said, for the safe delivery of any future lord or lady if the house entertained such a guest. My Lady Dundee was weel kent as the proper victim of the wrath of God, who would not suffer her husband to live, and who now punished her for obduracy by the death of her son. She might indeed cry out, the weel-favoured lady who had never wanted for guids and geir, but she was in danger of the wrath to come. It was no surprising, seeing that her Ladyship was so unrepentant as to be wrapped up in the carnal love of her babe.

The noisy woman was hustled away, but not until Jean had heard most of her tirade. These reproaches and malignant rejoicings had become part of Jean's life. She knew them for a true expression of what lay in people's minds. She felt them around her at Dundee, where, for his kindness to her, Bailie John had been deprived of his office. They stifled her in the Kirk, where she hid her head from the minister and people as they prayed for an alien King; they lurked between the lines of letters of condolence.

She had come west to find comfort among her own folk, but in her sensitive condition their kindest words but seemed to cloak the feeling she believed they all shared. If they sought Divine punishment for her, surely their wish had been answered in all she had suffered. "*What more could God do unto me?*"[7] And for some hours the sanctities of her grief were turned to bitter wrath, and

[7] Reported as her actual words (*Woodrow's Analecta*, Vol. II., p. 263).

none dared approach her. . . . But she realised that she was an untoward guest; so, after the babe was buried, she dumbly turned her face again towards Auchans, and sought the arms of her mother.

It was with strange and solemn feelings that she travelled down the familiar road that took her to her old home. There seemed a space of a hundred years between her now and the happy, buoyant girl who had left it nearly ten years ago. "God had given and God had taken away," but not yet could she add the benediction.

On that dim winter day a few dank leaves still hung on the bare trees, and the grass had not yet assumed its winter pallor. Red berries showed among the ruddy brambles, every branch of which dripped with moisture, and on every leaf there hung a tear. As the day waned, the ground mists rose and closed around them. The coach rumbled and swayed over the sticky track, for road it could scarce be called; the forms of the running footmen came and went through the enshrouding fog, and the shouts of the postillions and the cracking of their whips sounded far off and unreal. Elspeth, discreet and careful, covered their knees with plaids and tried to keep her Lady warm, but Jean was indifferent to all outward things. Before her eyes there passed the procession of the years; friends came and went, their voices echoed, their sorrows came into line with the great world of sorrow in which she was now sharing. Her thoughts travelled backwards, halting nowhere, finding neither comfort nor rest. At last, as a flash of sunset dispelled the fog, and the gables of Auchans came into view, she seemed face to face with the old Jean, with an invincible ardent spirit ready to go out into the world, eager to accept the joys and the sorrows of life, nor shirk its sufferings. So she had pictured herself, always regnant and serene. Would she ever find that self again?

She took stock of herself as she now was, hooded and draped in black. She shivered a little, and touched

Elspeth for company's sake. Elspeth had suffered too, she must remember that, and this little check upon her thoughts brought her back to the present hour, and prepared her for the greeting of her mother.

Ten years had done much to soften the appearance of Lady Katherine. Her black hair had whitened, but her cheeks had kept their colour, giving her a youthful appearance; her tall angular form had grown stouter, and her person assumed more gracious lines. The tightly closing mouth, however, still suggested a secretive nature, and the kindling eyes, which could still flash with their old fire, were now dimmed by tears as she received Jean. As kindly greetings were exchanged, each woman instantly found in the other something of her own nature, and sympathy between them sprang into being. Lady Katherine saw in her daughter the tried matron and the bereaved and suffering mother. The pert and impish ways which had once tried her patience so sorely had long since passed away. On the other hand, Jean found in her mother so sterling a spirit that she was left wondering at the strife of former days and at the blindness of one generation towards another. Very little passed between them at first, for both Jean and Elspeth were exhausted by their recent grief, and it was in ministering to their physical needs that Lady Katherine paved the way to the wounded heart of her daughter.

But when Jean was better, mother and daughter found companionship in homely occupations by the fireside. Lady Katherine seldom had a visitor, and was glad to talk at length about her children and the many grandchildren, about neighbours and their estates, and about her own garden and domestic concerns.

All this helped the healing process which Time had started, and interest in small matters diverted attention from the larger issues.

Sitting one evening by the fireside, for the last hour before bedtime, all duties over for the day, the spinning

maids gone to their beds, Lady Katherine ventured her bow, and asked a few questions:

"Whaur will ye bide, Jean? Whaur'll be your hame in the days to come?"

There followed a long pause, a pulsating silence before Jean answered.

"I'll no bide in Scotland ava," said Jean with a sudden determination. "Scotland's no place for me till King Jamie comes back again. Mither, I'll awa to Holland. I've been thinking I'll go to our kinsman, Andrew Kennedy, and bide a wee with him."

"With Andra? With the Lord Conservator?"[8] said Lady Katherine, amazed. "Why, Jean, and he a Papist, and keeps court at Kamp Veere!"

"Aye," said Jean, in a voice that broke, "he is a Papist, and he'll no cry shame on me. While I'm in Scotland, I am a thing for daws to peck at. When John's forfeiture is complete, and the Castle taken over by the next Constable, I'll away to Andrew and, if I may, bide with him till I find friends in Holland and a home for myself and Elspeth. It's a country of fair cities, and liberal-minded as to religions. I'm thinking I could be happy there if there is any happiness in God's world for me."

They both looked into the glowing heart of the fire. Jean was trembling a little, for only at her mother's question had her vague thoughts taken shape.

The scheme had a good deal to recommend it, and when they met the next morning, Jean saw that it was acceptable; it bridged the difficulty of their living together, which each knew to be impossible. Thus it came to be considered a settled thing, Dundonald and Thomas and her other brothers agreeing; but much was to happen before Jean could travel to Holland, and the circumstances under which she was to make that journey were as yet unforeseen.

The process of forfeiture was a long one, and it was not

[8] Sir Andrew Kennedy, Lord Conservator of the Scottish Staple in Holland. *Vide* Appendix VI.

till late in the following year that she began to dismantle the Castle of those things which were her personal possessions, all else "moveable or immoveable" being forfeit. She had already been obliged to part with many favourite servants, and to withhold her bounty from the gardens, as the income derived from her tocher was quite a modest one, and could not support the state necessary to a Constable's Castle.

The furniture with which she had lived in mute association and satisfaction she now eyed with lingering regret. There was the beautiful suite of Dutch chairs, high-backed and bow-legged, that had been made for them in Holland.[9] She recalled how John had taken her down to the wharf to watch the unlading of the treasures that the good ship *Wilhelmina* had brought them for plenishing the house which was to be their home. As she looked at them, there came back to her the singing of the wind in the rigging, the sound of ropes running through to their chocks, the shouts of the men as they gave and received orders, and the remembrance of herself standing on the quayside, hanging on John's arm, he too an amused and interested spectator. She heard again the language of the sea and conversations which she had not wholly understood about the ships they had spoken during the crossing, and the tale of a French privateer successfully avoided; all these adventures had occurred, she thought, in order that she might have beautiful seaborne things wherewith to deck her home in the latest vogue, the Dutch fashion.

Perhaps it was this remembered episode and the conversation with the grave Dutch ship-master, together with letters constantly received from friends in the Netherlands, that had given her a feeling of interest and friendliness towards Holland, and had determined her to live there.

[9] *Vide* bills among the Forfeited Estate Papers in the Register House, Edinburgh.

As the pangs of acute suffering caused by her losses lessened, Jean began to realise that what she had loved in John was not only his dear body, the kindly voice and beaming eye, but something of which all those were but the shrine. What she had really loved in him corresponded to the something eternal in her own nature, and was independent of the chances and changes of Time. It was a spark of the Divine flame which they shared between them and together cherished and tended, a mysterious force which bound them twain together, but which she felt underlay all human intercourse. There came to her an increase of tenderness to all human beings, to Elspeth in her grief over Provençal, to the humble cottar preparing broth for her gudeman and bairns, to all and sundry. Grief had left her this comfort, indeed bestowed it upon her, together with the power of endurance. At long last she lifted up her heavy heart and braced herself to share in the joys and sorrows of others.

The sad task of dismantling the home over, Jean and Elspeth turned their backs on Dudhope Castle, conscious of a chapter ended, but yet aware, as they liked to remind each other, that it had been a gloriously illuminated chapter in the book of their lives, each page rubricated and adorned with the warm tints of human love that had not failed.

They took with them the remembrance of a life well lived, and were conscious of a growing wish and power again to take their part in the years that lay before them, and perchance to ennoble them. And if the wind blew shrewd and bitter as they crossed the Tay ferry, it did but stimulate their new-found desires, so that it was not mournful sentiment but uprising courage in the quest of life and happiness which caused them to stand arm in arm and hand in hand as they turned their faces towards the south, and knew the shores of the past to be receding from them.

CHAPTER XX.

William Livingston.

"Our fretful life a few great years they trod."
—*William Charles Braithwaite.*

Jean had stayed with her mother much longer than she had anticipated. In truth, she had shirked returning to Dudhope, remembering it only as a house of dule, where the hatchmented doorway proclaimed a mourning household, where her bed was curtained with black, and the gilt leather hangings of her sitting room were now shrouded in dark serge, where her loft in the kirk was draped in sable, and her servants clad in mourning livery; it was all according to custom. But at Auchans she could rejoice and find a call to happiness as spring decked the garden with pushing buds that knew no sorrow, and the tulips arrogantly flaunted their glories. For other and deeper reasons she could not face the sweet solitudes of Glen Ogilvy, the familiar wee house that had been the casket of her hopes in the winter of 1687-8, but she set her heart on Holland, where, when her affairs were wound up, she would seek liberation and face the future.

Letters from Edinburgh first began to create faint stirrings of her heart, for they told her of a new group called "the Gilliechrankies." It was of no political significance, but one in which the members were bonded together by the dear associations of the recent campaign, and she began to feel that her place was among them. She found, too, that she wanted more news, both political and personal, than letters could give, for much that was current in Edinburgh could not be committed to the post.

Then there were also the men in prison to be thought of, and a letter from her neighbour, Lady Lockhart, suggested ways of helping them.

One by one her friends crept back into her mind, making the thought of Edinburgh welcome. Amongst others was Sir John Foulis of Ravelstone, who had lately lost his wife, Margaret Primrose, and was now staying alone in his house at Foster's Wyndhead. She knew she could count on his fatherly interest; so before long she commissioned him to find her a suitable lodging.

When she arrived in Edinburgh, the current talk was not hopeful for the Jacobite cause. Such successes as King James had achieved were nullified in their effects on Scotland by the arrival there of Irish Protestant refugees, who brought further tales of the replacement of Protestant officials by Catholics, thereby justifying the action of the Scottish Parliament in adopting King William and Mary.

But, as time went on, Scottish statesmen experienced disappointment in that King William had not associated himself with the Presbyterian Party, and they chafed under his continued aloofness; for they had received none of the rewards so lavishly bestowed on the English nobility at the Coronation.

Jean at once found herself at the centre of affairs, callers of all parties coming to see her; Sir John Foulis established himself as her crony, and, as a wise and cheery counsellor, he was often to be found at her dressing-table. One day when seated there, he told her of the recent defeat of the remaining Jacobite army at Cromdale. "Ye must make up your mind that it's all over," he said, "for it'll no be in Scotland now that King James will win to his own again. Mebbe the Irish campaign will establish him there, but I doubt it, for King William has taken over troops enow for a foreign campaign, and James will not be able to withstand him." Another day he brought her news of the defeat of the British Navy by the French, off Beachy Head,

and this was followed by news of the Battle of the Boyne, and later of the capitulation of Cork.

During the summer months, Jean gradually attained to an ordered life. The mornings were devoted to receiving callers, who brought her news from the coffee houses, and the afternoons to going out with Elspeth in their chairs, sometimes to the arcades, or to see their friends, sometimes for a walk outside the walls, followed by their footmen.

The process of forfeiture and indictment for high treason commenced in May, and was directed against the late Viscount of Dundee or his representatives. These formed a very large group, including many that Jean knew of as signatories to the bond, in which they had all undertaken "to bide and stick by one another"[1] in loyalty to their master, King James.

Amongst the signatories was David Graham, her brother-in-law, who but for these processes would have been styled third Viscount of Dundee; and also Major William Graham of Balquhapple, who had been one of the witnesses to the baptism of the infant James, and Colin Mackenzie, who had signed Jean's marriage contract, and young Halyburton of Pitcur, whose father was killed at Killiecrankie and lay beside John in the vault at Blair Athol, and many others. James Philip, the standard bearer, was also in prison, writing his epic on the campaign, but his name is not included among the forfeitures.

The decreet of forfeiture was one of the first acts of the newly-assembled Parliament, and it contained many humane clauses that had never been in operation before. This was explained to Jean by Sir John Foulis, who told her that, owing to new safeguards, she would be left in possession of her jointure lands, and be able to live at Dudhope Castle, if she wished to do so, until the appointment of a new Constable, and that John's creditors were secure of payment.

[1] Acts Parl., supp., 63.

All these advantages over the old harsh methods had been granted by the new Government, as he pointed out, and he was sure that she would appreciate their humanity.

She assured Sir John that she meant to go to Holland as soon as she was free to do so, and that she had already begun a correspondence with her kinsmen there; that she had no intention of returning to Dudhope save for the purpose of uplifting her rents.[2]

This Jean did in the autumn. She interviewed the Chamberlain, paid the remaining servants, and received her aliment, but she did not stay long, and was glad to return to Edinburgh for the winter. On her journey back, she stayed at Balcarres, where she found the Earl much altered by his prison experiences, which had told sadly upon his constitution. His golden hair had now patches of white in it, and his fair, ruddy complexion had paled to a wan yellow. He could not rise from his couch, so Jean seated herself at his side.

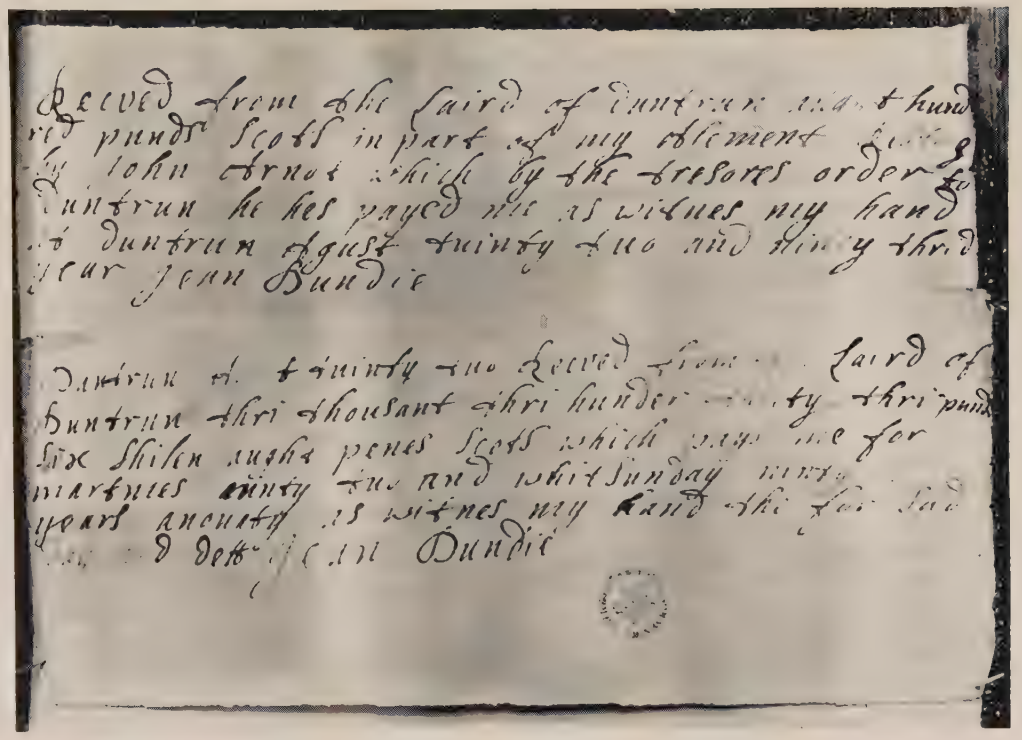
"Ah, Mistress," he said, with gentle eagerness, "I have looked for this moment mair than I can express to you. My lady will tell you how your trouble has been shared and borne by us." After a pause, he spoke again. "When I parted from John on that evil day at the great door of the Parliament House, I felt bereft of a brither, and the cloud that had come between us o'ershadowed all other thoughts. I felt persuaded I should never see him mair, but I was wrang, Jean, as I'm aboot to tell you."

Jean looked at him incredulously, and drew her breath sharply between her teeth: "Good God, Colin, ye'll no say!" she said interrogatively.

"Listen, and I'll tell ye," he answered very gravely, and his wife drew near to hear the story.

"About the time of the battle of Killiecrankie, I was, as ye ken, in the State prison of the Castle, wearying for news of my friends. Often through the lang nights I

[2] *Vide* Appendix VII.



Discharges by Jean, Viscountess of Dundee.

Preserved among the Forfeiture Papers in H.M. Register House, Edinburgh.

lay tossing on my bed, now thinking of my dear wife and bairns, all of them beyond my succour or care, and now of my friends scattered I knew not where. It was on a July night, when it was scarce dark at all and the heat was stifling, that I drew back the heavy curtains of my bed, that same bed, Jean, on which Argyll slept his last serene sleep, but I was far from resting, for the room seemed to be full of unseen flitting creatures, whether Divine or human I couldna say, but I felt fair jostled by the number of them; nor were they silent, for the air was full of clashing noise. Now it was the pipes that I heard, and now the trumpets of the English Army, and yet again the wail of souls who went unprepared to their doom. Mony a time I lifted my head that I might really catch sight of what seemed so plain to me, and for myself, I was no longer Balcarres, but airt and pairt of all creation that groaneth and travaileth together. My mind was tossed and drawn, and I had no will at all, nor had my empty chamber any peace, for it seemed just full of folk.

"At length my mind steadied, for someone had come into the room, and stood before the empty fireplace, resting his arm on the mantelpiece. I welcomed the sight of him, for now it seemed to me the dread visions of the night would flee away and I should come to myself and be in the world of reality. With his coming there fell a great silence; the eerie folk flitted, and the warlike sounds ceased.

"He was a soldier, clad in a sad coloured coat with his cuirass over it, and one arm seemed to hang limp. I was gathering my wits to address him when he turned slowly, and cames towards my bedside." . . .

Balcarres paused, breathless, and grew visibly paler; the two women, with parted lips, bent forward, holding each other's hands, and Balcarres with an effort resumed his story:

"He came to my bedside, and lookit me in the face. . ."

Colin's voice sank to a whisper. "My Lady, it was himself, it was John! and oh, I was glad, not knowing but that he too had been cast into my prison! 'John!' I cried, but I lookit at a face from which had passed all sorrow and all perplexity; it was as the face of God! and I was awed. He spake never a word, but lookit at me with the eyes of love, and then turned and walked slowly from the room, and as he went I sprang from my bed. 'John!' I cried, 'John!' I rushed to the door, and hurled myself against it, but it was fast, and I was alane. I went to the place where he had stood; I even stroked the spot where his arm had restit; and I went again to try the door, but it couldna be stirred. The glory of the rising sun streamed through the narrow window, a bird cheeped on the sill to tell me it was day, but I fell on my knees, for full well I knew his wraith had appeared to me, forgiving and healing all that had crossed between us." [3]

As Balcarres stopped, breathless, his eyes filled with tears, and then he added in a broken voice, "And I thanked God for it!"

Lady Balcarres, concerned by the evidence of exhaustion that her husband showed after so much talking, rose to give him some aqua vitae, and Jean, overcome by the feeling of nearness to John which the story had brought, covered her face with her hands to hide her emotion. At length she looked up and said slowly:

"I thank you, Colin, for telling me this. Ye have lifted a load from my heart, for ye tell me John was happy at the moment of entering eternity." And then, turning round to include the Countess, "Dear Margaret," she said, "if John was happy, let us be happy too, who in some sort share his glory."

. . . . . .

After her visit to Balcarres, Jean proceeded to Edinburgh. So far she had not seen any of the Dragoon

[3] *Law's Memorials.*

prisoners. She had counted on Lord Ross to help her in this, but he was now prisoner in the Tower of London,[4] and not available. Elspeth was longing for news of Provençal, and chafed under the restraint that kept them away; but Jean was anxious that they should in no way prejudice the prisoners or draw suspicion on themselves; so she was content with assisting Philadelphia, Lady Lockhart,[5] in the distribution of food, since this could only be done from the outside, and was a usual procedure.

Elspeth's active brain, however, was at work, seeking a means of communication. She found out from the gudeman of the prison on which floor their friends were incarcerated, and which way their windows faced. She then tried by many experiments to get into touch with them, but all to no purpose. At last one day, as they were standing for a moment to watch the ascending and descending baskets that were dangled for alms from the windows of the Tolbooth, she gave a sudden cry of recognition, for on one of them she perceived the flutter of a blue riband. Eagerly she stepped forward and detained the basket. Feeling in her pocket as for money, she brought out a small folded parchment containing a lock of crisp black hair, which she attached to the riband, and at a twitch from her, the basket reascended to its owner. "Come awa, my Lady," she muttered; "It's no for *us* to be obsairved intercommuning with felons!" But from that day onward, her face looked rosier and her eyes brighter than for long past—she had found her man and the lock of hair its owner, and through that came hope of happiness.

A few days later, Sir John Foulis wended his way up the outside stair that led to her Ladyship's "land," but, instead of finding her as he expected at her dressing table,

[4] For complicity in the Montgomery Plot.

[5] Daughter of Thomas, fourth Lord Wharton, by his second wife, Jane, daughter of Arthur Goodwyn of Winchenden, near Aylesbury.

submitting to Elspeth's attentions of perfume, pomade, and pinching irons, he saw two earnest, eager women bending over seams, intent on sewing shirts, while ells of fine white Holland cloth covered the table and all available seats.

"Gud save us, my Lady!" said Sir John; "this is no ploy for a widow woman! That's a fine sark you're making!"

Jean looked up, and a bright colour suffused her cheeks. "Sure, Sir John," she said, "ye'll no grudge the poor prisoners in the Tolbooth a clean sark, will you?"

Sir John fingered the Hollands with a knowing air. "It's no a very poor prisoner that will wear the like o' that," he said, "and ye're a bold woman. I've just seen Dr. Pitcairn," he added; "he's much concernit with the condition of Colonel Livingston, and canna get to him at night when he is most needed. He thinks representations should be made to get him moved, for the fever, though now waned, has left him still wandering in his mind, and one of his legs is palsied. He doesn't stand imprisonment well," he added casually, as if it were one of the ordinary events of life. "He's greatly reduced in means by his forfeiture,[6] which has ruined his brother also, and there seems none to help him. But, after all, he has to thank King William for his life. It's no to be expectit that the letter from his doctors will influence the Council, for they tell me that even the King's orders fra London are not as carefully carried out as they were wont to be. The Council juist taks its own bull-horned way, and says the King was misinformed. It's a confounding thing, my Lady, that, after the King has granted their lives to the Dragoons, and after they have been released from solitary confinement, they should be haled back to their cells without rhyme or reason; but I'll hope for better news to-morrow."

The next day he came again. "Livingston had been

[6] £1,500 Str. was the penalty exacted, 3rd January, 1690: *Privy Council Records*.

removed," he said, " and was now in lodgings; Dr. Pitcairn was hopeful, and thought the fresher air would do wonders. Aye, he had his sairvant with him, but the poor fellow was sadly lamed by the boots and other instruments of the torturing chamber. Another prisoner, Captain Bellenden,[7] was better off, for the Council had granted leave for his wife to bide with him in the Tolbooth, and mebbe a woman there would be a help to them all.

" I think," he added, " that leave could be gotten to see Livingston in spite of the order forbidding it, but your Ladyship should bide a wee till the infection of the fever is spent. If ye gang, ye will know the house easily, for it belongs to a wig-maker; it is down a turning a little above the Netherbow called Niddrie's Wynd, and there will be a sentry before it."

It was not long after this that two women, hooded and masked, were to be seen wending their way towards the Netherbow. They were unattended, and, after a short parley with a sentry, they went up the outside stair of a house and stopped at the first floor. The sentry was unconcerned, for they had the necessary permit; the weans and callants of the causeway did not even stop in their play to watch the visitors: all was quiet, even to dullness, but for the two brave hearts that beat excitedly at the thought of this culmination to long months of waiting.

On knocking, they heard the advancing footsteps of one who trod heavily and halted in his gait, and Elspeth pursed her trembling lips. Waiting as they did with their backs to the light and with their masks on, they were not recognisable; but Jean showed her billet and stepped inside, leaving Elspeth and Provençal at the door behind her. She removed her mask, took off her wraps, and then turned to the bed of the sufferer, where the sad picture of manhood stripped by illness and suffering of all comeliness, lay before her, the great gaunt eyes staring

[7] John, second Lord Bellenden.

unrecognisingly before them, the drawn lips muttering words that could not be heard, while hands gone frail clutched at the blankets. The room, which was a small one, was not comfortless; it smelt strongly of spices and vinegar, and on a table fixed to the wall were set out the medicaments and basins for the patient's need. The bed was a pallet bed, and a well-padded sleeping chair stood beside it. Jean stood for a moment watching her friend, William Livingston, appalled at the wreckage that met her eye. Then he turned his head, and for a moment a look of recognition passed over his face, only to fade away again as quickly as it came. But in that brief moment hope took the place of dismay, bringing to Jean an incentive to fight a battle with clamant death.

Jean put the goat's whey and cordials she had brought on the table, and turned to minister to the sick man, who needed every care that a woman could give him. It felt nothing strange but almost sacramental to be caring for and cleansing the broken body, putting clean linen on the bed sores, and sponging the straitened limbs with warmed water mixed with wine.

By this time, Elspeth and Provençal had come forward, and without word or direction they all assisted in this timely service, and had the satisfaction of seeing the sick man, refreshed and cleansed, drop into an easy sleep on clean, fragrant sheets.

Then Jean sought the mistress of the lodging, and in the little back parlour, peopled with blocks and wigs, bag wigs, full-bottomed wigs, periwigs, and all the implements of the trade, Jean explained who she was, that the sick gentleman was no ordinary prisoner, and his kinsmen would wish every care to be bestowed upon him.

James Hay, the periwig maker, hearing sounds in his back parlour, came in from the front shop, and, shaven and bald, stood with his back to wigs of all denominations, a human block unadorned. He bowed in his best manner

to Jean, and said with a dignity borrowed from his customers, "I am weel kent by the Council, my Lady, and only receive prisoners of quality, and I look to their men to serve them and the sentry to keep them fast: I have no responsibility."

His wife, who had been sewing hair on to a silk cowl or hood, and who had a wisp of horsehair gathered between her lips, now intervened in a brusque manner:

"I'll no say a word against the sick man, Gud save him! but sic an unco' of a man as yon Frenchie is past all expectation, and he's no wanted ben the hoose with his foolish speirin. I'd fain ken he's no a spy amang us before he's given the freedom of the chimney lug."

"Hoots, woman!" said her husband; "your clavering tongue rins awa' and needs the jougs to stop it The mon's sent us by the Council after enduring all their tosherie of hot irons and thumbikins, and is cleared without a doubt of his felony. I wouldna be saying onything against Parliament or the Council, my Lady; they are weel respectit in this house, seeing that we make the wigs for them a'."

"'Deed, I'm no so sure, gudeman," put in his wife, shrewdly. "Have they no sweepit the Bishops off their Bench in the Parliament House, and Bishops' heads were mair worth to us than a' the Privy Councillors put thegither, who are whiles in London and forget their Embro tradesmen."

Here Jean took out her purse and produced a gold coin, which was seldom seen in Edinburgh, and told the good woman that she was sure she would need something to spend on the extra comforts wanted by her lodger, and, by so doing, mollified both man and wife, and departed with every assurance of their willing service.

Nevertheless, when they reached home, it was with mixed rejoicing and misgiving that she and Elspeth talked over the afternoon's visit. One thing only was clear to

them, *that they were needed,* and with that realisation the project of going to Holland was postponed indefinitely, for, although the Conservator, Andrew Kennedy, had welcomed the idea of her coming to him, she now saw clearly that she could not leave the service to her friends which she had taken on herself.

Jean wrote to Livingston's only sister,[8] who sent her son to wait upon her. Alexander Montgomery proved to be of great assistance, and Lady Lockhart, who came of an English Nonconformist family, to whom suffering never appealed in vain, sent up hampers of food for distribution among the prisoners of the Tolbooth.

By degrees there grew up round the Dragoon prisoners a group who, since they could not at the moment serve the Jacobite cause, could and did minister to its broken adherents, and close intimacy grew up among them.

Among this group Jean moved as a revered and honoured benefactress; but, in order to avoid suspicion, she frequented the society of the city, where her wit and beauty made her welcome, and as time went on, she even went to plays in a mask, spent her evenings playing at Basset and Ombre with her neighbours, and once accompanied Sir John Foulis to see the horse-racing at Leith. It was a strange double life.

Life had changed, too, for Elspeth, and she was now all roses and smiles. Provençal, who had so often sought her love in vain when he was a sound man, now found that, as a broken man, he need not seek at all, for Elspeth took it for granted that he was hers, body and soul, to love and to cherish, and to rule with a rod of iron for all time coming, and he was well content that it should be so.

There could only be one end to the circumstances in which Jean was placed. The care of a dying man gradually turned to the cherishing of a convalescent, and,

[8] Elizabeth, widow of Major General Robert Montgomery, and lately married to Capt. George Douglas.

as William Livingston was called back by tender nursing to life and youth, his recovery brought explanations and confidences of an intimate and searching nature between him and Jean; and Jean remembered that he had given his all for the cause that John served. As he became once more a living unit, able to stand among his fellows, and to enjoy walks without the walls, though followed always by a sentry, love began to share the place of gratitude towards the woman who had played so large a part in his life, and who to his sensitive and exalted nature seemed as one sent by God to succour him. For a long time, holding her thus in reverence, he framed no other thought nor desire. To Jean there came correspondingly the slow realisation that to relieve this man's necessities had become her joy, and that her own mute needs were answered by the welcome that she met in his eyes.

Friends said aside that, but for the outlawry, no more suitable match could be arranged for Dundee's widow than with William Livingston, who had sacrificed so much to the common cause, but the difficulties were insurmountable. Sometimes in one jail, sometimes in another, sometimes guarded, at others going free, the Dragoons remained for five long years the shackled prisoners of the State.

Meantime the whisperers of the Closes and the Coffee House wits could not leave so interesting a subject of speculation undiscussed, and scandal concerning it added sauce to the dishes served in the ordinaries.

The strange group, who took their daily airing at a stated hour, avoiding their fellows as far as possible and seeking the open country, became a familiar sight as, slowly and haltingly, they went down the Canongate or up the hill towards Pleasaunce. Observant stallingers would whisper as they went by, "Yon's the Dragoon prisoners, d'ye ken, and that high-heeled madam with a mask on, they say, is Dundee's relict, and that she and

Colonel Livingston are to be wed when he gets his freedom. That's her woman, too, who follows with the lame man."

"I cry shame on her," said another, "who weds her husband's murderer, for a' the world kens Livingston shot Dundee at Killiecrankie, using a silver bullet that couldna miss its target."

"Why, mon, that's no true ava'!" cried another; "Colonel Livingston was in the Tolbooth before Killiecrankie was aye fought, as I suld know who shaved and blood-let him since Whitsuntide '89."

"Ah, weel," quoth old age, "whiles this parliament lasts, they are in a cleft stick, for the Netherhole is like Heaven itself—without marrying or giving in marriage."

At first Jean shut her eyes and ears to the city gossip, being careful to appear in all places of public resort apparently intent on the amusements of the moment. Her friend Sir John Foulis, however, became concerned, and felt it necessary to consult her brothers. The discussion of a suitable second spouse was common usage, sometimes even being broached with the baked meats of the burial of the first one. Jean's advisers, however, could not well suggest a penniless prisoner, though otherwise William Livingston, an old friend, and heir to his brother in the Kilsyth estates, would have been a suitable match.

The idea began definitely to take shape about 1693. Alexander Montgomery, Livingston's nephew, had for three years been constantly associated with them both, acting as Jean's messenger and William Livingston's adviser, and was the accepted young man of business for all purposes. He had conceived a warm admiration for the beautiful widow, and thought of Uncle William with the kindly concern of the young and strong for those whom they take to be weak and idealistic. What could be better, thought Montgomery, than an alliance between the two? Thus it happened that, long before either of the parties concerned

had faced the question for themselves, their friends were discussing the possibilities of it. Meanwhile, under the act of forfeiture, the Kilsyth estates were going to rack and ruin, and Livingston was advised to make representation to the Council, and ask leave to pay a visit to them. Permission was granted, and, accompanied by the inevitable "sentry," Livingston left Edinburgh for his home. Perhaps it was during this visit to Kilsyth, bringing as it did a fresh outlook and restored mind, that Livingston assumed courage to act on the advice of his friends and approach Jean; and possibly she, too, during his absence, took stock of life in all its new bearings.

When he returned to Edinburgh, it was to lodgings in the Parliament Close,[9] a great improvement on the surly wig-maker's house. He was not yet a man in normal health, and the long ride had greatly fatigued him, but there was nevertheless a new tint of colour in his cheeks and a fresh excitement in his eyes.

Jean found him on his couch, which was strewn with the deeds and papers concerning his estate, and full of fresh interests about his visit and journey to Kilsyth. A strange and glad light shone in his face as he greeted her, but for the first time he seemed to be talking of something other than what was really in his mind, and after a while they both surrendered to an embarrassed silence, which Livingston claimed as his opportunity.

"Ye ken the talk about us among our friends, Mistress," he said deliberately, while the colour in his cheeks heightened.

"Aye, William," said Jean, "I'll no gainsay what a' the world is jalousing at, but we needna heed the talk of the coffee houses, you and I, at this time of day."

"That's vera true," quoth he, "if it were all talk; but there's a truth hidden in their clavers. I had twa

[9] At the house of Mr. Lyell in Parliament Close. *Vide* p. 249, *Livingstons of Callendar.*

thoughts in my mind when I won to Kilsyth. I wanted to know how I stood in my bairns' part of geir and the estates of my brother, and I'd fain ken," and here his voice sank to a whisper, and he went more slowly, "I'd fain ken what I had to offer besides my ill body to the leddy of my hopes. Ye'll no speir who that is, Jean? You and I were at bairns' play thegither in the auld days of Paisley Abbey. I've no forgotten that, and the ploys of manhood forgathered us again. Whether within the walls of Dundee or behind the Castle Rock, I've been mislucked in all but friendship, and that has been my stay; for mony's the time when, but for the thought of you and John, I should have failed to keep faith. There's na need for words between us—surely the proving has been in God's hands? All I ask for is to be allowed to make my service sure, and that I might be a husband to you while I am in life."

The noises of the narrow street came upwards on the hot air, harsh and discordant, making further speech impossible for the moment; but Jean's serenity did not desert her. The past events of their lives stretched behind them; the suffering which they had passed through left them no veils, no disguises. The guarded present showed them to be the prisoners of society, she no less than he, and as long as they were in Scotland it would always be so. What had life to offer? Neither of them could say. They had now for years been outlawed or suspect, and no Scottish hearth could be the shrine of their love, for in Scotland the King, the Church, the laws were alien and inimical to them. For both of them, thought brought the same answers to the same questions, and many of the same memories haunted them both. For the man there was the surge of passion; for the woman there was the love which had been born of suffering.

Jean laid her hand in Livingston's, and then knelt beside his couch, and the last veil of all was swept aside in the unity of their silence.

As she presently raised her head to brush aside a tear, they heard the quick tramp of soldiers coming through the Wynd, the salute, the clash of arms, and the changing of the guard beneath the prisoner's window.

. . . . . .

Silent love may endure, but cannot create; love vocal makes for itself a triumphant, transforming atmosphere, which recreates circumstance and endows its messengers with winged feet. Before it there flies away the domination of Church and State; wisdom is derided of folly, ugliness unashamed takes its place alongside of beauty: there is no limit to the miracles of love creative.

The love which had come to Jean and William Livingston through the suffering years proved to be that. It was not the shy flutter of virgin breasts; rather it was the rich endowment of mature natures, to be received reverently and with both hands, and to be honoured with all the best they had to give.

Perhaps Jean did not realise this at first, for the sombre twilight of sorrow in which the last five years had been spent had not been without its depressing effect on a high-strung nature. It was not until she returned to her own lodging and had removed her hood and sat down in her accustomed chair that she saw, as in a flash, that everything would now be different. It was instantly revealed to her in her woman's eyes when Elspeth, on learning the news, burst forth: "Dear Lord! now lettest Thou Thy servant go her ways in peace, for her een have beheld Thy glory!"

"Elspeth, I doubt but you're blaspheming!" said the astonished Jean. "There's little hope of earthly salvation for us poor prisoners."

"Hoots, my Lady!" said Elspeth, unabashed and confident. "Hoots! Syne I'll dress your wedding feast, aye, and my own and François' forbye, and we'll awa'

to Holland, and shake the dust of this foul city off our feet."

Then Elspeth broke down altogether, laughing and crying, and revealing unsuspected suffering that took leave of her in this new found joy. And Elspeth was right. It was a new world to which they awoke on the following morning, and her burst of joy was, in measure, echoed by all Jean's friends.

"Dear Heart," said Sir John Foulis, "this news has given your old gossip mair pleasuring than anything ye could tell."

Alexander Montgomery, coming in at that moment, added to the chorus.

"I'm juist fra the Parliament Close, my Lady," he said, "and I found my uncle a changed man. I'm minded to approach the Secretary of State again and see if we canna get leave of exile and speed the twa of you to kinder climes."

It seemed possible that doors might be opened in new directions, for, since the victory of La Hogue over the French Fleet, the Jacobite peril had receded from the minds of statesmen, and was replaced by the more immediate danger of national bankruptcy. Mildness towards the State prisoners began to replace the harsh treatment which Scotland had hitherto meted out to Scotsmen, and one by one or group by group Dundee's officers were liberated to go to France or Holland, carrying with them the halo of romance and gallantry which time would never destroy.

"By all means let them awa," said ministers, "for it will cost less than to guard them here. They are all broken men, and can do us no scaith."

For these reasons the desirability of a marriage between Jean and William Livingston came to be accepted by all concerned, and arrangements were hurried forward to accomplish it with the usual legal safeguards.

On the 19th of September, 1693, Jean and Elspeth made their last journey as visitors to Mistress Lyell's lodgings, where two bridegrooms awaited them, for it had seemed only right to Jean that her gentlewoman should also be made happy on the same day that united her to William Livingston. Together they had weathered the storms of the Revolution, and together, she said, they should start the new life which they hoped was opening up for them.

Her favourite brother Thomas, Alexander Montgomery and others were present to witness the contract,[10] and the religious ceremony was performed by a clergyman of the Church of England.

"A strange affair it was," he was heard to say that evening as he sat in a tavern in the Parliament Close. He was a young Englishman who had just been ordained, and was travelling in Scotland for the improvement of his mind, and, addressing all who might care to listen, he continued: "Never before have I seen mistress and maid married to master and man, and, moreover, they were all such good company that I was in danger of forgetting to which party I owed the most deference. It will always be one of the wonders of my travels! I have heard of many of the quaint customs of your country, sir, and would like to have seen a wedding according to them, but this one answered to no tradition. On going to the house, I was challenged by a sentry, a most impertinent fellow, who showed no respect to my wig. Indeed, I could fancy he winked at a Bluegown who waited on the steps for alms.

"Entering the house, I found a serious company assembled, two brides and two bridegrooms. The mistress was a fine lady of beautiful shape and ample proportions, and very splendidly, though gravely, attired. She was

[10] The contract is mentioned in the Testament Dative of Lady Jean Cochrane, Viscountess of Dundee, afterwards spouse to Mr. William Livingston, late Viscount Kilsyth: *Edinburgh Commissariot*, vol. 87.

given away by her brother. The bridegroom, whom his friends called Kilsyth, was senior to his bride by some years, and had a frail, far-away look, as if his eyes were fixed on the golden city of his dreams. The other bride was the maid, a small, round woman, with a face all smiles, and she had glossy red hair, streaked with silver. She was given away by her mistress with much tenderness of feeling. Her bridegroom was a little black, lame man, an uncomely foreign object, as I thought.

"The merriment usual to a wedding was absent, but there was a beautiful spirit abroad, and it seemed to me that their carnal affections must have been sanctified by much affliction that I knew not of."

"'Deed, that may be so," said a listener. "They're weel kent folk that ye've been marrying, kent chiefly for their Jacobite leanings and long adversity; but I'm no saying that it wouldn't be a good thing if they were soon awa, for it's little good that I can see comes fra biding in Scotland. The hopes of our forefathers have not come about, and the Protestant Reformation seems to me to have lost its meaning in factional strife, as I don't mind owning even to a man of your cloth. It's a braw country ye've chosen to visit, young man, but just now Scotland is like a puir worn mither that's weary with fighting for her bairns, and they none too loving to each other, nor too reverent to her."

As the day closed in, the sentry who had winked at the Bluegown on a wedding morning was replaced by one who knew nothing of the events of the day, and who paced the street that night confident that he was supporting the pillars of the State by guarding its prisoners.

He little knew that they had burst their bonds, and that prison walls were as nothing to those who knew the freedom of love, and who, after long wakeful years of sorrow, slept that night at the altar of the God Terminus, who had set his boundary to the past and raised a pillar to the open sky.

CHAPTER XXI.

EXILE.

"And take an instantaneous carrier
O'er hills and mountains through the plyant air,
And carry the sad tidings of her death
To all on earth of living breath."
(Contemporary epitaph of Jean, Viscountess of Dundee.)

CORNELIUS MARTEN, master of the good ship *Zeewyk*, was looking out to sea, and muttering curses under his breath at the weather, for all through April, and it was now May, the *Zeewyk*, in consequence of a succession of north-easterly gales, had been riding at her anchor, in company with a small fleet lying in the Leith Roads.

One ship had been engaged to carry Scottish prisoners over to France, whilst others were to take an English regiment to Holland, and the soldiers, poor fellows, had been lying cheek by jowl for near a month, neither their ships nor their English convoy able to get beyond the Firth.[1]

The *Zeewyk* was a Dutch-built "buss" of eighty tons, bluff-bowed and narrow-pooped, with full quarters. She carried a cock-boat, and was armed with four cannon, and she was to sail under the lee of the English convoy. As well as cargo, she was carrying a number of passengers, prisoners of quality, recently released from Edinburgh jails, and bidden depart the three Kingdoms. Among these were Colonel William Livingston and his wife, Viscountess of Dundee; and Captain Lord Bellenden and Lady Bellenden, their former companions in distress. They and their

[1] *Seafield Correspondence*, Second Series, pp. 139-147.

servants, including Provençal and Elspeth, were crowded in 'twixt poop and forecastle, and but for the conveniency of the new *hamâcos*,[2] which could be clewed up in odd corners, there would never have been room for them all. They were tiresome, anxious folk to have aboard, thought the captain, avoiding the eye of any one of them lest he should be asked for the hundredth time, "Captain, how goes the wind?" for in truth there was no wind at all. Since the storm, a calm had come, and he was anxiously looking for a change.

The captain could not let his sailors go ashore, even to the ships' chandlers for fear of the press-gang, and his passengers would not go lest they should be seized, for their Privy Council permits had expired, and they durst not show themselves without securing fresh ones.[3]

A top-gallant sail was set to catch the first light breeze, and when Cornelius Marten was not watching it, he was scanning the other ships, any one of which, as happens at sea, might catch a puff of wind that missed his.

It was, therefore, a glad and exciting moment when the Captain-General's English frigate fired a gun and the ship's bells, one by one, rang out in response. It was the signal that they were to weigh anchor, for the wind had come fair, the *Elizabeth's* sails had filled already, and a like blessing was to be looked for by the others.

The sailors stood to their places at the windlass, which they worked by means of handspikes; the passengers drew together to watch them, and, amid universal rejoicing, the ships all got under way, the English frigate leading and carrying the lantern for signalling. The merchantmen, including the *Zeewyk*, followed next, whilst a ketch and a private man-of-war brought up the rear.

They sailed in formation according to orders, and for

[2] Hammocks: a Spanish-Indian word.

[3] *Vide* Privy Council Minute of Liberation.

three days, the wind continuing westerly, their respective positions were well maintained; but on the fourth day the wind backed to south-west, and, although it was not at first strong, the passengers of the *Zeewyk*, who so far had been surprised at the smoothness of the passage, noticed that the ship was beginning to pitch heavily on a slowly-heaving sea which was rolling up from the south. To Captain Marten this low even swell caused no bodily discomfort, but his mind was troubled, for he scented bad weather ahead. As the day wore on, clouds, which had been at first mere white wisps high up in the sky, began to drift up from the south-west, becoming ever lower and lower, and darker and more ragged. The storm was announced by a heavy squall. The mate of the *Zeewyk*, standing on the high poop, could see the first ships of the convoy away on the southern horizon quickly shortening sail as the intense fury of the squall reached them, though as yet the *Zeewyk* was comparatively untroubled. Almost immediately, however, all was commotion on board as the sailors obeyed his hoarse commands and furled the upper sails, and made all snug to withstand the winds and waves. The work was hardly finished before the squall caught them, heralded by a broad band of short, rough waves, covered with flying white spume. When the wind struck the little vessel, it did so with great violence, causing her to heel over, which frightened the passengers, most of whom were unaccustomed to the water. The sea was confused, and although the *Zeewyk* had a good freeboard, the tops of some of the waves were caught up and blown bodily on board, and the bravest of the travellers was fain to seek the shelter of the cabin. The squall lasted about half an hour, and by this time a high sea was running, so that the little *Zeewyk's* decks were constantly awash, and the sailors were kept busy securing such parts of the deck gear as were not already made fast. As the squall died down, the ships of the convoy were seen to have lost their

stations, and, before anything could be done to rectify this, another squall came upon them with even greater fury than the first. The torn clouds which chased each other across the sky hung so low that they seemed to be rasping the sea into greater fury, and when sunset came the squall had developed into a full gale, before which the *Zeewyk*, having plenty of sea room, was running with bare poles. Through the rents in the tattered clouds the sky showed a lurid crimson-lake colour, portraying the anger of the heavens, and the great waves became black as the night.

By the end of the third day, when the wind abated, the convoy was completely scattered, the master of each ship having done what he deemed best for the safety of his own vessel, and the only ship which the captain of the *Zeewyk* could descry was the one bound for France. As soon as the sun came out, the positions of the two ships were determined by taking an altitude, and each master was able to lay the course for his own destination. They then parted company, the *Zeewyk* laying a course for the Scheldt. She now began to pass whalers on their way to Greenland fisheries; Flushingers were observed making for their fishing stations; and a Portuguese ship was seen, carrying salt to Norway.

During the gale the passengers ceased to be any trouble to the captain, being mostly occupied in waiting upon each other. Even at six bells, when planks were laid across the cabin and spread with a fine Dutch linen cloth, ready for the mid-day meal, but few appeared, for many of them had retired to their bunks behind the sliding panels, from whence issued the mournful sound of their afflictions. On the eighth day, however, their troubles over, they were to be seen on deck, and they sat once more under the poop where in Leith Roads they had spent so many eager hours anxiously waiting for a fair wind. In the evening they assembled round the open peat fire of the cabin, while the captain entertained them with Dutch East India Company's

tea or cocoa, made from the kettle which simmered on the brazen " doof-pot." The shining brass and copper vessels, which so greatly adorned the cabin, twinkled and beamed in the firelight as the passengers talked in warmth and comfort.

On the tenth day the *Zeewyk* at last sighted Holland, where the high sandhills showed against the sky, and they knew by the changed colour of the water that they were in the mouth of the Scheldt. The passengers crowded to the bow, and Provençal, overcome by the sight of his native land, fell on his knees, loudly thanking God, quite broken down by the thought of his old mother, who was waiting for her hard-featured, bearded son to come back to her after many weary years of separation. Elspeth, however, took him by the shoulders and told him to stop his play-acting, but she, too, was really moved, and, hand in hand, they watched the town flag run up the mizzen, and the legend *"Fleschje van Vlissingen"* spread out to the wind.

To make Flushing, they had to avoid the strong current that might carry them past the two harbours, and it was slow work tacking backwards and forwards, so they soon cast anchor in order to wait for the rise of the tide, and then a boat came to take off passengers.

The disconsolate group from Scotland, heartened, relieved, and happy, bade farewell to Cornelius Marten, praised his ship, and thanked him for a kindly hospitality not always extended to passengers. Livingston and Jean, with Provençal and Elspeth, embarked at once on a small boat which took them round the coast to Kamp Veere. It was not a long journey, and before many hours were past they saw the long low line of the houses at Kamp Veere. Above the red-tiled roofs showed the galleried tower of the Stadhouse, supporting a leaden ball from which rose a slender needle carrying a ship for a weather-vane, which that day sailed in azure skies.

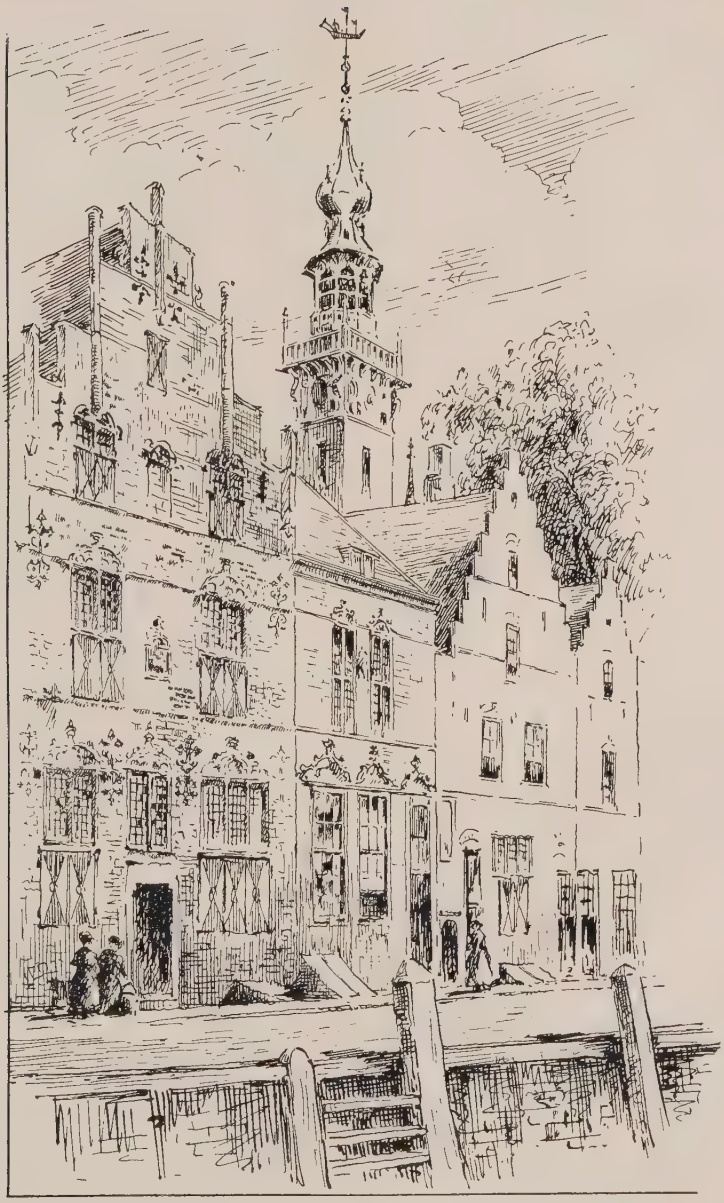
At the twin towers of the Watergate they were delayed by formalities, and it was some time before the chubby, bluff-browed boat could pass through and draw to the quay which formed the main street.

On landing, and while their scanty luggage was being put ashore, the travellers looked around. The day was crystal clear; across the water lay the flat, vernal-tinted island of North Beeveland. In the harbour of Veere rode stately ships of all nations, Dutch East India-men and war ships with noble galleried poops; and there, too, lay the English *Royal Sovereign,* which had lately brought over William of Orange, King of England, and Lord of the Province of Zeeland on which they stood.

Herring busses by the score lay along the wharves, and river scuyts, or eel boats, were numerous. It was a scene of unhurried industry and prosperity, where the low-voiced, soft-tongued Dutchman presided, and their wives and daughters passed to and fro like lesser ships, Dutch-built too in their beamy proportions. They were fair and honest in the face, and their self-respect was manifest in their gay, well-kept clothes and decorated head-dresses.

Opposite the landing-stage was a row of houses, in the centre of which rose one of loftier proportions. It was a four-storied building with crow-stepped gables and pan-tiled roof. On the lower part of each window hung gaily-painted shutters, blazoned in lozenges of orange and black. Above the head of each window was Gothic decoration, carved in stone and highly ornate in detail. The ties of the brick face were of finely-wrought iron, their finials blossoming into Scottish thistles. In a Gothic niche in the centre of the building was a golden lamb, denoting the woollen staple of Scotland. The ground floor served as a conciergerie, and round the doorway there stood factors and merchants, and there was much coming and going through its portals.[4]

[4] "The Scotch House" of Veere is still standing.



THE CONSERVATOR'S HOUSE AT KAMP VEERE
In the island of Zeeland in the Netherlands.
(From a Drawing by R. G. Brocklehurst)

Jean knew at once that this must be the house where Sir Andrew Kennedy, the Conservator of the Scottish trade in Holland, lived; so they crossed the road and entered the wide slate-paved hall, and two or three steps brought them into the big dining-room of the conciergerie. There at different tables, according to their rank, were seated Merchants of the Staple, factors, masters, and mates, engaged on their mid-day meal. Some surprise was caused by the appearance of Scottish gentry, but a cheery Scots voice greeted them as the master of the conciergerie came forward.

In answer to their enquiries, he said, "The Conservator? Alas! both he and his son, James Kennedy, are away to Rotterdam, to which city the Scottish trade is now being diverted. The Conservator would indeed be grieved that a kinswoman should arrive in his absence. He would wish the best rooms in the conciergerie to be placed at her Ladyship's disposal, and we can guarantee the comfort and cleanliness of all that we offer."

There was no alternative for the travellers but to sit down and enjoy the meal before them, and make arrangements for a night's rest.

Their intention was to go on to Brussels, where they expected to meet many friends coming to and from St. Germains, who would give them news of King James and the Queen and of "the young gentleman," as the infant Prince was beginning to be called. Also François Provençal and Elspeth would be able to journey from there to see François' home and mother in the Low Country.

After writing and despatching letters to Sir Andrew Kennedy, telling him they would come and see him at Rotterdam at some future date, Jean and Livingston slept that first night of their exile in the gaily painted beds on the snow-white linen sheets of the Scottish house at Kamp Veere, rejoicing that the pleasant familiarity of their native tongue had welcomed them to the country of their adoption.

Two days later they sailed to Antwerp on their way to Brussels, where they spent the winter of 1694-5.

Life in Brussels was measured out to them by the sweet bells of the Cathedral carillon. Their smallest actions and the least important of their doings spoke of the greatness of their freedom. The daily stroll could now be taken without the vigilance of a sentry behind them; meals were served with order and cleanliness, and little comforts surrounded them which no prison could provide. They had liberty to pray in any of the churches, or not to pray at all, and in this most strange freedom Jean would sometimes enter the Cathedral, and, whilst kneeling there, the warmth and colour of the beautiful images, the thrill of the music and the sweetness of the incense brought her no confusion of thought. Rather she took her sanctuary with her, sharing it with those who, like her, knelt humbly before God, and were wrapt in mystery.

At Brussels, as they expected, many old friends came to see them, especially the officers of Dundee's and Livingston's regiments. While their fellow-countrymen turned their coats and served King William in the comfort of their own homes, these true soldiers of fortune, released from Scottish jails and the Bass Rock, arrived in France and Flanders in the tattered uniforms in which they had fought their last battles for King James, four or five years before. They assembled at St. Germains, where they were reviewed by the exiled King, as they stood, in their honourable poverty, and were commended as by a father who had little but his blessing to give, and who had perforce to send them on their way nearly penniless.[5]

"You would have smiled to see our parade, Colonel," said one of Livingston's old officers, "for we were halt and sick and ragged. We often waited round the gardens of St. Germains hoping to catch sight of that young gentleman, for whom we are willing again to risk all. He

[5] Their allowance was threepence a day.

is a sweet princely boy, who has been taught by his nurses to throw kisses to Papa's poor friends, and to wave to them as they pass his little carriage. Only a baby! but the sight of him seemed worth waiting for!" and the two men avoided each other's eyes.

"Some of us have found friends," he continued, "but more, alas! are wanderers, and like to die of fevers and fluxes in strange places."

It was but little that Jean and William could do, but they took all possible pains to relieve the necessities of their old friends, and sometimes they were able to give them much needed help.

In June, 1695, a son was born to Jean and William Livingston; they christened him William, and Elspeth came back to take charge of the infant.

In August, the unexpected and brutal bombardment of Brussels by the French destroyed the city, and they were glad to leave it for Holland, intending to stay with the Kennedys at Rotterdam, and to winter at Utrecht, where many Scottish friends were gathered.

Jean found her kinsman Sir Andrew Kennedy living in great state at Rotterdam, together with his son James. As the King's representative, he had high powers, acting as magistrate for all Scots connected with the Staple who, though in Holland, were still under Scottish law. He was a fussy, affectionate man, who entertained them for three weeks with warm hospitality. He talked much about the state of Scotland's trade and the bankrupt condition of that country. He did not approve, he said of the Staple, and thought trade was likely to be killed by the interference of the Royal Burghs and by the ill-will of the Dutch merchants.

James Kennedy also proved to be interesting. He had lived so long abroad that he differed from the ordinary home-bred Scotsman. He had lately been in trouble for trying to introduce the Roman Catholic religion into Kamp

Veere, which had hitherto been served by Scottish Presbyterians and Dutch Lutherans. They had some talk together about this, and he enlarged upon his views.

"You cannot have a truly spiritual Church," he said, "as long as it is even titularly a State Church. The Protestant Reformation for good and all linked up the Church in Britain with the State, and that is sure to kill her deeper life. The Church of Rome, on the other hand, belongs to no one country; it is the Universal Church. The prejudice that so many feel in regard to the invocation of the Virgin Mary and the Saints would be swept away if more universal principles were understood. You have lived now in a Catholic country, and you have seen the women, with their children at their side, kneeling at our shrines and altars with, perhaps, the needs of life, the common bread, in a basket beside them, pouring out their troubles in reverence before the image of Our Lady. Yet you say the dear mother of mankind is mere pasteboard! Is the need of a universal mother unreal? I trow not. It is a need which can be seen and felt, and it should be met by what our Churches have to offer. You can leave your burdens before the altars, even if those altars be decked with paper flowers and tinsel.

"It is the political power of the Church of Rome in Catholic countries that Protestant countries dread, once the dominating power of Spain, now the power of France. It is not the spiritual truths, which Rome will always possess, that are dreaded. But," and here he paused, "I grant you the Kingdom of God is within us, and is not implicit in a Church. The people of this age need freedom; but it may take hundreds of years before mankind finds, through freedom, the Universal Church."

When the time came to leave, Sir Andrew Kennedy sped them on their way by securing for them a comfortable "travelling boat," such as was only to be found on the canals of that country. It was drawn by horses, and was

spotlessly kept; it provided beds for the travellers, and meals were served with scrupulous niceness. They slept on board, and in the morning they had a meal of powdered beef and Hollands cheese, and drank East India coffee.

The country they passed through was adorned by avenues of fine trees, planted by the orders of the Stadholder, and by country houses, with gardens kept trim and neat to an extraordinary degree. In the grounds of these were ponds and fountains surrounded by quaintly cut hedges, grottoes, and labyrinths. Statues were chastely set in arbours, and gravel walks and green lawns sloped to the water's edge. At times they came to small plantations of tobacco, which was grown on little mole-hills. The tobacco had been cut down in August, and was now drying in barns with hinged sides which opened to the air. The country abounded with game, and they passed hares and quail and grazing deer, and saw herons in flight. On one occasion they saw a group of people, accompanied by a falconer, shouting " Helva, Helva," and they watched the struggle between the hawk and the heron. They saw the heron turn on her back and toss up her beak to the alarm and injury of the hawk.

They passed one or two towns, comfortably set astride the canal, moated round, and defended by high turreted walls.

Every two or three hours they stopped to change horses, and Provençal chatted with the inn-keeper, interpreting to the others what he said about the country they were passing through. Once they came upon a wedding party, singing and dancing and tumbling and drolling with one another in clumsy fondness.

Gliding slowly along, without noise or vibration, they saw the country stretching flat before them, and in the distance men in blue smocks working in the fields. A sense of peace filled the air; even the birds seemed slow and dreamy on the wing.

Jean sat on the deck, her feet in the well of the cabin door, with the baby on her knee, thankful for the restful travelling. There was no call upon her attention, no present responsibility, and, as hour after hour passed away, she could not but contrast the peaceful country, where every inch of land was cultivated and spoke of ordered care and human lives secure, with those other scenes more familiar to her in Scotland.

She seemed to see again the hurried, turbulent streams that tumbled 'twixt the ragged rocks of her native land, the abrupt hills, so often castellated for defence, and the crowded city streets of Edinburgh. She remembered the cool aisles of Paisley Abbey, where every footfall echoed to the tread, and where the vaulted roof rang with the minister's denunciation of Episcopal sinners. She heard again the familiar Psalm, the music rich with men's deep voices and the words with Divine promise; she felt all this to have been good, shielding her from discontented thoughts. Then there came the recollection of her personal grief and the years of sorrow, with loss of confidence in the purpose of life which had made her doubt even the love of God; when it had seemed as if her mother must be right and she herself foredoomed to damnation. Then there came to her a picture of the little wizened infant who lay in his narrow coffin beneath Scottish soil, and she thought too of the grave at Blair Athol which she had never looked upon. . . . She shook herself free from the web of her dreams and looked ahead.

Ah, the future had held this for her, and surely it was good! What more had life to offer to any woman than the love of a husband and a bairn? She watched them tenderly, realising for the first time the entirety of a family. Joseph, Mary, and Our Lord were just so, she thought: "I have as much." At this point her eye caught William's, and a smile as of benediction passed between them. Happiness had come to her round and whole, and tears of joy brimmed up and surprised her.

The Water Gate, Utrecht.

(From an early picture)

The day waned, and it was near sunset when Utrecht first came into view, and almost dark when they stopped at the Water Gate for the collection of dues. There the horse was left behind, and the men worked the boat with long poles and oars as they went on into the town.

The Oude Gracht was one of the oldest canals in the city, and had houses on either side coming sheer down to the water's edge. Cosy, warm dwellings were revealed through candle-lighted windows, and the sound of a viol hovered on the air; but, as they passed along, the banks grew steeper, and the buildings receded and were lost to sight in the darkness. They began to see running figures on the roadway above them, some carrying torches and shouting to the men in the boat. They were evidently nearing the landing-stage, and they soon stopped at a weigh-house below a bridge. William took the sleeping child in his arms, and together they ascended the steep steps which led to the road, and were directed to the "Castle of Antwerp," the inn at which they intended to stay. It was not long before they all slept, passing the remainder of the night as easefully as they had spent the day.

The next morning there were many formalities to be gone through, and messages to be sent to friends, for receiving whom in the afternoon Jean made preparations. At noon they dined at the public table, where there were many Scottish students and some Professors of the University.

The host showed them his inn with great pride. It had been built by his great grandfather in the year 1550, and had remained in his family ever since. The large square fireplace of the ordinary was cosy to sit in, away from draughts, while twinkling brass bespoke the cleanly Dutch housewife, and the fine woven table linen and napery were ornate with patriotic designs of the House of Orange.

He hoped they would not be inconvenienced by the

carrying up of the peats past their chamber window, for they were busy storing them for the winter on the turf floor under the roof; and even as he spoke the window was darkened by a large creel swinging on a rope that passed through a pulley attached to a projecting beam of the roof. Fortunately, he said, owing to the recent rains, it was not as dusty as usual, but the turfs were heavier.

After talking to him, in which they were helped by Provençal, they retired to their chamber, and prepared with pleasant anticipation for their visitors.

One of the first to come in was Andrew Fletcher of Saltoun, who had come over to Holland with the King. After their greetings, he looked at Jean curiously, as a man does at a former love, and at first he saw but little resemblance to the girl of his remembrance in this serene and polished matron—though in him she recognised the man she used to know, for the fires of his intellect still burned brightly. It was not long before they were talking of poor Scotland and of their fears for her government, and once again Jean quoted her grandfather, recalling his aversion to the theory of the Divine right of Kings which had proved so alien and disastrous to the nation, and the need of finding a balance between a monarchy and the republican principles which he had abhorred.

"My Lord Dundonald had a very large and liberal mind," answered Fletcher, "and, had he lived to our day, he could not have failed to agree that the necessary balance is to be found by removing everything but the insignia of royalty, and returning to the older view of a limited monarchy. We have seen that a change of masters does nothing. Indeed, our poor people were better off, to my thinking, in the days of their serfdom, when authority was less centralised. Not till the true principles of government have been instilled into the minds of the people

themselves can there be a really stable country, and this can only come about through an altered education. There is need to teach a moral and civil knowledge, in which as yet even our statesmen are many of them lacking." He paused, no doubt continuing the argument in his own mind. "But that time will come, that time will certainly come!" he concluded, his eyes flashing with their old inspiration.

"My Lady," he said when taking his leave, "it has pleasured me to talk to you again and to make my compliments to your good husband."

Then there entered Anna, Countess of Argyll, accompanied by her son, Lord Balcarres, together with a group of Scottish friends.

Their greetings were unaffectedly moving, and for a moment, in all their minds, Dundee seemed to have come among them, a living force, informing them again with his very presence. They talked of him without restraint, and of King James; and then Balcarres, turning courteously to William Livingston, added "And you, Kilsyth; we are honoured to have so loyal a gentleman added to the circle of our friends; you have suffered much for the cause of our dear Master." [6]

By this time Countess Anna had the babe on her knee, and was talking in a low voice to Jean. "The bairn's your living image, Jean; he will have a great heritage, and no doubt but you're a happy mither the noo, with a brave father to your son; and, after the tempest of youth is spent, ye'll turn to the great Pilot of our lives, and find in Him a safe guide to the harbour where ye would be. I make no doubt but your course is well set," and then, the room getting more crowded, the talk became general.

A boy student from the University had hovered on the outskirts of the groups that came and went, listening to all that was said; and, as the others left, he came forward, introducing himself as John Steuart.

[6] King James was often so spoken of by his Scots subjects.

"My father would think it ill of me, my Lady, if I did not give you his duty and bid you welcome to this fine city, to which he told me you were coming. I have often heard him speak of the past heroic age, and of all the great events in which your family and his were engaged. It has been a great matter for me to listen to my countryman, Andrew Fletcher, this afternoon, for his views are often the subject of discussion, and I shall lose no time in telling my Professors about them.

"Fletcher would make use of us young men, whereas our governments keep us to the fighting only, and give us but little place in their councils. He would have it otherwise. He says greybeards seek too much their own interests, and that young men have more tenderness for the Kingdom of God.

"It seems to me that this may be so, and that perhaps our humanity is quicker, seeing that we have but lately come from our mother's teaching. Fletcher's thought is new to me, and one on which I shall ponder. If it be true, there is hope for Scotland. There are many of her sons in Utrecht and Leyden getting education, and he spoke of the importance of education, did he not? When our student days are over, we shall go back to Scotland and make of it the country God designed for us."

He became suddenly shy at having talked so much, and shook a playful finger at the babe to attract his attention and to divert others from himself; but the thought still compelled him, and he looked up again and said: "When this pretty babe is a man, my Lady, ye'll mebbe take him home, and find a bonnie Scotland where men are true to one another, serving God in newness of spirit. I am sure this will be so in a very short time, since my friends among the students are all agreed about it," and he turned his head to the window and looked far beyond to the new world of his planning.

The boy had voiced thoughts that had been circling

nebulously in Jean's mind. In listening to him and in watching the glowing eyes, she experienced a widening of her motherhood. He and her babe had somehow become one—the hope of the world.

The high desires of her grandfather, of Andrew Fletcher, of Argyll, of Sir George Mackenzie, often echoed in a strange unison. It was the boy who saw the way of achievement. He sought the Kingdom of God where they sought the perfect State.

What would she teach her son? To serve this King or that King? To be Whig or to be Tory? But as she looked down at the child, yearning that he should play a noble part in the coming age, there came to her the words "Seek ye first the kingdom of God."

. . . . . .

The old Dutch clock in the corner was slowly ticking the hour which, unknown to her, marked the approach of a new messenger, the Messenger of Death. Jean had made her essay of life, had tried, and had been tried in its fires; had failed and had succeeded; had learned life's worth and its worthlessness; and now . . .

The guests had all left, and Elspeth was tidying up. Jean bared her breast to the babe, who, after being fed, fell asleep, and she, too, tired by the afternoon's reception, closed her eyes.

Livingston, perceiving that she slept, withdrew towards the door at the other end of the room with a friend whom he had detained.[7]

Elspeth stood still a moment, wondering what she should do next, and, noticing that dust lay on the table, she quietly opened a walnut-wood armoire and, taking out a cloth, wiped it off. Then, looking towards the window, she saw in a shaft of light a glistening stream of dust filtering downwards from the ceiling above. She was puzzled, but,

[7] Walkinshaw of Barrowfield.

as a creel of turf swung past the window to be stowed away in the loft, it was explained, for this had been going on all the afternoon. In the now quiet room she became aware of the groaning and creaking of the overburdened "turf-floor" above them, which, in talking, she had not noticed, and some powdery dust from the worm-eaten rafters fell directly upon her, so she made up her mind that as soon as the last guest was gone, and he still lingered, she must speak to Mijnheer, and tell him that such inconvenience was not to be suffered. Then she looked upwards. Did her eyes deceive her? Was that a rift in the unplastered ceiling? Alarm now filled her mind, and she turned to Livingston to draw his attention to the danger, but it was too late. A loud report smote the air, and before thought could come, the joists of the ceiling, bending to the weight above them, were rent, and crashed downwards, followed by tons of peat. The room and all in it were buried, nor did any human cry reach the outer world.

A moment later the carillon of the Cathedral tower, unperturbed, rang out in silver tones to the high blue air the hour of the passing of "My Ladie Dundie."

Oh, clouds, sailing by on the wind, did you hear it? Did you bear the message to Scotland on your white breasts, and leave it with soft rain upon her inclement shores?

Oh, winds, did you too whisper it to the bloody slopes of Killiecrankie, and with deep organ note tell it to the vault at Blair Athol? Most surely you did!

Death had come to Jean in strange guise, taking her to his arms in the hour of her content, she bearing on her lap her earthly treasure, her babe, to company her in the realms of heaven.

THE OLD CANAL, UTRECHT,
Where the "Castle of Antwerp" still flourishes as an Inn.

CHAPTER XXII.

Conclusion.

"My heart, thy life's a debt by bond, which bears a secret date."
(Epigram 15, Book the Third, *Quarles' Emblems.*)

The boy student, laying his treasured books out on the table in his lodgings, ready for the afternoon's work, heard the distant thunder of the falling roof, and almost at once an awe-struck messenger, eyes wide with fear, arrived breathless and carried him back to the Inn. The turf-floor had fallen, he said, on the best chamber, and Gravissima van Dundee and her woman were completely buried. They would not be able to get at them for hours, but Mijnheer Livingston was lying unconscious face upwards near the door, his legs only pinned down by the joists.[1]

The student returned to the room he had so lately left and found the messenger's report was only too true. He helped to extricate Livingston from the debris, and to take him into a neighbouring house. Beyond this, nothing was possible at the moment, for of Jean, her baby, and Elspeth there was no sign. A mass of peat filled the room and prevented all hope of ever again seeing them alive.

The news of the fall of "The Castle of Antwerp" spread rapidly, and caused a great commotion. The banks of the canal were soon crowded with people anxious to see and to help. The fellow-countrymen of the poor dead lady took charge of Livingston, and sent in haste for the Conservator from Rotterdam.

[1] Letter from J. Steuart (*Muniments of the Duke of Atholl.* Hist. MSS. Commission, Second Report).

Sir Andrew Kennedy drove over to Utrecht in all the state his haste allowed of. On his arrival, he was careful to learn every particular of the tragedy, though he had already despatched the necessary letter to the Secretary of State in Scotland, saying that he would advise as to what was "decent and suitable" to be done about Jean's "body and funeralls," fastening the missive with the seal of his office—a thistle and St. Andrew's Cross.[2]

Livingston's injuries proved to be slight, but in spite of this, Sir Andrew Kennedy advised his resting, and took all responsibility on his own shoulders. Livingston, however, insisted on being present when the Scottish minister laid Elspeth to rest in the Buurkerk of Utrecht.[3]

In Holland embalming was at that time the usual practice, and had become the skilled and honoured art of the surgeon; so, in view of the eventual removal of the bodies to Scotland, Sir Andrew decided to follow the Dutch custom. He called to his aid a Professor of Anatomy, and together they climbed to a high floor of a neighbouring house to discuss the matter with the Dutch experts.

"The dear lady and child," said the professor on their way upstairs, "will suffer no hurt, no desecration, if you will be guided by me and not leave the matter to ignorant undertakers. We employ the process discovered by Ludivicus de Bills, whom I can remember lecturing here on anatomy when I was a student. He used to carry about four or five embalmed examples of his art, and claimed that they would be unaffected by time. I have puzzled," he added, "as to how this science might be applied to the living. If we could prevent the mortification of wounds as he did the corruption of the dead body, what a contribution it would make to the art of healing."

[2] Original in the possession of the Earl of Dundonald. *Vide* Appendix VIII.

[3] One of the four parish churches of Utrecht.

By that time they had reached the upper floor where the embalmers worked, preparing the spices and balms of their calling. The air was heavy with rare and luscious scents, and there was nothing to offend the eye. Laid out on the tables were trays of dried flowers and herbs. Rosemary and lavender, thyme and jasmine and lilies of the valley and myrrh and sweet aloes; saffron and camphor and cinnamon were being stored in blue Delft pots, while cedar wood chips were being prepared by a boy and mingled with saltpetre.

Earthenware furnaces were fixed to stone slabs against the walls, and men in white garments, retorts in hand, were attending to the delicate processes of the alchemy of their art.

An old man, who proved to be both venerable and learned, came forward to greet them.

"My life has been spent in ministry to the dead," he said. "With my own hands I have stayed the morbid processes of nature. I have all the secrets of de Bills, and I can tell you with truth that corruption flies before me, and death becomes seemly and consecrated. Your lady and her child shall remain as beautiful as God made them until that day of Judgment, which, according to so many present and unmistakable signs, is at hand." [4]

Later on, when he saw Livingston, he spoke in the same strain. " See, Mijnheer Livingston," he said, " if the last trump should summon us to-morrow or even so far away as thirty years hence, you will be able to answer it hand in hand with your beautiful Mevrouw."

Sir Andrew Kennedy listened with interest to the old man's views, and gave his consent to the embalmment of the bodies.

When this was done, kindly hands laid mother and child to rest together on scented cushions, dressed out in their fairest clothes, on which were fastened knots of brightly

[4] *Vide* Appendix IX.

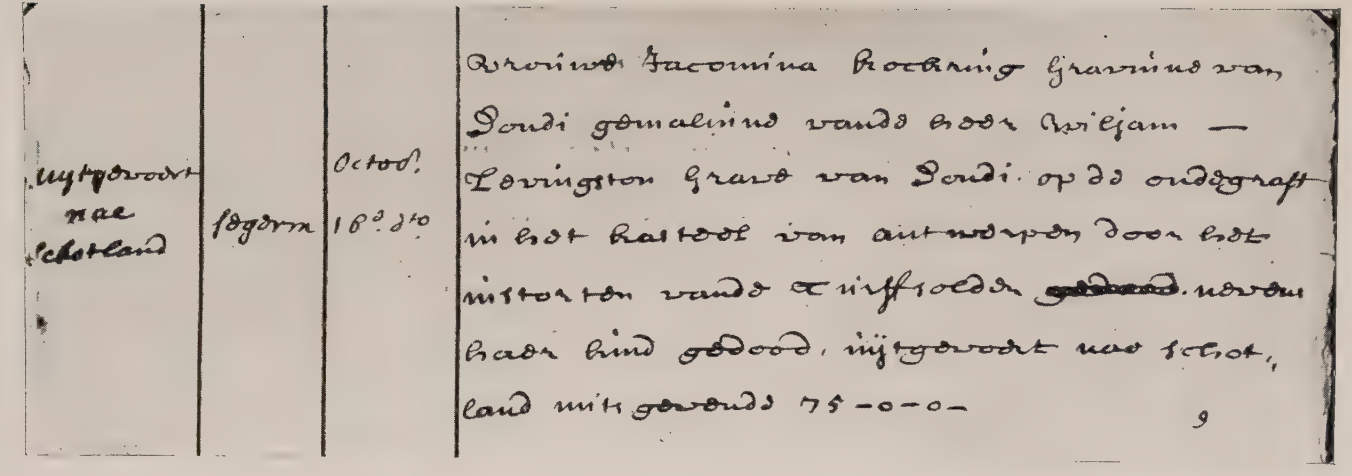
coloured ribbon. They were then sealed up in the casket which hid them from the eyes of those who had walked with them in the common ways of life, but to whom they seemed now, by their beauty and stillness, to be far removed, sacred and worshipful.

After an interval, leave was obtained for Livingston's temporary return to Scotland in order to lay his wife and child to rest among his fathers. The landing was made at Queensferry on March 5, 1696, and Jean, who had left Scotland a fugitive, was received back into her own country in all the pomp and circumstance of death.

Friends from Fifeshire, Forfarshire, and Midlothian met the funeral cavalcade, and the heralds and pursuivants due to her rank were present, while the banners and gumphions were carried in conventional order by appointed kinsmen of the blood. They set out on their long march across Scotland from Fife to Stirlingshire, and were joined by others from the shires through which they passed. Among them was Sir John Foulis, who paid this last tribute to the friend with whom he had been wont to have his morning gossip in the days when they were all in Edinburgh.[5] At Kilsyth they were met by an Episcopalian minister, and "My Ladie Dundie" and her infant son were laid to rest with the unfamiliar words of the English service.

Among the cottars who gathered round the grave was an old gudewife who, long years before, had been bairnswoman to the Kilsyth family. Livingston, recognising her as his old nurse, bent and kissed her, and her face, puckered up 'twixt grief and pride under her snow-white mutch, was the last memory he carried with him, as, in accordance with the decree of the Privy Council, he turned his back once more upon his home and country, a fugitive and outlaw from Scotland.[6]

[5] Account book of Sir John Foulis, p. 190. *Vide* Appendix X.
[6] *Vide* Appendix XI.



uytgevoert nae Schotland	29 dem	Octob. 16d. 1695	Vrouwe Jacomina Kockring Gravinne van Dondi gemaelinne vande Heer Wiljam — Levingston Graef van Dondi. op de ouddegraft in het Kasteel van Antwerpen door het instorten vande Turffvloer ~~gedood~~. neven haer kind gedood. uytgevoert nae Schotland, mits gevende 75-0-0

The Certificate of Death from the Archives at Utrecht.

Translation: "Lady Jacomina Kockring, Countess of Dondi, wife of Sir Wiljam Levingston, Count of Dondi, on the Old Canal at the Castle of Antwerp, killed with her child by the falling down of the turf-floor, exported to Scotland, charges 75 0 0."

October 16th, 1695.

APPENDIXES

APPENDIX I.

(CHAPTER II.)

Lady Margaret Kennedy, Lady Katherine's sister, was one of the foremost leaders of the Presbyterian movement, and was a mystery to all her friends. Her name had been associated with that of the hated Lauderdale at an age when she could afford to jeer at such gossip; but her friends were further scandalised by the discovery of her secret marriage with Dr. Gilbert Burnet, Professor of Divinity at Glasgow University, which for three years had been kept a secret. The marriage of a very elderly Presbyterian lady of considerable power and influence to an Episcopalian, was then, and has remained since, an enigma. Burnet was then in his prime. He was a welcome and frequent visitor at Paisley, where some of his books were placed on the library shelves by his own hands.

Jean was heir to her aunt's property of the Barony of Evandale, and her portion would be considerably modified if, owing to this marriage, its destination was changed. Burnet, however, resigned all claim to his wife's fortune. He eventually became Bishop of Salisbury. Lady Margaret Kennedy predeceased him in 1685.

APPENDIX II.

(CHAPTER III.)

William, Lord Cochrane, was educated at Glasgow University, where his name appears in 1648. In 1660 he was Commissioner of Excise for Ayr and Renfrewshire. In 1663 he was made a Justice of the Peace, and in 1668 captain of a troop of gentlemen horse raised as county militia, and by 1675 he was a member of Privy Council. He was one of the commissioners to the estates of the Duke and Duchess of Monmouth and Buccleuch. Lord Cochrane was spokesman of a committee of landowners who protested against the quartering of the Highland Host on the West of Scotland, and he took a prominent part in their unavailing efforts to establish an understanding between the Edinburgh Council and the Government in London.

Vide *Scots Peerage*. Balfour Paul. Dundonald article, K.P.

APPENDIX III.

(CHAPTER XI.)

After spending some time in Holland for his alleged complicity in the Rye House Plot, Sir John Cochrane returned to Scotland and took part in the abortive rising headed by the Earl of Argyll in 1685. He and his son John were imprisoned under a process of treason (*vide Privy Council Records, MSS.*, vol. 1684-1685). His family were under great anxiety lest a warrant of execution should be issued, and tradition states that his daughter Grizel assumed a man's attire, and stopped and robbed the English Post on its way to Edinburgh, expecting it to contain a warrant for her father's execution.

Vide *Scots Peerage*. Balfour Paul. Dundonald article, K.P.

APPENDIX IV.

(CHAPTER XIII.)

Letter from James, Fourth Earl of Perth, to Eupheme, Countess of Dundonald.

10 December, 1685.

MADAM,

. . . Many a time since our late Gracious Sovereign died have I remembered a discourse you and I had in the Green, when I was regretting his way of living, and fearing he would die as he lived. Your Ladyship said you could not but hope that God would show some extraordinary care and favour towards him: and how miraculously he died! Exemplar for penitence, for a firm belief, in a composure beyond what was to be expected, and in a satisfaction of mind evident to all men; (it) is to be considered with wonder and with thanksgiving to Almighty God, who has His own way of dealing with men, and has mercy on whom He will have mercy.

It is odd that the same man who saved his life at Worcester fight (Father Huddleston), should be the only priest that could be found to confess him and administer the Sacraments to him at his death, and this good old man (a Benedictine monk) is no more exalted with having been so useful to so great and so good a Prince than if he were serving in the kitchen of his Abbey; but says that God Almighty having given him the grace to see his old master die reconciled to God and His Holy Church, he is ready to say his "Now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace."

Madam, forgive this trouble, and believe that with all my heart I am,

Your Ladyship's most obedient and most faithful servant,

PERTH.

Lord Perth was a Roman Catholic.

APPENDIX V.

(CHAPTER XIV.)

Letter from Jean, Viscountess of Dundee, to her brother John, second Earl of Dundonald. Dated from London, 1687.

DEAR BROTHER,

I received yours at the Bath three or four days before we come from thence. It is the first that I had from you since we come from Scotland. I should have been very impatient till I heard from you had I not heard from our mother of your Lady's being safe delivered of a son. I am glad to hear that she does prove so fine a nurse, and shall wish for the continuance of it.

As for our two pictures, Claverhouse has sat to his with the best that was in England,[1] so that he is not to sit at this time, and for mine, if I sit, you should have one, but I am not resolved [not] to sit for fear it should keep us too long here.

I did see My Lord Dumbarton yesterday, which desired me to deliver a commission to you whenever I wrote to you, which I was very unwilling to do, and told him I know nothing of it; but he pressed me so much to do it that I was forced to undertake it—which was that he was very sorry, and regretted much to hear that you and his niece[2] went to meeting houses, especially since he heard you had so good a minister of your own. This was the thing I got in commission from him to write to you.

I am, dear brother,

Your affectionate sister and humble servant,

JEAN GRAHAM.

Claverhouse gives his humble service to you, and we both to your Lady.

For the Earl of Dundonald.

[1] "The best that was in England" probably refers to Sir Peter Lely, who died in 1680, and who is said to have painted the Glamis portrait of Claverhouse.

[2] George, first Earl of Dumbarton, brother to the Duke of Hamilton, and uncle to Susan, wife of John, second Earl of Dundonald.

APPENDIX VI.

(CHAPTER XIX.)

Sir Andrew Kennedy, of Clowburn in the parish of Ayr, Baronet. He was appointed Conservator of the Scottish privileges in Holland, 1690, and again 1697 jointly with his son James. He speaks of himself as "having the honour of relation to my Lady," but it is difficult to trace. He was son and heir of John Kennedy, Provost of Ayr, and a scion of the family of Kennedy of Bargeny.

Vide *G.E.C. Complete Baronetage.*

APPENDIX VII.

(CHAPTER XX.)

Received from the Laird of Duntrune eight hundred pounds Scots, in part of my aliment resting by John Arnot which by the Treasurer's order to Duntrune he has payed me, as witness my hand at Duntrune, August twenty-two and ninety-third year.

JEAN DUNDIE.

Duntrune, August twenty-two. Received from the Laird of Duntrune three thousand three hundred and thirty-three pounds, six shillings, eight pence, Scots, which pays me for Martinmas ninety-two and Whitsunday ninety-three years annuity as witness my hand the aforesaid day and date.

JEAN DUNDIE.

APPENDIX VIII.

(CHAPTER XXII.)

Letter from Sir Andrew Kennedy to the Right Honourable James Johnston.

ROTTERDAM, October 17,
ten of the clock before noon.
1695.

MY LORD,

Just now I received from Mr. Livingston of Kilsyth at Utrecht the astonishing account of a most lamentable accident befallen your cousin, his Lady, my Lady Dundie, her son and gentlewoman, which I beg your Lordship may cause convey, by some prudent and tender hand, to my good and dear Lady Cochran, her mother, to prevent the reports of others, without first preparing her.

My Lord, on Tuesday last, early, Kilsyth, his Lady, son, nurse and servants went from this place, where they have stayed after they come from Brussels, some three weeks, to Utrecht, in order to winter there. They lodged that night at an inn called the Castle of Antwerp. Next day, being yesterday, having dined in their quarter, my Lady, Kilsyth himself, and one Walkinshaw of Borrowfield went at two in the afternoon to my Lady's chamber, where the child (a very pleasant strong boy) was. The room above was filled with some 300 ton of turf, which was so overloaded that the roof, loft, floor and all fell, which crushed that poor Lady, her sweet son, and gentlewoman to death; Kilsyth and Borrowfield escaped. This is a sad tragedy. Kilsyth, no wonder, is overwhelmed with inexpressible grief and sorrow at so sore and sudden a stroke. I, having the honour of relation to my Lady, am presently going to Utrecht with my wife and son, that we may advise and assist as to (what) is decent and suitable to be done about her body and funeralls.

This is the least part of a friend, and I am under many obligations to do my utmost for her mother's daughter. The good Lord make her worthy mother to hear and bear so melancholy an account; she has had many afflicting trials in her children. My Lord, though I need not suggest anything to your Lordship, yet I shall offer my opinion. Your Lordship's sister, my Lady Jerviswood,[1] is a prudent person, and intimate with my Lady; she may communicate the matter to Mr. Wilkie, the minister, or any other she thinks fit, that my Lady Cochran may not be surprised with the first reports from other hands.

My Lord, the post from Utrecht for England goes this night, and will be gone probably before I can be there this night, wherefore I have left this to go to-morrow hence, and when I have learned the whole circumstances of this sad history, I shall send my Lady Cochran a full account, by way of your Lordship.

My Lord, my wife gives your Lordship her humble duty; blessed be God, she and all her family for (the) present are in perfect health.

I am,

Your Lordship's most humble and most faithful servant,

ANDREW KENNEDY.

For the Right Honourable James Johnston,
Principle Secretary of State
for the Kingdom of Scotland,
at Whitehall, London.

[1] Grizel Baillie, daughter of Sir Patrick Hume of Polwarth.

APPENDIX IX.

(CHAPTER XXII.)

The Finding of the Bodies of Lady Dundee and her Son.

From the *Edinburgh Evening Courant*, 27th July, 1795.

A correspondent has favoured us with a very particular account of a discovery lately made in the aisle of Kilsyth Church.

"On 15th May some young people went down to visit the vault or burying-ground of the family of Kilsyth; prompted by curiosity, one of them tore up the lid of a leaden coffin; under the lid there was a substance of the colour and consistency of putty, but of a rich aromatic flavour; below that they discovered a fir cover, as clear and clean as if new from the plane; this excited their curiosity still more, till at last they had the hardiness to lift this lid. To the astonishment of all, they discovered the body of the Lady Kilsyth and her infant son. Lest some violence should have been offered to their ashes, I examined the tomb next day.

"To my great surprise, I found the shroud as clean, and the ribbons as bright, and both as fresh as the hour they were laid in the tomb. There was not a single fold or knot of either discomposed, and scarcely a particle of dust upon them.

"Both bodies were entire, the features distinct, and as placid and pleasant to look upon as if they had been only asleep. The infant was a peculiarly and interesting spectacle; with the smile of innocence upon its lips, fair and full of flesh, it arrested the attention of every beholder.

"The Lady herself bore evident marks of a violent death. Upon the right temple there is still visible a large wound, covered with a black patch of silk, about the size of a crown, and her features have rather the marks of anxiety. Beautiful auburn hair, and a fine complexion, with a few pearly drops like dew upon her face, when uncovered occasioned a sigh of astonishment and silent wonder."

THE COFFIN OF VISCOUNTESS OF DUNDEE,

As discovered in the Vault at Kilsyth a hundred years after her death.

(From a Drawing by W. H. Watts in Garnet's "Tour of the Highlands.")

Another account runs as follows:—

"For some weeks this circumstance was kept secret, but at last it began to be whispered in several companies, and soon excited great and general curiosity. On the 12th of June, while I was from home, great crowds assembled, and would not be denied admission. At all hours of the night as well as the day, they afterwards persisted in gratifying their curiosity.

"I saw the body soon after the coffin was opened. It was quite entire. Every feature, and every limb was as full, nay the very shroud was as clear and fresh, and the colours of the ribbons as bright as the day they were lodged in the tomb.

"What rendered this scene more striking, and truly interesting, was, that the body of her son and only child, the natural heir of the title and estates of Kilsyth, lay at her knee. His features were as composed as if he had been only asleep. His colour was as fresh, and his flesh as plump and full, as in the perfect glow of health; the smile of infancy and innocence sat on his lips. His shroud was not only entire, but perfectly clean, without a particle of dust upon it. He seems to have been only a few months old.

"The body of Lady Kilsyth was equally well preserved, and at a little distance, with the feeble light of a taper, it would not have been easy to distinguish whether she was dead or alive. The features, nay the very expression of her countenance, were marked and distinct, and it was only in a certain light that you could distinguish anything like the ghastly and agonizing traits of a violent death. Not a single fold of her shroud was discomposed, nor a single member impaired.

"But no description can give a just or adequate idea of the neatness or elegance of her appearance. I therefore refer to the sketch taken by your friend. I have only to lament that his representation was finished chiefly from my description, as at the time you saw the body it was much sullied, and the shroud injured; but it is as near the original as I can recollect, or as any pencil can express. I can only say it is not a flattering portrait.

"Let the candid reader survey this sketch: let him recall to mind the tragic tale it unfolds, and say, if he can, that

it does not arrest the attention, and interest the heart. For my part, it excited in my mind a thousand melancholy reflections, and I could not but regret that such rudeness had been offered to the ashes of the dead, as to expose them thus to the public view."

When the church at Kilsyth was pulled down, the vault was closed by order of Sir Archibald Edmonstone of Duntreath, to whom it belonged. He built a suitable memorial in which a stone was inserted, inscribed with the story of Jean Cochrane. This was done in 1850. The inscription reads as follows:

"Beneath this stone are deposited
the remains of Jean Cochrane,
Vicountess of Dundee,
wife of the Honourable William Livingston
of Kilsyth,
and of their infant Son.
Their deaths were caused by the falling
in of the roof, composed of turfs, of a
house in Holland. Mr. Livingston
was with difficulty extricated, the lady
& her child & the nurse were killed.
This occurred in the month of
October, MDCXCV.
The vault over which the church at that
time stood having been accidentally
opened, the bodies of Lady Dundee and
her son which had been embalmed
and sent from Holland were found
in a remarkable state of
preservation. After being
for sometime exposed to
view, the vault was closed.
This lady was the daughter of
William, Lord Cochrane,
who predeceased his father,
William, 1st Earl of Dundonald.

THE LAST RESTING-PLACE.

(Woodcut by M. M. Parker)

She married first, John
Graham of Claverhouse,
Viscount of Dundee, who was
killed at the battle of Killiecrankie
MDCLXXXIX, and secondly
the Hon. William Livingston,
who succeeded his brother as
3rd Viscount of Kilsyth
in MDCCVI. Lord Kilsyth married secondly
Barbara, daughter of MacDougall
of Makerstone, but dying
under attainder at Rome
in MDCCXXXIII without surviving issue
this noble family became extinct.

This stone was erected by Sir
Archibald Edmonstone of Duntreath,
Baronet.
MDCCCL."

APPENDIX X.

(CHAPTER XXII.)

It is interesting to note that the Account Book of Sir John Foulis gives "Viscountess Dundie *and Polbellie's* buriall," which must refer to Thomas Cochrane of Polkellie. Thomas is not mentioned, however, in any of the accounts of the accident in Utrecht, but his testament dative was proved in Edinburgh at the same time as that of Lady Dundee.

APPENDIX XI.

(CHAPTER XXII.)

Colonel William Livingston of Kilsyth returned to Scotland, and, on the accession of Queen Anne, re-entered public life, and became member of Parliament for Stirlingshire. In 1706 he succeeded his brother James, second Viscount of Kilsyth. On the death of Queen Anne, he became involved in further Jacobite intrigue, and was again imprisoned in Edinburgh Castle, but after examination before the Privy Council, no further proceedings were taken. He took part in the 1715 Rebellion, after the failure of which he was attainted and forfeited, but escaped to France. He married secondly, 1703, Barbara, daughter of Henry Makdougall of Makerston, Roxburghshire, by whom he had a daughter Barbara, who died young. William, third and last Viscount of Kilsyth, died at Rome, 1733.

—*The Livingstons of Callendar*, by E. B. Livingston.

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